



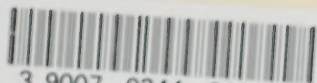
JARVIS OF HARVARD

BY

REGINALD
WRIGHT
KAUFFMAN



THE LIBRARY OF
YORK
UNIVERSITY

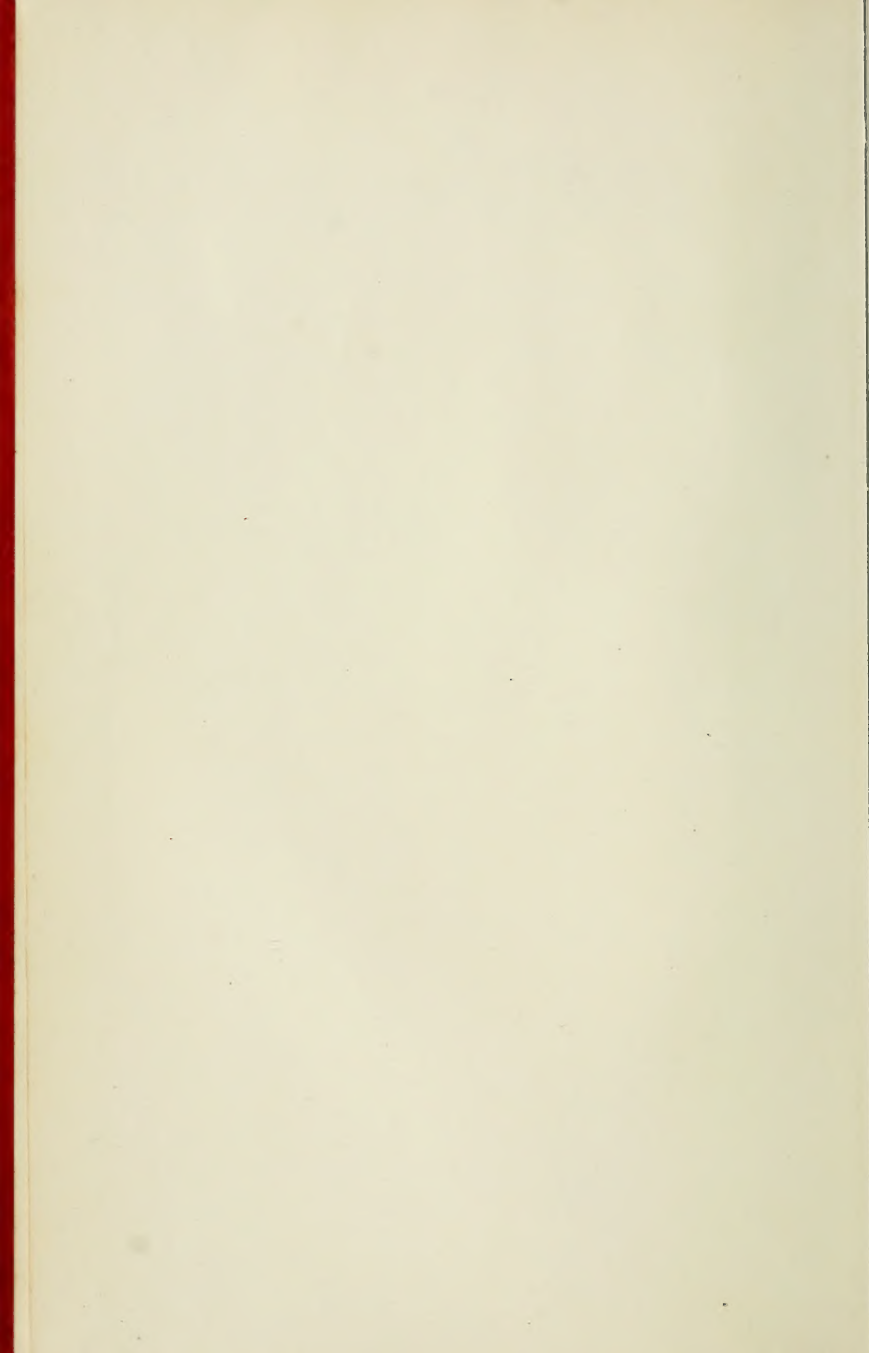


3 9007 0344 6136 8

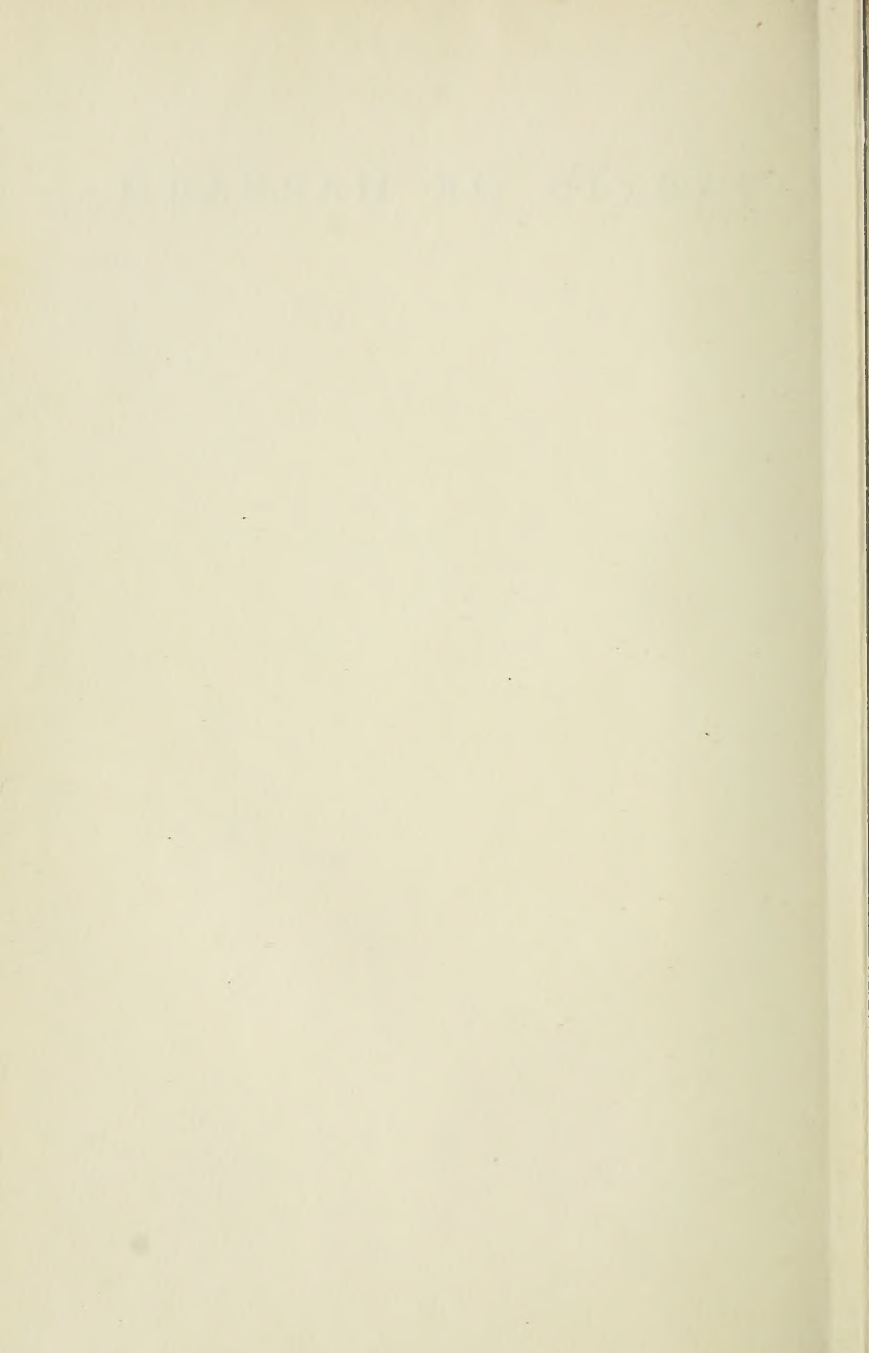
Date Due


SC CIRC NOV - 1 1988

NOV 1 1988

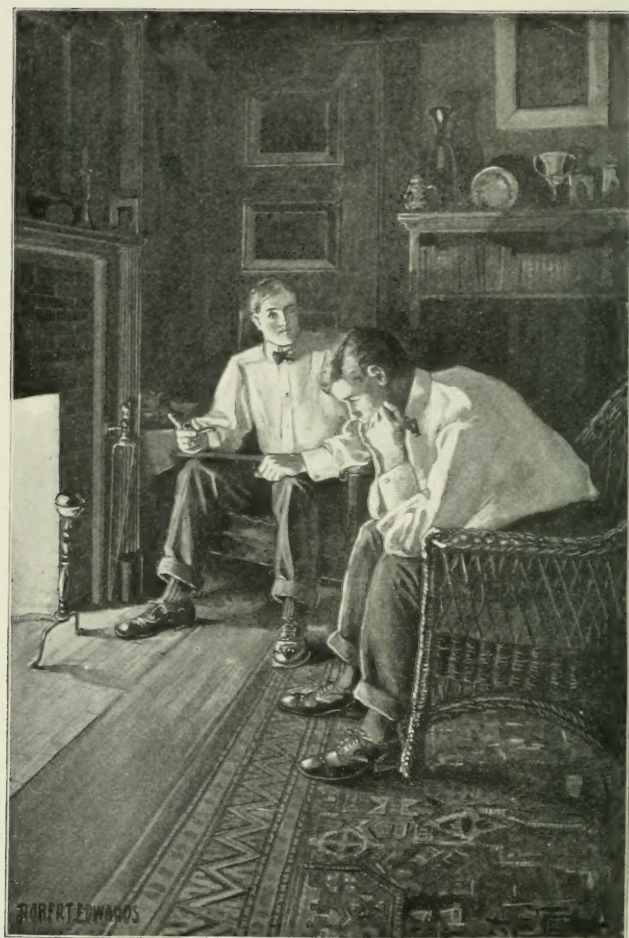


JARVIS OF HARVARD





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
Ontario Council of University Libraries



“ ‘LISTEN!’ ”

JARVIS OF HARVARD

By
REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT EDWARDS



BOSTON
L. C. PAGE & COMPANY
MDCCCCI

PS
3521
7254
J3

Copyright, 1901, by L. C. PAGE
& COMPANY (INCORPORATED)

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

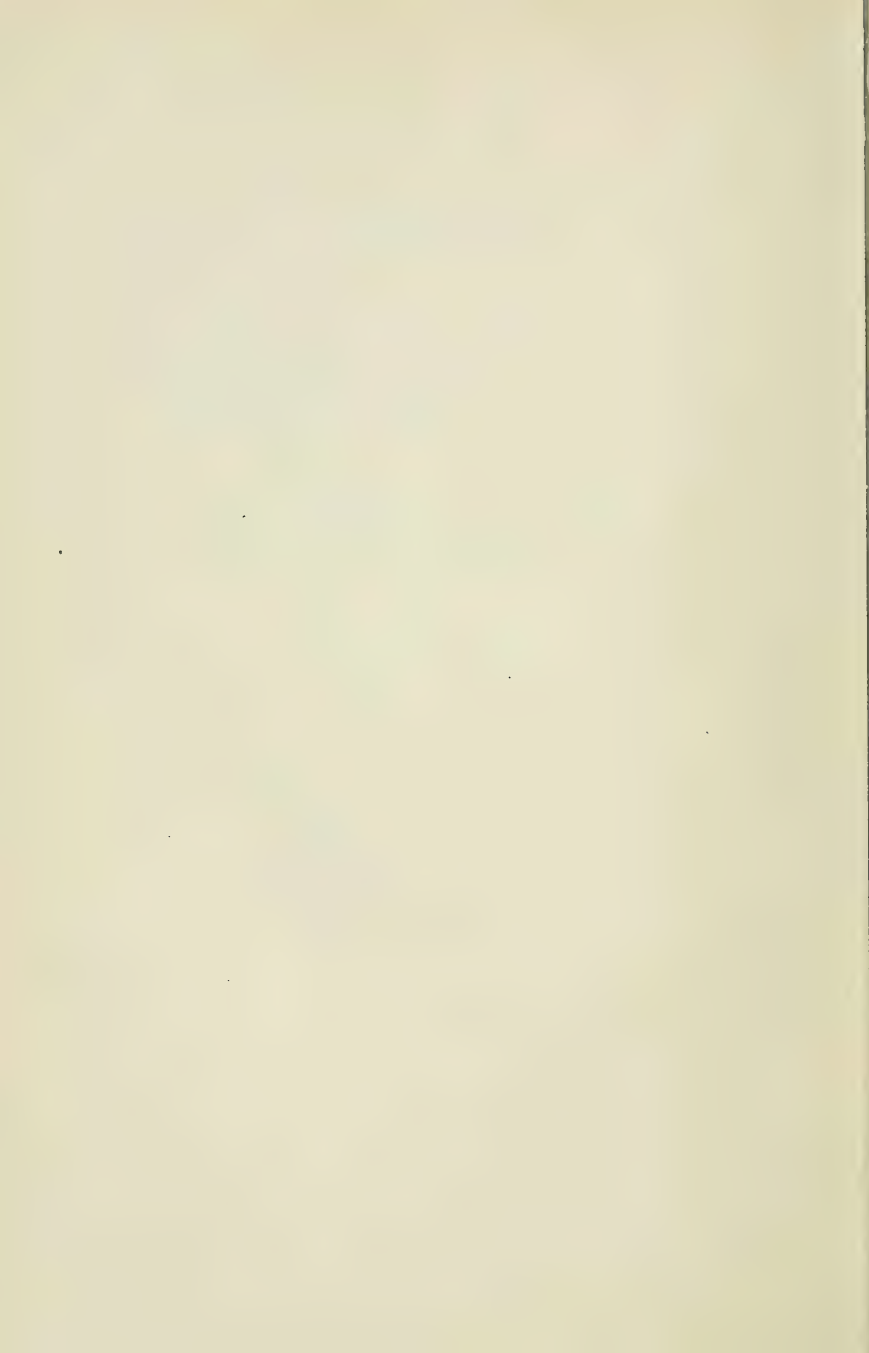
UNIVERSITY PRESS • JOHN WILSON
AND SON • CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

TO
My Uncle,
COLONEL SAMUEL WRIGHT.

O "more than kin," the first, the best, the last,
Do you remember how we, hand in hand,
The man and child, would leave the troubled town
And tread the summer highways, gay and green,
With feet unwearied, while the butterflies,
All yellow, danced above the buttercups,
All yellow too? How underneath the trees,
Tall, graceful, pungent pines, that whispered low
Strange, wistful secrets, like the trembling lips
Of old men at their prayers, we looked far out
From hilltops over rivers to far hills?
And how you peopled all that fairyland
Of wood and sky for me? — Most tried, most true,
Nearest and dearest, in the whirl of life
On trifling friendships and on casual loves
I see men waste their lives in little lusts.
Not so at least have we. Just this I pray:
That some time, not so long, as joyous ghosts,
After the weary web is woven quite,
We two may wander forth again, we two,
And hand in hand once more, the man and child,
Live those days over then forevermore.

R. W. K.

COLUMBIA, PA.,
January 1st, 1901.



PREFACE.

ONE for whose literary judgment I have the greatest respect has warned me, after reading the manuscript of this story, that, in spite of the prevailing notion in regard to the futility of a novel's preface, some sort of foreword would be necessary for "Jarvis" in case I did not want him to be misunderstood. This, my friend was good enough to explain, was not because I had not been sufficiently clear in the tale itself, but because those few readers most easily offended were to be met only by a more dogmatic form of statement than is to be permitted in the course of a legitimate narrative.

Acting, therefore, upon this advice, let me now say, once and for all, that my purpose in writing this book was simply to tell a story. In the course of that endeavour I have tried merely to show -- what should, at any rate, be generally understood -- that American college life, not only at Harvard but at all our larger places of learning, is in no great respect different from life outside of those institutions. It is governed by the same laws and offers corresponding rewards

and penalties, which are, with equal avidity, sought after or avoided. In so far as we concern ourselves with both its academic and social possibilities, Harvard life is not unlike that of any other great college in that there, as in the outside world, the man who succeeds is the man who sets before him some ideal other than that of pleasure. The men who seek enjoyment only are common to all colleges, and are, from their very nature, conspicuous in all, but they are not in the majority and they do not succeed.

If, then, this story is for any reason to be considered as distinct from other college stories, it is simply because so few writers of this class of fiction have really understood the actual Undergraduate, or, understanding him, have set him truthfully upon paper. They have, on the contrary, done a tremendous amount of harm by treating him nearly always as merely an irresponsible boy, whereas he is really neither the child they consider him nor the man he considers himself. He is, in a word, on the one hand, in the most delicate state of transition, as susceptible as a chemist's scale whereof a feather's weight may turn the beam; and, on the other, a soul in which the man and boy are terribly, if secretly, contending for ultimate and enduring supremacy.

R. W. K.

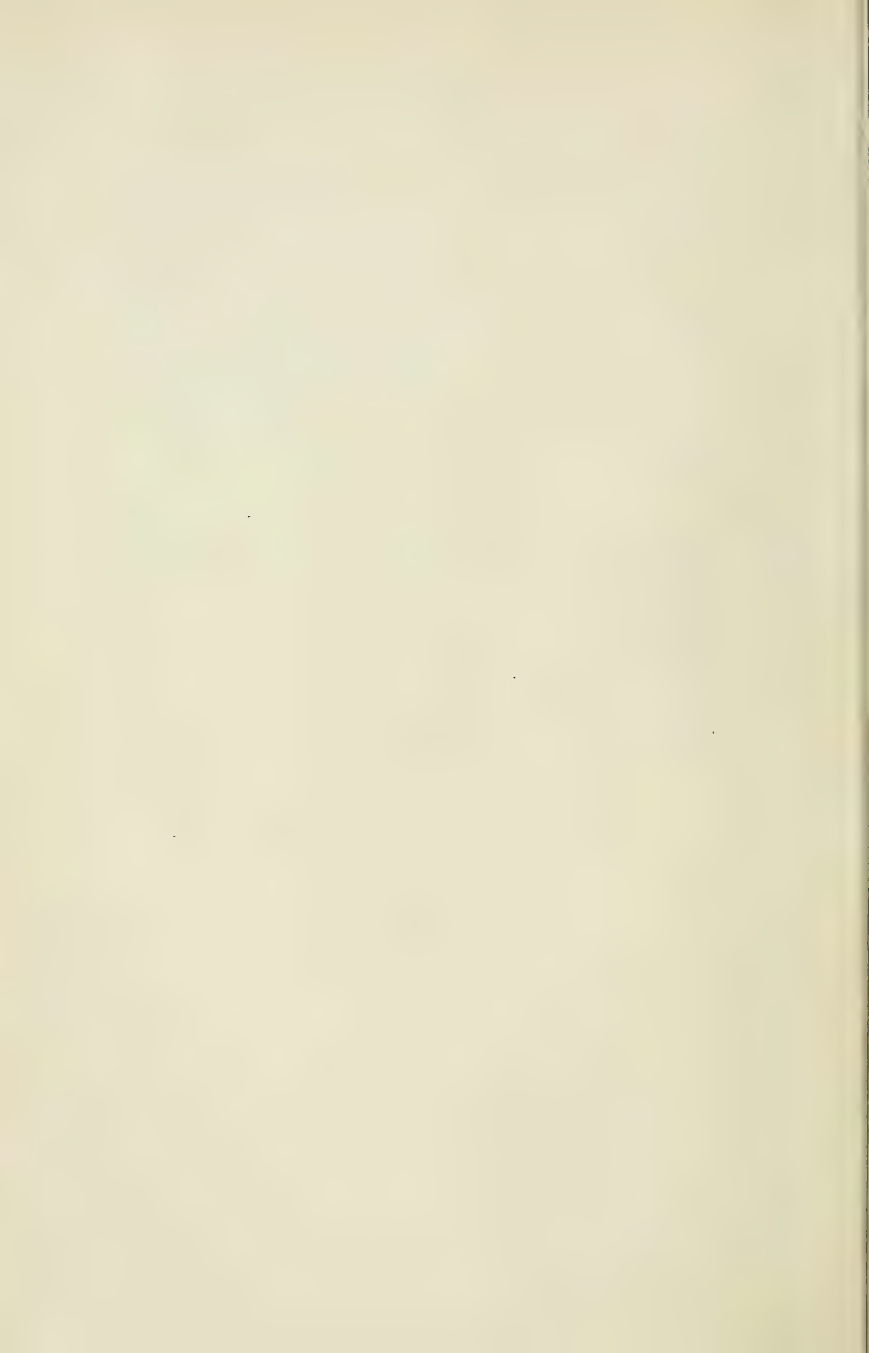
CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE BOY	1
II. THE SHIRT OF NESSUS	17
III. TRÄUME	27
IV. THE ETERNAL MASCULINE	33
V. TOWER LYCEUM	49
VI. A GIRL IN A GARDEN	70
VII. A JUNIOR UNDERSTUDY	86
VIII. EXPLANATIONS	99
IX. DESTINY'S POST FACTO	108
X. EXIT A BOY	124
XI. THE WAY OF A MAID	140
XII. A CHANCE ENCOUNTER	152
XIII. MELODRAMA IN LITTLE	166
XIV. "AT CARDS FOR KISSES"	185
XV. A BROKEN REED	207
XVI. WHEN KINGS GO FORTH TO EATLE	227
XVII. AN ATHLETIC TRAGEDY	240
XVIII. THE PRICE OF DEFEAT	262
XIX. RETROGRESSION	281

CHAPTER	PAGE
XX. THE LAW OF COINCIDENCE	299
XXI. THE GOOD FAIRY	311
XXII. HALF GODS GO	326
XXIII. THE NEW DISPENSATION	343
XXIV. WHAT A DANCE MAY DO	358
XXV. GOKURAKE	373
XXVI. THE MAN	383
XXVII. MAN AND WOMAN	399

List of Illustrations.

“ ‘ Listen ! ’ ” (see page 29)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
“ ‘ But you need n’t hurry away ’ ”	81
“ ‘ Here ’s Dick now ’ ”	156
“ ‘ You are both wrong,’ said Jarvis, quietly ”	194
“ ‘ Blest be the tie that binds ! ’ ”	236
“ ‘ Was I, Peggy ? Was I, Peggy, dear ? ’ ”	372



JARVIS OF HARVARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY.

SANDERS THEATRE was crowded. The traditional sea of faces stretched from the front row beneath the platform, where sat the chattering groups lucky enough to have come down to college with an acquaintance already formed at one of the large preparatory schools, far back to where the most tardy and lonely Freshman from Kansas was crushed against the wall of the rear aisle, straining neck and eye and ear. On the platform were seating themselves those "Officers of Instruction and Government" who had not been so fortunate as to escape impression for this service of welcoming the College newcomers.

To many of these the careless glances which they cast over their deferential audience revealed nothing new, and therefore, for them, nothing striking. The upturned faces, so far as appearances went, were substantially the same faces that had been there the year

before and would be there in the years to come. And yet each of those countenances was the more or less imperfect index to a final character then in the making; the inadequate concentration of the hopes of some half dozen persons, approaching, often with blushing awkwardness and unconfessed hesitation, the psychological instant of finality.

Matters of such small instant did not, in any case, trouble the faces themselves. On the contrary, they masked but poorly an impatience which had to do with only the immediate future. Here at last was "Bloody Monday," the terrible day in the Freshman calendar, of which "old grads" had told them with sinister winks and awful, cryptic suggestions; the first Monday night of the College year, when dire things were to happen between Massachusetts and University, and every new lad who roomed on the Yard must have a punch ready for the raids of upper classmen. Of course, nobody had prepared a punch. Nobody ever does. But, respectful as all were, every one was anxious to get clear of the waves of mild restraint that emanated from that platform in Sanders, and to try conclusions with whatever waited without.

Jarvis, seated in the centre of the pit, was not exempt from this, but he was also oddly aware of the spiritual significance of the scene about him. He wondered if the fellow at his right, a lad almost

as tall as himself, and not half so broad, shared his sense of it, and if, after all, he cared.

For his own part, he was still much of the Laodicean. He belonged as yet to neither one extreme nor the other of the life about him. In fact, he had been a trifle late in arriving at Cambridge, and, for that and other reasons less pleasant, his initiatory experience had been one of turmoil. Sitting in the midst of this throng of lads, among whom, as yet unknown, were his destined companions for the next years of his life, he tried in vain to recall the greater part of the past few days.

Beyond that first glimpse of the Yard, which — next to his last sight of it — stands out the most vivid impression in the life of a Harvard undergraduate, little was clear to him. The trips from adviser to instructor, from Freshman meeting to office, with the huge orange course-card under his arm; the old buildings, with their quaint, staring, little window-panes; the hundreds of new faces, — all had produced on him only the effect of objects seen in a fog, his mind unable to retain any individual impression. The whole thing was such a series of mental asterisks that it reminded him of nothing so much as the abridged Second Book of the "Faerie Queene" that his tutor had vainly endeavoured to palm off on him the year before.

One or two men he knew, and no more. Across

the hall from him, close under the platform, sat Bert Hardy in laughing conversation with some friends from St. Paul's, and near by was Stannard whose acquaintance he had made when registering and trying to remember his religion and his mother's maiden name. But apart from these two, he was a stranger to almost every one of the six hundred of his classmates in the theatre. For the first time he felt a slight twinge of homesickness. Were it not for one person, he could almost wish himself back in Philadelphia and at home. Except for one person —.

Somebody had approached the front of the platform and was speaking from the right of the reading-desk. Jarvis never learned who this was, or indeed whether it was the first speaker. But the house was applauding, and he joined in the cheers.

The cause of this enthusiasm was a tall, spare man, in a frock coat, who looked like the tenor of an opera and spoke like the bass. It was at once clear that this man had on his mind the knowledge of the predestined class-battle, but it was equally clear that he did not intend to mention it. Apparently believing that the best way to secure his ends was to ignore actual conditions, he merely talked of quiet and peace in terms superbly general, and the applause that constantly interrupted the expression of his laudable sentiments rang none the less sincere be-

cause his hearers had not the remotest intention of following his implied advice.

The President was introduced. His quiet, commanding figure and generously brief words of honest welcome were acknowledged with an increase of appreciation, but, it must be confessed, in the matter at hand, had otherwise precisely the same degree of effect.

Another and another spoke. The whole calendar of College saints, including a few uncanonised seniors, were, at one time or another, on the stage and every one managed to overlook impending realities while getting in some strong pleas for peace in the abstract.

But to overlook impending realities was no longer an easy matter. As the talk flowed gently on, Jarvis became aware of a certain subdued growling sound that occasionally rose to a single shout beneath the high windows and then died away again to a low murmur of discontent, such as one gets from a conventional stage mob.

Nor was Jarvis alone in noting this. It was soon evident that there were in the hall others with ears quite as good as his. Hardy, he saw, was leaning far over to a companion two seats away from him and was evidently speaking with considerable excitement. His hands were performing a rapid series of combative gestures and his eyes were afire with a delight patently not inspired by the eloquent words

of the unobserved person who was then addressing his "friends of the Class of '03."

Indeed, nobody was particularly interested in that address. The tide of impatience climbed higher and higher. From the early scraping of shoes in the back aisles, it had risen to the confused whisper in the pit, and was now seemingly climbing to the stage itself. Throughout the house boys were buttoning up their coats, reaching for their hats, and laying fast hold of the arms of their chairs, in apparent fear that the impending explosion would hurl them through the walls of Memorial. In the rear, one or two were already making their way to the doors, and all the while the noise from outside continued to grow in volume and in portent.

Children have been known to prevent a panic in a school, and a word from a small soubrette has quieted a fire-affrighted theatre, but it would require the full force of Napoleonic measures to restrain an excited body of newly-made college men. Evidently the authorities knew this, for, whether from experience or instinct, academic instructors are not such fools as those under them would have us believe. At any rate, the man who was speaking in this case stopped short with a reminder of the reception that was about to be held by the Faculty in the other wing of the building.

It was like the announcement of the concert that

follows the modern circus. "I will conclude," he said, "by remarking, in conjunction with what I had begun by saying — this Yale accusation that in times past we have had to send to England for a man to teach us to row — that we" — he was not of the Faculty — "need only reply that Yale had to send to Harvard for her first three presidents to teach her how to be a college."

The audience had completely missed the connection of these remarks with the body of the speech to which they were intended to serve as a climax. But the sentiment was one that would, of itself, have secured applause, even had it not come as a message of relief, and for that reason the whole Freshman class was on its feet and open-mouthed.

But, before a hand fell or a voice from within was raised, there came from the street a sudden deafening cannonade of voices:

"Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Nineteen-two!"

The cheer was given in unison. It was the signal that the big mob had become a little army; it was the defiance of the Sophomores.

The effect was instantaneous. A wild cry, half courtesy to the speaker, half answer to the still echoing challenge, shook the interior of the theatre, and the next moment the hundreds were crushing into aisles and swarming over seats, in a wild endeavour to

pass at once through doors that gave space for but ten at a time.

Jarvis found himself carried along by the crowd and struggling with the best. An hour before he had regarded such exhibitions as too infantile; now he simply did not pause to reflect at all.

"Here, you!" somebody cried, gripping him by the coat-tail. "You're a big one. Help get us out first! Somebody's got to get things in order, or they'll make a jelly of us."

Jarvis cast a quick glance over his shoulder, and saw that it was Hardy and his friends who had thus assailed him.

"Oh, it's you!" cried Hardy. "Well, hurry up. We don't want to rush out there like lobsters. There, that way! There you go! Down in front! 3-25-A-48! That's the racket!"

Dodging and scrambling, pushed from behind and impeded before, Jarvis found himself somehow at last down the steps and in the hallway. Hardy was still at his back and only two of the other members of the little band were missing.

For his own part, when he had gone to the theatre it was with a vague desire to be present at the reception and meet there, in however formal a manner, the men whose names were so familiar to his eye. But at this time there was nothing undetermined about his desires. He wanted to get out of those doors

and leap into whatever tumult was raging on the other side of them.

This seemed to be the ruling passion of the flushed crowd about him. A few were making an arduous way across the lobby, headed for the peaceful reception, but the great majority wanted to do battle, and at once.

Hardy, however, would not have it so. It was just the moment for the rise of a great leader and had this short, robust youth with his almost feminine face, fair hair, and blue eyes, been as versed in the practical psychology of mobs as Danton himself, he could not more successfully have met the occasion.

"Oh, fellows, get together! Get together!" he cried, dancing across the doorway with arms appealingly outspread; "they're organised out there, and we won't have a smell at the cheese if we go at it a few at a time and just anyhow. Listen a minute, listen!"

He got the silence he asked, or enough, at any rate, to serve, and then, with a glance across the street, to make sure of his data, he continued, --

"They're in the street, just the other side of the car track. They're in lines of about fifty. The curb's behind the front row, I think, an' the wire fence is back of about the fifth row. It's not more than a few feet high, you know, and the entrance by the

Fogg Art Museum's rather narrow. If we rush 'em in order, we can trip them over the curb and then squeeze them against the fence. Now, go out about ten at a time and run right for the middle. Grab every hat you can. Yell your class so's not to have your own men against you. Try to force your way into the Yard. We want to get there and keep them out till we're tired of it,—or drive them out when they follow us, if we can. Look out for those steps and for the wires in the Yard. Make for Holworthy. That's at this end, you know. Now then, fellows, nine long Rahs and Nineteen-three!"

His hearers had been falling into rude ranks as he spoke, and when, with hands and voice he led the cheer, the place rang again with their response. Then came the answer of the Sophomores across the way, and the sallying party rushed out to battle.

To battle, and, as it seemed at first, to victory. The advance columns,—in one of which Jarvis breathlessly found himself,—came down the steps at top speed. By a miracle nobody fell, and, crossing the street, they had gained a terrible momentum by the instant they struck the first line of Sophomores, drawn up with care, but expecting no organised resistance.

The crash was terrific. According to tradition, every one was using his arms, and wasting no energy on his fists, so that the whole weight of each single

body was propelled against the opposing line. For the twinkling of an eye the enemy wavered. Before they could rally, the second and the third columns had swept down and, the whole attack being concentrated upon one point, those who composed the line that had directly faced it, were either pushed aside, or thrown on their backs upon the curb. Slowly, yet with tremendous force, the mass of Freshmen struggled toward the entrance through which they hoped to gain the Yard.

But here they came to a standstill. The Sophomores had been wise enough especially to protect this point, and for a time it appeared that no headway was to be made. Nor was that all. Jarvis caught sight of a new danger and the arm of the excited Hardy at one and the same instant.

"Look!" he yelled, putting his mouth close to the St. Paul's boy's ear. "Their long line's closing around us from the back!"

For Hardy one glance was sufficient. There was no time to lose.

"I know what to do!" he shouted, in answer. "Here, you, and you, and you!"

He was clutching several of the Freshmen nearest to hand and by a series of signs (where his voice failed) was ordering them to follow him.

Probably because, even in that dim light, he was recognised as the planner of the original attack, he

got some twenty to obey him, and between them they managed to get clear of the crowd, and work their way into the open street a few rods to the west.

"Now," he said, "there's a gate here behind Holworthy. We'll go through there and around back of Fogg. Then we'll catch 'em in the rear and open up the way. Go quick till you get there. Stop when I do. Then form a V, and at 'em hard and all together from the rear. Yell your class when you strike, but not a word before!"

His plan was carried out to the letter. They retreated half way up the board walk to Sever, formed in two lines, which met with Jarvis as the head, and then, with arms tight about each other's shoulders, came thundering down upon the Sophomores' rear.

Some had heard them coming and turned to resist. They were brushed aside without pause, and only weakened the strength of the wall the V was aimed to strike.

"Heads down!" cried Hardy. "Nineteen-three!"

There was another horrible shock. Jarvis' head struck some one in the stomach, and that stomach seemed to vanish before him as the paper in the hoop before the circus rider. Another and another concussion followed, and all at once he found that the man next ahead was calling "Nineteen-three!" and, turning about, he followed Hardy in the now open way to the Yard.

Nevertheless, he was not a little dared, and as to what immediately followed he was never afterward particularly clear.

They had formed again in front of Holworthy and the Sophomores had shortly followed, sweeping around from behind Thayer, whence they rushed *en masse* upon the advancing Freshmen.

In a minute nearly all the few lights had been extinguished and the swirling clouds of men were hopelessly intermixed. The only way to identify oneself was to cry the year of one's class and strike blindly, but open handed, at any who cried otherwise.

Vain were the attempts of overzealous instructors to quell the disturbance. They got no further than the outskirts; they were well jostled for their pains, and generally ended by going the way of all peace-makers. From the steps of Univerity, Seniors cheered on the Sophomores, while the Juniors did as much for the Freshmen. The tide of battle rolled from Holworthy to Gray's and from Thayer to Matthews'. Many an upper classman found the temptation too much for him, and rushed into the fray. Here and there little knots of Freshmen would break out from the twisting mass and form again, but generally it was a battle of every man for himself.

Yet, up to a certain point, it was a good-natured fight, and the method of war consisted for the most part only of pushing an enemy over the low wires

that everywhere intersect the turf and mark out the paths. Soon, however, the arena became so deep a slough that to be thrown into the mud was no pleasant experience. Coats and hats were torn off, and so the battle raged for two hours.

Most "Bloody Mondays" have ended only with the harmless exhaustion of both sides, when each marches off proclaiming itself the victor, and that, no doubt, would have been the climax of this one, had not a persuasive instructor, by some phenomenon, caught the combined attention of the mob and begun a sermon from the porch of Matthews just in front of the last lamp-post to bear a light.

Every one had stopped, glad of a chance to rest, but the instructor, to do him justice, did not say much. He knew his audience better, perhaps, than most instructors. They had had their fun, and no serious harm had been done. But now they had better go home. It was late and an affair of this kind, prolonged to too great an extent, was almost sure to result in some injury or other grave trouble.

The speaker paused. Perhaps he intended to stop altogether. Jarvis never knew, for just then a Sophomore directly in front of him had evidently reached that conclusion, and turned about with a wild whoop and a flourish of arms that brought one hand in sounding contact with the Freshman's cheek.

They were in the full light of the lamp and all

those about had seen or heard enough to make it incumbent upon Jarvis to reply. He looked at the offender, a tall but slim lad with sandy hair and brown eyes of battle. Then he recollected his own broad shoulders, his six feet of height and his hundred and eighty pounds. But the crowd had closed in about them and the instructor, the ultimate symbol of law and order, had wisely disappeared. Then some one shouted :

“Give it to him, Naught-three !”

And that settled matters.

The Sophomore looked as if he had never had a coat and that of Jarvis was off in an instant.

The Freshman did not know how to box, but both the principals knew how to fight. Jarvis led with his right for his opponent's face. It was a hard blow, and when the Sophomore dodged, Jarvis pitched heavily forward. As he tottered his enemy landed a strong left on his head, and that sent him at once to the ground. Evidently his opponent had used his fists before.

The two elements of the crowd were now crying their favourites, but no one attempted to interfere and a fairly precise ring had been preserved.

Mad with shame and anger, Jarvis sprang to his feet and rushed headlong. But he had sufficient wit not to clinch, and, though two of his blows went wild and another was skilfully warded, the fourth landed

heavily on the Sophomore's ribs. The latter had kept up a series of short "jabs" in the chest and back, but neither was much the worse when both paused for breath.

Then, in an instant, it was over. The Sophomore advanced with his former caution and a wild flurry of feints. In pure desperation, Jarvis drove full from the shoulder. His fist rang against his enemy's jaw and the Sophomore fell hard and lay quiet.

Of course Jarvis thought he was killed and of course he was not. The classmates of each closed about their champion to revive or congratulate, and presently the vanquished emerged from among his friends and walked up to Jarvis with outstretched hand.

"I'm licked," he said. "I had n't any business to fight, for I thought I had you at the start—and, anyhow, it's rather absurd."

Jarvis admitted, with some embarrassment, that it was.

"But it was all luck with me," he added inconclusively.

"Perhaps," was the answer, "but it served. Only really, you ought to take lessons. You're awfully clumsy with your fists."

CHAPTER II.

THE SHIRT OF NESSUS.

JARVIS started back to his room in a state of exaltation that was completely novel to him. He had rarely before had the chance of testing his splendid strength. In spite of a bookish tinge to his nature, he was not above enjoying the lesser follies of boys of his age, and purely physical weariness induced a certain mental exhilaration. He had lost his hat early in the scrimmage; he had forgotten to recover his coat when he finally managed to escape the admiration of his supporters in his fistic encounter. He had had his turn to sprawl in the mud, and he was now returning to his quarters in a pelting rain. But he recollected how man after man had gone down before his enthusiastic onslaughts, and he was delightfully tired and buoyant.

Perhaps it was an effect of this that, upon opening his door at Claverly, he could, for the first time, look upon the place as home. The study to which he entered bespoke a wild day's shopping, made with a long purse and from that point of view which comes to one only for the brief early years at college.

Judged by this standard, the place should have been comfortable, not to say luxurious. It was crowded with a lot of lumber that he regarded as artistic. The heavy furniture almost overflowed the window-seats into Mount Auburn Street. Morris chairs, a desk, a tea table, all the accoutrements, necessary and otherwise, that go to make the modern college man's apartments, crowded the centre of the room. The walls were lined with book shelves on which predominated the handsome bindings of a literature not generally in circulation with the Young Person—a sign whereby Jarvis hoped to display his liberality. Oriental rugs covered the floor and Eastern arms and fans, with one or two very fair reproductions of the old masters and some flaring posters, served to fill up the remaining space between floor and ceiling. A profusion of plaster casts of more or less merit crowded what corners were left. At one side of the big fireplace, above the gleaming andirons, a death-mask of Voltaire leered across at a crucifix, and beside a green-mounted Madonna of the Chair, a ballet-dancer done in water-colours, poised awkwardly on one foot. The whole place abounded in glaring contrasts, due, one felt, to a mental commotion, more distorted perhaps than normal, on the part of the owner.

In just what direction that commotion tended was shortly evident. Jarvis at once picked up the letters that had been delivered during his absence since five

o'clock and, with nervous fingers, ran through them until he found the one that he had trembled for. He got it soon enough from among a score of bills and postal-cards offering the services of tutors in a dozen subjects, — a square blue envelope, addressed in a clear, firm hand, and exhaling, he almost fancied, just a breath of the perfume he so associated with her. But his hurry was over in a moment, and he leaned wearily against the mantelpiece turning the letter over and over in his hands.

The fire—the only light in the room—left the sturdy outlines of his figure in darkness, but blazed full upon the healthy, flushed face. It was a rather handsome face—at any rate one that forced a second glance—and showed to all the better advantage now that the rich brown hair, usually so severely brushed to one side, had matted low on the broad forehead and asserted to the full its tendency to curl. The eyes were bright, but so dark a brown that one would almost have called them black had not the straight brows and long lashes been deep enough to give them their true value. The nose, too, was strong, but the mouth was almost feminine in its bow, and the curve of the chin was not without its warning of weakness. The shadowy contour of his body was that of physical perfection, but the face was the face of a boy with the brow of a man, **all unconscious of the terrible odds against it.**

He looked at the envelope again and again, but he could not bring himself to open it and, instead, the whole miserable course of events of which this letter was significant dragged their weary length before his mental vision.

He had been brought up at his own home by rich parents, among a host of indulgent relatives. There he had been trained by tutors up to the day last spring on which he took his entrance examinations. He had scarcely ever been separated from his parents, and had thus failed to get the greatest benefit obtainable from a boarding-school — the toughening of the moral fibre, the stability which, if it is not knowledge of the world, is at least strength to bear that knowledge. The requisite Greek and Latin for his examinations he certainly had acquired; tact and the passive power of adapting himself to his surroundings he inherited. At a very early age — almost too early for real promise — he had shown literary tastes that had developed themselves rather than been developed into a certain talent. He wrote pretty verse with an ease and grace that perhaps rightly surprised the fond parents who were only too ready thus to be moved. His work was naturally wholly imitative, because he had no fund of experience or sensation to draw upon; but he imitated so cleverly that his relatives were deluded into mistaking the adaptation for the original.

Yet, with all this, his soul was a blank page. Of

emotion, beyond the homely affections which go for nothing in the development of the artistic temperament, he knew nothing. Such domestic attachments are merely the water-wash which the colourist puts upon his paper that the tints of his sky or sea may be more brilliant. Of the passionate sunsets and pale dawns of life that were to come, Jarvis stood in complete ignorance. Book-read beyond his age, too, he had not, since early childhood, been spiritually close to either his father or his mother. The former, a Philadelphia man of business and nothing more, had at first admired and then come to stand rather in awe of this mind for the existence of which he was responsible. Thoroughly good and almost foolishly indulgent, he was of a mental fibre hopelessly coarser than that of the boy, and Dick felt the moral wall that separated them none the less precisely although he could not understand its material. The lad's mother, on the other hand, though passionately devoted to her son, was, like many other mothers with a gift for devotion, even more passionately devoted to the formalities of social life which her position enjoined; and it was only when, after some prolonged season of gaieties, she realised that she had been neglecting Dick, that she would become hysterically demonstrative over him.

The boy generally hated his tutors because they were the outward and visible sign of the force that

kept him from the haven of his hopes — a boarding-school. This one gift was never granted him and, as with us all, the one gift denied became the only desire of his heart. But, although she managed to leave him with a regularity that was convincingly consistent, his mother, with all the obstinate selfishness of affection, firmly declared she could not have him leave her until he went to College.

Mentally, however, the lad was very much alone, and once alone had free access to the large library of his maternal grandfather, which had rested untouched during the interregnum in the Jarvis household following the death of old Geoffrey Cooke and lasting until the advent of Richard Jarvis, 2nd. Dick made good, or rather free, use of the shelves that were otherwise untouched except for the dusters of conscientious housemaids, and read much that was good for his taste and bad for his soul. Endowed — or cursed — with a wonderfully vivid imagination, as many another child has done, he lived within himself the stories that he read. At first he was David skulking among the mountain caves of Adullam; Cicero hurling his denunciations — in English — against Catiline or defending Archias; King Henry urging on his British yeomen at Harfleur; Montrose, the Young Chevalier, or Napoleon. Then he became by turns Rizzio, writing sonnets to the scarlet puppet of John Knox; the self-abasing Abélard; the aveng-

ing Rimini; or else he was crying to the Alastor of his solitude to make the world her Actium, him her Antony.

When, rather late, he outgrew these child-dreams, he came gradually but none the less surely, to realise the emptiness of his life. He saw that the artist must reproduce, and that if he had no impressions of his own to present, he could only imitate those of his masters. He told himself that a man might be a fool for giving way to his passions, but that he would certainly be a fool if he had no passions to give way to. The greater the soul, he reasoned, the greater the temptations. Why should he cheat his heart and God-given strength of their fire? Youth boiled in his veins, beat in his pulses, hammered at his breast. He would imprison it no longer. He would not starve his soul and grow old before he had been young.

And then She came. The pure delight of her, could he ever forget it? They had met at Bar Harbor, she fresh from her schooling abroad. As a child he had known her for his neighbour and playmate. Now she was a woman and beautiful, but he never thought of that. What he entirely lost himself in was the charm of contact with a nature that seemed the counterpart of his own. He could not fail to perceive the social distinctions that increasing years had created. Childhood, like love,

may know no caste; but even in his present condition it was impossible to be blind to the fact that the Braddocks, rich, amiable and intellectual though they might be, were, by the rigid Philadelphia code, quite outside his peculiar set. Yet even the strong bonds of heredity and environment—the stronger, perhaps, because irrational—could not restrain the ego in him that had gone mad with its strength. In a moment he had shaken off the trammels of his former existence. He was an entity, an individuality, a soul entering upon its battle with multitudinous life.

Then, of a sudden, he had learned the graver reason that divided them, the reason which, right or wrong, obtains above all local definitions and distinctions. And he had learned it only to learn, at the same time, his own weakness. He was no Odysseus to stop his ears against the siren's song.

His morbid imagination had pictured this catastrophe as the ruin of his whole life. He had come to Cambridge in a dream. But there had followed no word from her, and he began to have a vague hope of rehabilitation. Yet, so strong was her power over him, that he dreaded the sight of a letter from her hand with an alarm of which he could not previously have thought himself capable. He longed with all his boy's heart for some friend, some counsellor, however fallible. With growing hope and

terror he looked for the letter every day. And now it had come.

Again he turned it over in his hand. What was he to do? How was he to reply? He was so alone! If only there was any one to ask!

Almost as if in answer to the wish, there was a sudden ring at his bell, and a moment later Hardy, mud from top to toe, had divested himself of nearly all the few clothes left him by the "rush," and flung himself into one of the great armchairs at one side of the fire.

"Give me some tobacco! Was n't it splendid? They were easy, easy, easy!" he cried all in a breath.

For the instant Jarvis felt like sending him away, but he made a determined effort to adopt the other's mood.

"It was splendid," he conceded. "Here's some tobacco. Shall I light the lamp?"

"No, this is ripping. Let things as they are. I just could n't go to sleep for hours yet, so I stopped in to talk."

There was a minute's silence. From the floor below there came through the quiet night the sound of a piano. Somebody was playing the "Träume" of Wagner and the low strains, so subtle for the interpretation of our highest and lowest selves, crept into and filled the room. From the fire one particular flame played a steady light upon Hardy. Jarvis

regarded him, puffing at his pipe. In the strong, frank face there was much to invite. It struck Jarvis, too, that this young fellow with his hardy school training, his friends and his way, as it seemed, already made, stood for everything that the more lonely boy had missed.

“Hardy,” he said at last.

“Yes?”

“We used to know each other pretty well in Philadelphia before you went away to school. That’s why I’m talking to you now. I’m going to tell you something about myself and ask your advice.”

CHAPTER III.

TRÄUME.

TO the mind of the young Undergraduate there is no horror quite so faithfully to be avoided as a scene. Hardy, to whom Jarvis' tone had left small room for speculation, no doubt felt to the full the unpleasantness of the situation, but if so, he was, in changing his mood, as much the gentleman as the other, and only grunted an inarticulate assent as he inwardly thanked his stars that the lamp was out.

Both fellows refilled their pipes and then Jarvis began, —

“I suppose it's a queer sort of thing on my part,” he said. “I've never done anything of the sort before, but the matter has come to such a point that I've just got to ask somebody's advice.”

“I don't see how I'm qualified,” Hardy hopefully suggested.

“You're the only person I can talk to around here, anyhow, and I must at least talk it over with some one. It's — it's about a woman.”

“Then I know I'm not qualified.”

"Well, we'll see. I shan't mention names, of course."

Hesitatingly at the start, but gradually with growing feeling and eloquence, he made clear his situation.

"It was the very night before I came up here," he went on. "I'll never forget the picture. The dim, red light of the piano lamp cast such strange shifting shadows over her lithe figure as she played. The whole room was shaded in a soft kind of rosy twilight, except for the glaring white keyboard of the piano and — the girl and for me beside her. She seemed to melt right into the whole quiet harmony of it. Her movements were all so slow and graceful. She put herself into the music — even into the keys. One minute she'd be pulsing with the air and the next the air would be quickened just as if by the life in her. She has a way — a lingering sort of touch — that gave a melancholy expression to it all.

"Well, you know how quick innocence is in its perception of vice. I understood, from her own lips, exactly what her mistake had been. But she seemed to love me and so long as it was possible — and that was to be so short a time — I could n't stay away. I knew perfectly well what would result, but — well, there I was.

"I watched her, and watched her, and watched her. The spell was so perfect, I hardly dared to speak. I

may have thought I'd break the artistic charm, or may be the subconscious devil that hides in us all made me keep my mouth shut when stillness was worse than words. I don't know. Anyhow, when she stopped the music died away so languorously that the pause was intoxicating. I remember one of her hands was resting on the echoing keys. Her whole body was motionless and yet so vibrant with life that when, all at once, she laughed, I felt as if some one had cursed in a church.

"I don't know what we talked about. It all meant a good deal more than the words. But it came out that by some mistake she had thought I was n't to leave until the next week, instead of the next day. She put out her hand to me. It was like a gleam of white lightning. I'd never talked love to her. It was the first time in my life I'd ever even held a woman's hand in that way and I remembered seeing people do that sort of thing in Rittenhouse Square, so I dropped it and asked her to sing.

"Everything might have been different if it had n't been for that. She picked up the 'Träume' of Wagner—the very thing that fellow downstairs is playing. Well, she'd arranged the music to some foolish words I'd written. Listen!"

He held up a warning finger and again the low sweet sound flooded the room. Hardy was looking steadily at the fire, his face between his hands. He

did not move as the strange strains rose and fell like the quiet waves along the shore of some pure island Paradise — or was it on some reef of Circe?

“Listen,” repeated Jarvis, and the music seemed to respond to his very words. “What does that say to you? People tell you that it expresses the highest and purest sort of love — something so high and splendid that it is above the best of us. They say it is the only clear human conception ever achieved of a love between man and woman that is like the love of God. Is it? For they add that, sung with other words, or with the very slightest and subtlest change in the manner or even soul of the singer, it can mean everything that is seductive to the most splendid voluptuousness, as nothing else ever wrought by man has ever meant it. Well, that’s what it meant to me.”

He paused again and the music sank to a low wailing echo, like the sob of a lost soul that was cringing in some dark corner of that very room.

“She had a wonderful soft contralto voice,” he continued. “The minute she began to sing I saw clearer than ever before just what the situation meant. Race instinct — I suppose it was — knocked over all my theories of right and wrong, but I was helpless. I just looked into the grave of everything — powerless. Then I leaned over to turn the page and — her hair brushed my cheek.

"Next day I came up here. The governor 'd arranged for the rooms, but I lived in them at first as if they were three rooms in a hotel. I didn't even unpack my trunks. I simply couldn't take in the situation. No word came from her and then at last I began to see that I might start fresh if she'd only let me alone. To-night," and he held up the blue envelope, "this letter came."

There was another silence. Hardy took two long pulls at his pipe.

"Well?" he said at last.

"What shall I do?" asked Jarvis. "If I open it, I'm afraid — You understand. The only question is whether I've a right to throw it into the fire."

"And you left her as you found her."

"I think the sin was mine. With her it was committed so long before. I left her no worse, I should say."

"Then don't be a fool. Read the letter, by all means. Then write an answer, letting her know as decently as you can, that the thing must end. You've only one course to follow, — the course of a gentleman. I don't see why you thought you needed anybody's advice."

"But how can I tell her?"

"I leave that to your instincts. You've got everything to gain or lose — and there are your parents to remember."

"Then — I'll think it over."

"Oh, certainly! And do just what you would have done without me. At any rate, that's my advice first and last. What time is it? Four? Wonder the proctor did n't jump that musician. I'm going to bed."

He made for the door with a determination of manner sufficient to convince an ignorant onlooker that his couch had been moved just into Jarvis' hall. Midway, however, he checked himself and, wheeling round, came back to the fire-place with outstretched hand.

Jarvis met him in silence and, as the door banged upon Hardy's full flight, threw himself into his chair again.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ETERNAL MASCULINE.

“PERHAPS, my beloved,” said Martin Luther, as he stood with his wife beside the dead body of his only daughter, “perhaps it is better thus. The world is a hard place for girls.” Jarvis remembered the words. The years, he reflected, have not altered the truth of what the great reformer said. We sin and the woman pays. We succeed and the glory is ours; we fall and the shame is hers. As poor Inez wrote her recreant lover, we have the sword or the mart to help us to forget, but woman, as Nansen told his wife, must prove her courage by staying at home. It is a hard world for girls.

Heretofore the great change to a new life had served to check, in a measure, all of Jarvis’ attempts at ordered consideration of the recent past. As the physical reaction from his unwonted exertions in the Yard set in upon him, a profound pity for the woman, an intense loathing of himself and a sickening horror of hopelessness and despair swept down all of Hardy’s easily reared bulwarks, and crushed Jarvis into his chair. The terrible sense of something lost

and forever gone from him, of some ethereal and eternal attribute carelessly thrown away, stunned every other faculty save that for suffering. Incontrovertibly forced on him was, above all, the knowledge that all his theories had been mistaken, wrong, and bad; that he was the victim of his own ill-doing, — as far beyond real pity as he was beyond true hope.

And she! Her face rose before him with all the charm of the irrevocable, — the dark hair, the flashing eyes, the gleaming flesh. Again the slight flush of her cheek intensified the glance that she darted upon him. Again he saw the long-lashed lids drooping over eyes dark but limpid, like still woodland pools in which rare beams of wandering sunlight linger. Whatever she had been, he thought, Mary Braddock loved him. And yet he found it useless to disguise any longer the fact that for her he could discover in his heart nothing but compassion. He told himself that he must never have loved her, or else her sacrifice would surely endear her tenfold to him now. He no longer attempted to reason about it. He had in one night tried the game with happiness, and lost.

At last, however, though unconsciously, a new course of thought began to shape itself in his sick brain. Whatever his duty to this woman, it could hardly be as severe as if he had not been but one of other lovers. After all, he had left her as he found her.

He was the only loser, most likely the only sufferer, while she — the thought blazed into his mind — it was she who had robbed him.

He was not fair — no man in Jarvis' condition can be that — and moreover he was cruel. He did try to continue in his belief of her love of him, but, in view of her past, the answer to such belief was now rather obvious. She was not there to plead the frankness of her confession, and, if she had been, it is likely that he would have passed it by unnoticed.

Surely, there is also an eternal masculine! Jarvis' tumultuous despair had to find some vent, and the man in him demanded that the woman should suffer. Upon her the vials of his wrath were opened. Human nature is capable of bearing only a limited amount of self-condemnation, and all at once he found it easy enough to see how she had been to blame. Why had she led him on? He was sure she had. He remembered a thousand now significant little words and gestures that before had passed as only the unpremeditated outbursts of an affectionate girl. She knew him to be a mere boy. She had read him aright, better than ever heretofore he had been able to read himself. He was surprised that he could have been so blind in regard to either. He was angry with both, but he soon found that he was much more angry with her.

By degrees the storm of his self-reproach began

to resolve itself into an overmastering antipathy for the woman, who, but a few evenings before, he had imagined was as indispensable to his life as food and air. He was too unlettered in the world's ways, too helpless as yet among its unknown currents. The universe that he had constructed from his books had been, in one instant of passion, proved wrong and completely overturned. A man in that universe, he had been a defenceless child in the reality. He had been so utterly ignorant. But she knew! She knew! Oh, no, it was not fair!

He endeavoured in vain to contend against this sense; to fight off as unfeeling and unjust this inclination to condemn her unheard. But he was too tired, too exhausted by the preceding mental struggles to fight either long or hard, and, even while he felt himself sinking to potentially lower depths of self-hate, he gave way and submitted.

Bear in mind that this boy—he was little more—was home-bred, with pure instincts and originally high ideals. He had been withheld from that contact with his fellows which strengthens self-reliance, gives a tone to manhood, and at the same time brushes away the delicate down of ignorance that is the chief charm of ingenuous youth. If a man in like straits should think and feel as Jarvis then thought and felt, he would be an unbearable prig, but Dick was still

short of maturity in all the qualities of thought that years alone can bring, and he had been deceived and entrapped, not deliberately, perhaps, but none the less irretrievably, by a woman of clear-sighted worldliness. He knew this and he could not feel otherwise.

In a few short hours his sentiments had undergone a complete revolution. His whole being had suffered a tremendous overthrow, and the mind, dazed as yet from the shock of the struggle, was thus far unable to adjust itself to the new intellectual focus. The annihilation of the artificial self was, for the time at least, absolute, and he could not, all at once, appreciate the resurrection — although assured — of the self inherited.

Nevertheless, he felt both bestial and abased. After all, he was, then, like other men, only a very slightly elevated animal; he who had felt himself inspired by some divine message, uplifted by some heavenly gift, some spark of the eternal fire! Why, he had even imagined he had something in common with Dante and Milton and Shakespeare, some closer, invisible communion that set him apart from the rest of the world, he, slime from the vilest sewers of the race! It was just as well that he had returned where he belonged. He could not conceive the point of view, the psychological character that, until that night, had been Richard Jarvis for so many years. He wondered at him. He could see the results,

but was quite at a loss to enter into the train of thought that had brought him hither. He had, it for that moment seemed, come into that room a boy and suddenly found himself a man.

The head was thrown back upon the unyielding cushions, the square chin, the soft mouth, the frank eyes were still all those of a child, and if, in connection with that figure to which they belonged, they seemed unusually boyish, they were only the more beautiful for that. When he was introspective as now, however, they were intent enough; and, as the gray light of a dismal Cambridge morning stole in at the windows, it laid cold fingers on his forehead and drew ominous lines beneath the eyes and about the mouth.

Slowly, at last, he stood up, and going to his bedroom began to undress. The sun burst above the treetops and tinged the roofs with gold. At once the whole sordid street was so alive with joy that a great self-pity rose again within the lad. He could never love that sight, or be at one with the purity of nature again.

Yet, if the battle had only begun, the initiatory skirmish was ended. Little by little, during the next week, the mist-figures about Jarvis began to resolve themselves into ordinate shape and form to his mental vision. By sheer force of constant succession, the very repetition of incidents created a rational

series of impressions and, from this state, the step to a generally clear intellectual atmosphere was as brief and easy as it was imperceptible.

He found his lot cast among a new set of conditions, himself confronted by a new combination of circumstances, which, he was forced to confess, would not have been, to his former attitude, by any means uncongenial, and which, even now, were not unpleasant. He took his meals at the place of a terrible Irishwoman, whose dining-room was small and crowded and poor, but expensive and popular, and, although his allowance speedily ran short, he early found it possible to borrow any amount at any moment and to pay only when the creditor himself was in need of a loan.

Quite involuntarily, too, his body first, and then his general temperament, were adapting themselves to the new life. Not that he was by any means reconciled or comforted. There was merely at work in him that unnamed, incomprehensible quality which not only aids, but in many cases, surely though easily, forces a man to acquiescence and endurance, if not indeed absolute forgetfulness. Simply by dint of that subtle power he began, in a few short days, to grow used to his changed lot, spiritual as well as material.

He was surprised to find that he was making friends, or at least binding to himself many close

acquaintances. On the floor above him roomed together Bert Hardy and Tom Mallard, both Pennsylvanians; the former an old playmate of whom, since schooldays began, he had formerly seen but little. This Freshman, by means of his Concord chums, soon put Jarvis in touch with a great many men whom otherwise he would most probably never have met. Mallard was a "conditional" Junior who took quarters with Hardy, at first against his will and simply because a long-standing intimacy between their families commanded it. He was a St. Mark's boy and in the beginning had little love for this enforced proximity; but, by the time the peculiar isolations of certain phases of Harvard life had allowed Jarvis to discover him, Mallard was fast becoming conciliatory and even flattered by the opportunities for patronage that the situation offered. With these two men Jarvis was soon on terms of real intimacy.

For his part, Hardy was essentially a creature of good fortune. Not that he did not deserve all the fine things that came to him. He deserved them all and more. Only, the good things that the best of colleges has at its disposal are, like those of all life, notoriously insufficient to go around, and Fate, reflecting, perhaps, that there is solace in misery's companionship, has a way of settling such matters by bestowing the favours on but a select few of the deserving. The present recipient had been born rich

and rather fair to look upon. He had the advantages of birth and a preparatory training at a large and influential school. Consequently, when he came down to Harvard his academic career was more or less a foregone conclusion. Other people had to make theirs. If they were the right sort they could do it, irrespective, no doubt, of money and previous acquaintanceship. If they were anything else, no amount of the last named conveniences would save them. But Hardy combined all three. He was not a cad and though he was ready and even anxious to sow his share of the oats that are wild, he did not care to turn that procedure into any sort of agrestic festival. With his money he was generous, but not ostentatious. And if he was a bit too lazy to go in for athletics himself and inclined to search diligently for courses described as "cinch," he was all the more enthusiastic in his admiration for those who did real work in either sphere of University life. It was this happy faculty for brilliance that, in spite of the factional combination of the Boston schools — made his election to a high Class office just as much a matter of course for him as, for example, to the Polo Club, and it was a healthy determination to do his best by this office that brought him into Jarvis' room at eleven o'clock one morning some days after their conversation on the night of Bloody Monday.

Hardy had always found it hard to begin anything.

Consequently, for a while the talk ran in the usual current — of the food at Mrs. Blank's, of the instructors, and their courses. The one was "rotten," the others were too full of "hot air," and the last were generally very "stiff." Then Jarvis innocently touched upon football, and Hardy gave up his examination of the books and pictures along the walls.

"Look here," he said, "why don't you turn out for the Class team?"

Jarvis hurled a protesting pillow at his classmate's head.

"Out you go!" he cried. "Why, you know I never played in my life."

"Well, a Class team is the way to begin."

"Then why don't you try it?"

"I have all I can do for the Class now. You ought to do your share. You're big and strong and just built for it."

"But I have n't been bid."

"Neither was Billy Innez bid to the Friday Evenings, but I got him in."

"Omnipotent! I'd rather go there."

"Oh no! you would n't. Besides, you'll have to give all your attention to the team."

Jarvis considered it.

"Of course, it's not a sure thing?"

"Of course it's not. You've got to earn it like everything else here."

"Well." He flipped a coin and, catching it in his hand, glanced at the result of the experiment. "I'll go."

He did go and with considerable *éclat*. The rudiments of the game came easily enough. There was a good deal of hard work involved and a good deal of self-denial, but to Jarvis' passion for novelty these were rather pleasant than otherwise, and within the week, the "Crimson" was reporting a "find" for the Freshman eleven.

Nor was this all. Contrary to the common manner of Freshmen, his studies also began, somewhat later, to occupy a considerable portion of his time. Greek and Latin he felt (on the strength of a B in his entrance examinations) privileged to neglect. Mathematics, because of an E, he deemed it useless to cultivate. But to History, Government and especially to English, he devoted himself with something of his old zest and a new kind of dogged method that was altogether unusual in him. In English "28," which was a ludicrously slight review of our literature in general, he was far too well read to be at home, but in the daily and fortnightly themes of "22"—a course really intended for higher classmen—he found precisely the occupation that was most indispensable to him in regaining his mental equilibrium.

Not that he did regain it in all its juvenescence.

But the work was what he needed, and he profited accordingly. His first theme was read aloud to the class of a hundred and fifty men, and this little honor spurred him on.

Though provided with what should have been plenty of money, Jarvis had not yet proceeded in mock desperation to try to buy forgetfulness — one of the most extravagant luxuries on the market — but he had become more deeply introspective than ever before. Previous to his association with the Class football squad he had sat up until morning reading Swinburne with eyes too young, and smoking cigarettes with lips too unaccustomed. The result was the gratifying conclusion that all women and most men were bad. He imagined that the glamour was gone from all things; that his illusions were permanently broken. As a matter of fact, he had merely succeeded in replacing his old poetical ideals with others equally false and almost irreparably hideous. Where he had formerly committed the blunder of thinking all things beautiful and good, he now made the mistake of acknowledging them all bad and ugly. He had only substituted demonolatry for pantheism. And in every direction there were times when it appeared that his efforts were thwarted by a complete despair. Passive as this state was, it only required a fresh glimpse of the wrong side of life, a chance word at the proper time, to change it from

kinetic to potential, and this chance was not long in occurring.

He had at last managed to write the letter that Hardy had suggested. It could not hurt her and, for his own peace of mind, it was imperative that the correspondence be broken off. He was kind, almost loving, and quite ridiculous. At first he had thought simply to let her notes go unanswered, but he was as yet too much a gentleman for that course; so he wrote in a way which, while it expressed nothing definitely, was calculated to let her understand that, much as they had been to each other, the foundation upon which their friendship rested was, to his mind, one of sand. It could not withstand the storms of life. He added that he could never again care for any other woman, and he really believed what he said. Smarting under the assumption that she was the author of his misery, he was, quite unwittingly, playing the cad for the first time in his life. But he was to expiate his fault to the full.

He had not long to wait for his reply.

Hardy came again to see him as, one night, he was undressing all over his three rooms. There was a little beating about the bush, questions about the football and the College in general — then, playing with tongs, his back turned and speaking in that offhand fashion whereby young men always hope to make unpleasant things endurable,

"Oh, by the way," asked Hardy, "did you write that letter?"

"Yes, day before yesterday."

"Any answer?"

"Not yet. But I know how it'll be. She's a woman of no illusions herself, and so well calculated to have a good deal of influence over a fellow who kept all his untouched till she broke the charm. And no one knows better than she that she has broken it. Oh, she's been fully prepared for my letter!"

He was right. In age a year or two his elder, in reading quite as old as he, and in sophistication a full decade his senior, this woman had been taken by his poetic and distinctive nature, but whilst playing with him was still, in her own way, in love with him. Yet she well knew that whatever hold she might have upon him she could now exercise it only when actually in his presence. He was, moreover, out of sight, and experience had taught her to regard such conquests as were in that state as being just as well out of mind. And still, so complex is the nature of these women, that she too perhaps meant something of what she said when she replied.

The letter came next evening. Jarvis opened it, it is true, not without emotion, but with feelings of a sort entirely new. It was simple and to the point:

"My dear, dear Dick," it ran. "I must own that I was n't surprised at the contents of your last letter. I appreciate your abilities and your talents and I love you too dearly to be a stone about your neck. I shall watch your life with the greatest tenderness and the keenest interest. For the rest, I must, sooner or later, I hope, try to forget the man while I admire the artist. Yet I know that you will never find any one to love you as I have done. So, if you ever need such help as a weak woman can give — and every man needs that some time — my life, as you well know, is ready at your service. Whoever shall love you hereafter, I at least have had you first.

MARY."

For a moment after he had read this, Jarvis sat quite still beside his fire. He felt her words more than either of them would have expected. It was all falling out as he had wished and yet the foreseen result had set him again strangely and dangerously at sea. He was quick for the great change. He rose to his feet, stifling all natural regret and wounded conceit. With a loud scratch he struck a match and relit his pipe. He was afraid she was laughing at him, after all — as indeed she partly was. He fancied, too, a note of triumph, and something of a threat in the last lines, and in this also he was probably not altogether wrong.

"O Love! O Lover! Loose or hold me fast,
I had thee first, whoever have thee last,"

he tried to laugh. "She might have been at least a little more original!"

And yet, even though he guessed that they were both only playing at love, he could not altogether excuse himself. To himself it was useless to say any longer that he had been a mere boy. He had all at once — rightly or wrongly — come to the conclusion that, whatever he was in years, he had been, in all essentials, a man.

"Well," he said aloud. "Damn the football! I'm ready for life. Let's begin to see what it is."

And he threw down his pipe and went out.

CHAPTER V.

TOWER LYCEUM.

JARVIS took the elevator and went up to Hardy's room. He did not, somehow, want to talk with his fellow-townsmen, but he knew that his quarters were the most likely at hand in which to find a number of men.

The place was filled with expensively-framed prints, highly-coloured examples of lithography, representing card-playing by a wonderful variety of disreputable players. There were photograph-racks crowded with pictures of cheap actresses whose large signatures were scrawled over the front, and marvellous poker-hands were nailed upon the walls. These, manifestly, were the peculiar jewels of Mallard. But there was also a big business-like working table, a number of Braun photographs, a little case of good books, and a dense fragrant cloud of the best tobacco.

Mallard was not there. Even his mother could not have made him spend more time than was necessary with a Freshman, and although the Junior was one of those men who, for no apparent reason, are missed by the unseen but mighty current that is, after all, Har-

vard, he was entirely too loyal an upper classman to spend his evenings with a newcomer.

Hardy, however, was lounging by the fire in his shirtsleeves. A sister, innocent of Cambridge traditions, had notoriously sent him a crimson smoking-jacket that, since its first incautious opening before a jeering crowd, had been hidden away and, as Jarvis entered, Stannard — fair, handsome and boyish, but pale and precocious, one of the butterflies of the Freshman Class with a remarkable talent for drawing checks and caricatures — was engaged in the popular pastime of hunting for it.

"Hello, Hardy. Hello Stannard," said Dick as he dropped into a big wicker armchair. "Haven't you found that thing yet?"

"No. Hardy won't tell where it is. I want it to hang as a model in Herbie Foster's window."

"Well — what else are you fellows going to do to-night?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Hardy. "Have a pipe, won't you?"

"No, thanks; not now. — I think I'll go to town."

"That's something like!" cried Stannard. "This lobster won't go anywhere."

Hardy laughed.

"I ought," he protested, "to go 'round to Sanborn's for a game of pool with Morgan, but I'm too lazy to move."

"Rotten trick," commented Stannard. Then, "Say, Jarvis, where are you going when you get there?"

Jarvis considered the somewhat indefinite form of it.

"Oh, any old place. Where ought a fellow to go?"

"He ought to stay in Cambridge, I suppose. Otherwise, where would be the use of town? How about the Tower?"

"The what?"

"The Tower Lyceum. Haven't you been there yet?"

Jarvis had not.

"All these days in Cambridge and not at the Tower! I can't let you neglect your education in this way, I really can't. What, one of us Faculty's darlings and not yet at the Tower? Come on!"

Jarvis readily acquiesced, and, bidding Hardy good night, they hurried up Holyoke Street and boarded one of the trolley-cars that are crowded from seven to nine and empty again until twelve to five.

"Come up in front behind the motorman," was the guide's direction. "We can smoke there."

As they passed through the car, Stannard nodded to one or two of his friends — of whom there already seemed to be so many — bound on a journey like his own.

"You can't work that cigarette game on this car," cried one of these, as he saw Jarvis put his hand to his breast-pocket for his case.

"Better come along, Major," laughed Stannard.

The "Major," a tall, slim fellow, with reddish hair and big brown eyes, shook his head and went on trying to read his book and talk to the fellow beside him at the same time. When, however, the door had closed on the retreating forms of Jarvis and his cicerone, and the momentary flash of their matches reported the smoking really begun, he leaned forward and touched the conductor on the arm.

There is a rule on the Boston street-car lines which prohibits smoking among the passengers, but the Cambridge conductors value their popularity with the students too highly to risk it by enforcing, of their own free will, a merely formal regulation.

"Conductor," said the Major, "I wish you'd stop those men smoking on the front platform there. The smell makes me sick."

The representative of corporations was forced to do his bidding when a passenger thus brought him face to face with the rule. Jarvis threw away his cigarette, but Stannard held his hidden in his hand and, on the closing of the door, continued puffing undisturbed.

"That was the Major's work," he said, finally.

"Who is he?" asked Jarvis.

"The most remarkable man in College. Could do anything if he did n't so badly want to do nothing. You licked him on Bloody Monday, by the way."

"Is that the man? I have n't seen him about."

"Well, he is about, all right. He flunked out last year and the year before, so he's really a Freshman. But he went under only because he was starving. He shovelled snow and tutored and almost carried a hod. Lived on milk at fifteen cents a day. Wrote lies for a syndicate of newspapers. They even say he was a waiter. But he's hit it at last. Went down to Milk Street and invested a hundred he'd borrowed God knows how. Now he's got more ready money and more snap courses than any man in the joint."

While Stannard was speaking they had crossed the tossing, black river with its coronet of lights, where, away to their right crept Harvard Bridge, and were clattering through the maze of back streets about Henry Square. In front of the old Raleigh House they leaped from the car, hurried through a dark alley and emerged upon a narrow, crooked thoroughfare, villanously cobbled and ablaze with lights from fifty saloons and cheap lodging-houses.

Directly opposite was a dingy, semi-ecclesiastical building, the chief features of which were a perilous fire-escape and a sign made of red incandescent lights forming the word "Tower." There was a long line of purchasers before the box-office, marshalled by a fat policeman who was doing his best to keep his feet warm in the damp, autumnal night.

"You here again?" he sang out as Stannard took his place at the end of the line. "Third time this week."

The crowd grinned.

"Why're you getting in line?" he asked.

"To get my ticket," replied Stannard rather shortly.

"Oh," said the guardian of the peace, quite unruffled by the frigidity of his victim: "I thought you generally got it in the morning before you went back to Cambridge." Then he added to somebody in the crowd, "Take that pipe out of your mouth."

As slowly, but also as certainly, as the mills of the gods, the progress of the line gradually brought the two Harvard men near the ticket-window. As Stannard drew a bill from his pocket he felt a touch on his arm, and turning saw the Major in the file behind him. The red haired man was looking up for a moment from the book that he still read.

"Get admission tickets," he said with perfect clearness of tone and quite oblivious of the blue-coated authority. "I'll put you on how to fix it up upstairs."

Nearly falling over a frame that held the doubtful photographs of the next week's players, they ran up a short flight of steps and entered one of the Boston "continuous-performance" houses so unlike those of any other city. The building, which had at one time been indeed a church and afterwards a famous theatre in the electrical days of Forrest, was small, but packed from top to bottom. The cheap ornamentations, the white and gilt pillars, were scratched and soiled; the low ceiling was black from the flaring lights. There

were two balconies supported by frail posts, a pit and two tiers of boxes directly on the stage. Respectability was at its lowest ebb in the highest gallery, and rose as it neared the floor, in opposition to natural laws, yet in logical accord with the prices which ran from ten cents "upstairs" to fifty cents in the stalls, with a dollar for single box-seats. The pit was full of small shop keepers and a few Harvard Freshmen ostentatiously displaying their grey felt hats. Men about town, other students, loafers, sailors, and in general men and boys of the great unclassified, made up the larger portion of the audience. Everybody gave free vent to approval or disapproval, shrieked when amused and howled abuse at the performers when displeased, or rather when not amused. One or two women were unenviably conspicuous in faded head-gear and dirty dresses. They laughed quite naturally and unaffectedly at the coarse jokes of the comedians and their mirth attracted neither curiosity nor comment. The whole place reeked with the smell of tobacco-chewing and overheated, unwashed humanity.

The Major—as one from old acquaintance and familiar with the place,—led the way for his party. He was a type of one peculiar clique, a strange mixture of slang and epigram, of cynicism both affected and honest, with real ability that he could not or would not apply; and an authority on all

things in Cambridge and Boston, where he had spent two years. He now tipped a fat negress who showed them into an empty lower box.

Stannard placed a chair for Jarvis in the corner farthest from the stage and sat down beside him. The Major seated himself somewhat behind them and when he saw that the act then "on" was acrobatic, opened his book and began to read. Stannard glanced hastily over the programme, while Jarvis, abashed by his sudden publicity and disgusted with the sights and smells, fixed his eyes on the performers and did not dare to look around.

The bill presented the usual wonderful "features." A "duo," direct from all the concert-halls of Europe, appeared in costumes the worse for their continental sojourn; women encumbered by the weight of three dresses worn one over the other for the sake of quick change, sang dialect songs so rapidly that not one word could be distinguished. For humour they depended upon deformity and ribaldry, and for pathos upon motherhood and death. One fat woman with a low-cut gown and bold eyes sang "rag-time," ballads and ambiguous songs at the box, and chaffed the men between verses. Every one got encores in spite of the reticence of the student portion of the audience, because no one waited, but continued to reappear until the *repertoire* — and they themselves — were exhausted.

Jarvis grew steadily more and more embarrassed, and yet, despite himself, more and more pleased. The whole thing was so new for him. With the reality he was, of course, disgusted, but with the no less substantial ideal which he saw behind it all, he was fast becoming enamoured. He assured his revolted taste that here was the world; that this, at last, was life.

Finally, too, there was, for a while at least, some respite from the nervousness produced by that white light that beats upon a box. Immediately a vulgar, muscular woman in lavender tights had concluded her gyrations upon a trapeze and bowed herself off, damned by the scantiest of praise, the house was darkened and rang with a storm of approving cheers as the calcium flared upon a series of "living pictures" — the last survivors of that ilk — headed by a grotesque representation of MacMonnie's "Bacchante." By the time half-a-dozen such pictures had been shown and the "olio" concluded, Jarvis had ample opportunity to accustom himself to, and to again endure his surroundings, so that he settled back in his stiff chair to watch the remainder of the exhibition with a certain degree of pleasurable anticipation that did not fail to surprise and, after the emotions of the early evening, to please him.

For the burlesque there was a flourish of music —

the Major described it as uniform noise — the battered grand piano was beaten with more than usual vigor; the single violin squeaked louder than before, and the curtain rose again. The chorus advanced toward the footlights and began a shrill, inarticulate cackle. The girls were in tights, nearly all of them extravagantly padded, and of the most inharmonious colours. There was one, however, who caught Jarvis' attention, if not by the perfection of the figure that she displayed, at least by the absence of artificial means to that end. She was a rather pretty girl, with dark hair and eyes, not over painted, and dressed in colours that, by comparison, were the acme of harmony. As the women sang and began to make eyes at the boxes, Jarvis — moved, as always, by the prevailing impulse of those about him, — tried to attract the notice of this least vulgar-seeming one.

If, at the first, there had been absolute certainty, he would not, probably, have cared much one way or the other. But the uncertainty of the thing, added to the false glamour which, however palpable its pretence, makes the stage, even in its lowest forms, so seductive to many of us, served, in his desperately nervous condition, to egg him on.

For some time he was not successful, but at last their glances met and he smiled. Whether or no she responded, he could not be sure, for her exit was just then made. But he expected to be bored through

the remaining parts until the chorus should come on once more.

He was not, however, so wearied by the dialogue of the low comedians as he had thought, and rather wished to be. The whole thing was still a revelation to him. Brought up as he had been, his earliest acquaintance with the theatre was upon that institution's highest plane and best behaviour, and he had, until now, no idea how far a playhouse, as judged by his prior standards, could descend toward vulgarity. Yet, as much of the talk was funny enough, and at the worst merely suggestive, he was surprised to find himself amused by it.

But as there was absolutely no shadow of a plot, the novelty soon wore off, and he began to chafe for the miniature excitement of his flirtation. Stannard and the Major, who had both seen the same thing several times before, were engrossed in reading, the one his programme, the other his book, when Dick, chancing to look up at this moment, saw the girl standing in the wings and gazing eagerly over at him.

She wore trunks of a very mild and bearable shade of pink that set off to decided advantage her small, shapely legs, the more graceful by comparison with the padded monstrosities of her less artistic sisters. Her jacket was of white silk, edged with a fantastically embroidered design in black, belted in at the back

and hanging loosely over the hips. There was an air of historical accuracy about it that pleased him. For the coming scene, which was laid in a Turkish-bath house, she had thrown over her a sheet that draped itself with unintended grace about her head and neatly arranged hair. Jarvis nodded and smiled.

The other men in the box geyed the singers in loud undertones, and were paid back in their own coin. One big woman in green sang straight at Dick. In a coarse, animal way she was good-looking, a glaring blonde. As the scene ended in a series of wild kicks on the part of the chorus, this girl's slipper was loosened and, whether by accident or intent, flew toward the three Harvard men. Each sprang to his feet, making wild clutches at the little red missile which Jarvis suddenly found in his own hand amid the uproarious jeers of the audience.

For a second he stood there, crimson and helpless, while the house throbbed with derisive shouts.

"Throw it back! Throw it back!" urged his companions, and in a desperation of embarrassment, he hurled the slipper, with unintended force, to the stage.

The dance had stopped, and the unfortunate loser of the bit of footgear was standing alone, beckoning excitedly for its return. She flung up her arms and caught it with all the expertness of a professional ball-player, and the curtain fell to maddening applause.

The three filed slowly out in the dense crowd amid the waning strains of the much-abused piano and violin; the scratching of matches, the odor of cigarette smoke and, as they neared the door, the puffs of crisp night air, and the cries of the street urchins selling song-sheets.

"Well, is it all right, Stannard?" asked the Major, rather ignoring the presence of his less sophisticated companion.

"Had it fixed Monday night," replied Stannard. Then, with a wave of the hand toward Jarvis, he added, "This man owned the stage."

"If I did," remarked the Philadelphian, "I'll sell out at a bargain."

"I wouldn't be so quick about that," the Major chimed in, apparently addressing the crowd on the steps below him. "It was n't a peach-orchard to be sure, but, — well, there was that new one, for instance."

Jarvis had noticed his companions signalling to the singers, but, abashed by his all too conspicuous position, had himself, with the single exception, refrained from deliberately attracting the attention of any one. Now, however, he was ashamed to profess his shyness before new acquaintances who appeared to be in no wise troubled with scruples of that sort, and before one of whom he had for the last week, moreover, been posing as a rather hardened *roué*. The element of doubt in the affair still pleased him, and he

was always most happy when playing a part. Not that he was a liar. He only loved to pose, and the recent stormy and quick current of events had brought him every opportunity. His acting was without a shadow of consciousness; he had a perfect confidence and belief in himself, and suffered to the last throes every ill that his imagination imposed. But he was startled to note awakening within his heart another feeling so like that which had been stirred up by Mary Braddock that it was impossible to mistake it for any other sort, however sure he had been of its death and burial; however certainly he had told himself that he could never again so regard the woman who, he imagined, had created it, much less any one else. He kept silence, therefore, allowing his companions to draw the obvious conclusion.

"Well, nobody can get out for twenty minutes," said the Major, whose air of worldly experience was, with perhaps a shade more reason, as true as that of Jarvis. "Let's go and get a drink."

By way of assent, Stannard remarked that it was cold, and the three entered the bar-room nearest at hand, Dick half-hoping, half-fearing that they would miss their inamoratas of the chorus.

When they had come out of the crowded place (it was hung with Tower programmes of other and better days) and were standing again in the street, rain was falling in a fine drizzle, almost a mist, such

a penetrating dispiriting rain as only a Boston east wind can bring.

They were by no means alone in their vigil. Scattered about at varying distances from the theatre stood several men, mostly from "town," leaning against lamp-posts or hovering in doorways, all trying to look as if they had no particular business there. The three grouped themselves in front of the saloon and kept their eyes glued on the little stage-door that opened close off the main entrance opposite.

The players came out by twos and threes, the men first, buttoning up their coats and waiting for their feminine fellow-workers. In about fifteen minutes followed the women, in every one of whom Jarvis recognised the one he was waiting for. The Major's came early and he left the other two, turning down Tower Street.

As Jarvis, looking after him, shivered in the wet, far down the way there came the thunder of a bass-drum followed soon by a chorus of hoarse voices and the jangling of a tambourine. He turned and saw approaching beneath two dripping flags a squalid band of the Salvation Army. He stood on the curb and watched them pass, pale and thin and lantern-jawed, yet with a strange look of transcendental enthusiasm on their faces. The thought came to him — these survivors of the thirteenth century Flagellants were already happier than he.

"These are the stuff of which martyrs are made," he said oratorically to Stannard. But Stannard puffed on his cigar and deigned no reply.

Jarvis was not at rest; he was not even satisfied. He had first found that he did not love Mary Brad-dock and now he had discovered that he could feel as he had for her toward another woman who, apparently, had nothing to recommend her save the purely physical. It was his first experience with the changeability of affection, and it shocked him cruelly. He could not know that it was the simple reawakening of the immortal phoenix of desire.

It began to grow colder and the watchers moved restlessly about, stamping their feet and puffing out great clouds of steam. A policeman passed and looked at them suspiciously. On his second trip down the street he told them roughly to move on.

"We've enough ornaments here," he said.

It appeared as if the woman would never come and Jarvis would have been only too glad to get away. Nevertheless, he was for resenting the form if not the matter of the order, when Stannard took him by the arm and they moved a few paces.

"They none of them like us," he said, "and they want nothing better than a chance to run us in."

The pair had not long occupied their new lookout when the stage-door opened and a woman appeared,

this time unmistakably she of the pink tights. She looked about, hesitating a little, and then nodded to one of the company who half lifted his hat and walked away with her.

"Why didn't you go over?" asked Stannard. "She was looking for you."

But it was too late to do anything except make excuses, and at his friend's proposition they again changed their post, this time crossing the street and pausing just before the delectable door. As they did so, it opened once more and a bevy of women came out.

Jarvis recognized the woman whose slipper he had caught. She looked at him and bowed.

At any other time his taste would have forbidden the initiatory action which followed on his part, but he was stung by Stannard's implied slight and resolved to prove it misdirected. He therefore bowed in return and stepped up beside her.

"Oh, look at Maggie's mash!" cried one of the departing girls.

Jarvis blushed violently, but Maggie stretched out her hand with the perfect frankness of an old acquaintance,

"I didn't know whether to expect you or not," she said.

From the corner of his eye he saw Stannard walking in the opposite direction, waiting until he reached

a darker part of the street before addressing his Aldonza Lorenzo of the evening.

"You might have known I'd be here," he answered Maggie.

"Well, when I came in after the last part, the girls said I need n't expect to get you. They said Lily Forrest had been talking to you from the wings all evening."

"I never saw her before to-night," said Jarvis, with perfect truth, reflecting at the same time that the remark applied quite as well to the woman beside him. "Where can we get something to drink?" he added, in order to turn the conversation to a less difficult channel.

"We girls generally go right across there on the square," she replied.

Piloted by Maggie, they soon emerged upon a more open thoroughfare, stopping before the side entrance to a saloon which bore the sign "Omega."

On opening the little postern, they were ushered up a flight of narrow stairs to a dark hallway off which opened some dozen slight doors without transoms. Maggie, who had evidently more than a passing acquaintance with the place, flung one of these wide, gaily waving her hand to another girl similarly engaged at the upper end of the passage.

Inside, the little room was innocent of all ornamentation. The walls were thin partitions of pine.

There was a single light burning over the uncovered table in the centre, several folding chairs along the wall and some pegs on which to hang hat and coat.

A silent waiter had followed them in.

"What 'll you have?" asked Jarvis of Maggie.

He had an uncertain idea that actresses always "had" champagne, but he need not have worried on that score, for there was a very prompt reply of, "Beer."

Actresses are, however, nearly always hungry, and Maggie, with a readiness that showed she would have ordered a more expensive drink had she wished it, hastened to add,

"I'd like something to eat, though. You can't get anything to drink after twelve unless you order stuff to eat, anyhow."

"What do you want?" asked Jarvis, relieved that, notwithstanding his depleted finances, he felt able to be generous.

"Let's have some raw oysters and sandwiches. That will do for as long as we stay." Then, "You won't have to order anything more in that line after twelve. That's the way they get round the law, you know."

Jarvis repeated the order and the waiter left them alone together. The Freshman helped the woman off with her hat and coat, removed his own, and they sat down at opposite sides of the table.

"Oh, come over here by me, I won't bite," said Maggie.

He obeyed just as the judicious knock of the returning waiter sounded on the door.

Again left alone, he had ample opportunity to look at the girl who represented a phase of life so completely novel to him. Stage women are very like a sea-shell. They belong to their proper surroundings. However poor and tawdry those surroundings may be, they are infinitely better with than without them. Maggie Du Mar, as her name appeared on the programme, did not, by diverging from it, prove the verity of the general rule. She was very different from much that, on the stage, she had appeared to be. She must have been made up even more than Jarvis thought, for she was frightfully pale and the heavy, tired eyes looked much smaller when relieved of their borders of *crayon du sourcil*. He was pleased to find that her figure was not extravagant, but her hands were none too clean, and under one ear a streak of rouge still remained.

His artistic sense would have been more to him at such a time than any inherited moral tendencies, but that sense had been well-nigh dissipated in the struggle that followed his last letter to Mary Braddock. It might in time reassert itself, but as yet few relics remained, and meanwhile its place had been taken by a caricature of the code under which he

had been brought up, a base simulacrum that served only to upbraid, and was too much weakened by the early fight against its reality to offer calculable resistance to all that was rising from the fire in his heart. What was he, after all, that he should longer struggle? The heights were not for him. He had fallen, and he resolved to make the best of things as they were.

From the other room came the sound of laughter followed by long periods of whispering. Bottles were opened. He could hear the beer poured into the glasses. He held his own glass in his hand and put the other arm about the woman's waist.

"Well Maggie," he said, "Here's luck," and, bending forward, kissed her.

CHAPTER VI.

A GIRL IN A GARDEN.

TIME is an abstract unreality that is never definitely observed by the College Freshman, and Jarvis took but little account of it. Indeed, his realization of what he had done came some days later when he woke one rare morning to find himself in a herdic rattling up Massachusetts Avenue.

He looked out of the window. The sun was high and the street alive. His watch had stopped, but it must have been at any rate eleven o'clock. With the first sense of caution he had recently experienced, he recalled that though the proctors are awake only by night, it would not look well to drive up to Claverly at that hour. So he buttoned his ulster over his dress-coat and, trying to look as if an opera hat was his accustomed daylight headgear, dismissed his driver and set out for his rooms afoot.

Half way he was accosted by a tremendous young fellow who, wrapped in a huge gray raglan coat, appeared to occupy the whole pavement.

Jarvis was not then conscious of any particular fault, but he did not want to meet anybody and would

have gladly avoided this person. However, he had not had his eyes sufficiently open and it was now too late.

"Look here, you!" cried Innes, the captain of the Freshman eleven. "Where the devil have you been, anyhow?"

Jarvis smiled wanly.

"Oh, of course," he said, "I'm only wearing this hat because I'm running for the Dickey." Then, a trifle sullenly, he added, "Been in town."

"You've —?" Innes seemed unable to conceive such perfidy as was thus implicitly confessed. "What do you mean?" he bellowed.

"What I say. Look here, I don't see what right you've got to drool to me. You're not the Dean, you know. I don't see why I've got to play football if I don't choose."

He started to one side, but the dark-faced giant easily blocked his path.

"Then it's true you've broken training?" he gasped.

"I don't know who's been telling tales," replied Jarvis, "but I have n't tried to hide anything. I have n't done anything to be ashamed of to you. I was n't breaking training. I was just giving up football. There's a distinction. Now let me pass."

"Oh, I'll let you pass, all right, and so will everybody else, you —."

But Jarvis did not wait to hear the epithet. He knew that if he did there would be a fight, and all he now wanted was time to think it all over.

What he had said was perfectly true. He had not meant any wrong, and yet he seemed to have committed the worst crime in the College decalogue. Certainly the "Crimson" thought so, and as he next day read its editorial on his anonymous case, he burned with shame and anger. The men, too, avoided him. They spoke to him, of course, at lectures or meals, or in the Yard, but none dropped in to see him, much less stopped to cry for him the cheerful "Hay-y-y!" from the street below.

He could have taken up with Stannard and that "gang," but for the nonce he really loathed them as much as he just then loathed, for instance, the cheap cynicism of the Major, and so he began the life of a hermit in the midst of a town full of possible friends.

So strongly did this solitary habit, the frame of mind of the social outcast, fasten upon him, that he came to dread to go out by day and, cutting a number of lectures, he often remained in his room until nightfall when he would sneak off to town, prowl about the deserted streets to the north of the Yard, or wander into the odd thoroughfares of Cambridgeport, sometimes even until Claverly was locked for the night with no one to open a friendly

window for him. He bought a hundred bad cigars from the negro who swears he smuggles them in as the steward of a yacht, and these he determinedly made the companions of his aimless vigils. Soldiers' Field he did not dare to enter. Even the conscientious Hardy had failed to look him up, and he was beginning to feel what it was to be a "jay"—an outsider—or one of the many who were starving themselves to get through College.

Not, however, that he was getting through. The "Hour Exams" came upon him at his very worst time and his performance was brilliant in no single respect. With English, to be sure, he had no trouble, nor with French, but in most of his other studies he passed only by chance and the narrowest of margins, while Government and Mathematics were horrid failures. The politely printed postal card, requesting his early presence at the office, followed naturally. The Recorder smiled blandly, but intimated in terms of unmistakable clarity that he must, "brace up." He did not want to brace up. He felt that the College had wronged him and it never occurred to him that, the College not being clairvoyant, it should fail to understand his course, as long as he himself declined to explain it.

At last, nevertheless, the change came from an unexpected quarter. It arrived again in a letter, this time one that Jarvis came across in going over his

mail one Saturday morning before a late breakfast at the Holly-Tree.

Mallard, who, lonely as he himself was, did not believe in inter-class intimacies, had yet so far taken pity on the Freshman as to drop in on him a moment before, and Jarvis was wavering between gratitude and pride when the missive's familiar crest caught his eye and he dropped the envelope with a groan of disgust.

"What's the trouble?" asked his visitor.

"Oh, it's from Mrs. Bartol. She's a kind of cousin by marriage, whom I have n't seen for ten years and now she's at the Hapsburg and wants me to come there and meet her daughter."

"Well, there are worse things in the world than nice girls."

"Perhaps," Jarvis admitted. "Let us at any rate hope so, as we all have to marry one some day — except the lucky few."

"Unless," continued Mallard, pursuing his train of thought, "unless she has a soprano voice."

"Why so?"

"My dear chap, you can't imagine its capabilities when raised in anger. My sister has one."

"Well, I hardly expect to marry my little fourth cousin — or any one else for that matter."

"Ah, Jarvis, fate is quite inscrutable. I advise you to see in every respectable girl a potential wife. It's the only way to enjoy their company."

"That's rather sweeping."

"Not at all. The limiting adjective circumscribes a very small and select few. But tell me about your little cousin."

"There is n't anything to tell."

"No?"

"I mean I don't know her; that I have n't seen her since she was five years old, — and I don't think my recollections of that time would interest you. Her father was some sort of a connection of mine and was killed in some miserable skirmish with two or three half-starved Indians, somewhere in the west."

"You're delightfully vague. Recently?"

"No, a few months before Peggy was born. Luckily for her, her mother came into some money shortly afterward, and they've been living in Chicago ever since."

"What are they doing in town?"

"Oh, Mrs. Bartol is always running about to the dedication of statues of the General — that's her husband and — I suppose now they've been putting one up in the Public Gardens, — if they've any room left there."

"And she takes her daughter along?"

"She did n't use to, but she probably thinks the girl old enough for that at last. She stopped off to see us every now and then, but, somehow or other, she never brought the girl. Peggy was at Farmington."

"Farmington? How long ago did she go there?"

"Oh, I don't know! Two or three years ago. Why do you want to know that? You're a regular old woman. I never knew you were such a ladies' man."

Mallard did not heed the paradox.

"I used to know a lot of girls there, that was all. Almost ready?"

Jarvis had announced his intention of trying to appear again before the College public, and so gave a last glance at the glass, and a lingering caress to his tie.

He went to his one lecture that morning and then started for the Saturday trip to town that was fast becoming a regular habit with him. He was perfectly free for the rest of the day and did not have to pay his respects to Mrs. Bartol until shortly before the dinner hour.

Yet this obligation troubled him not a little. In the short while he had been in Cambridge he had fallen into all the easy and delightful half-savage ways that some men at College so readily adopt, and he had not made a single one of the calls that he owed to the Boston friends of his family. But though he felt that he could neglect them with a light heart, if not indeed with a clear conscience, here was a duty which he must discharge. The invitation was direct, and he knew his relative too well to hope that she could be

evaded by a pretence of his being out of town. She would, of course, stop in Boston for some time and sooner or later he would have to go. Yet he had intended running up to Lynn that night on quite another errand, and he did not want to change his plans.

It was a splendid day in Indian summer. He got off the car at the Public Gardens, and, in a violent endeavour to find a way out of his dilemma, started to stroll up and down the twisting paths. The place was entirely metamorphosed by the uniform warmth of the late season. A bird or two fluttered and called in the branches of the gloriously coloured trees; the leaves, crimson and gold, tossed softly in the mildest of breezes that caught the more sere ones as they detached themselves from the boughs and, as if loath to let them fall, bore them gently along the still green sward, already dotted with their fellows. Here and there some labourers were at work taking up the later plants from the flower-beds, and the sound of their clinking spades mingled in a happy note with the laughter of the children at play beside the ponds and the cries of the boys at a ball game in the Common beyond. Nursemaids in dainty white caps and aprons led their little charges by the hand, held them by the skirts as they leaned over the water, or pushed them by in coaches. A fat mother was endeavouring to read her newspaper and keep an eye on three pro-

portionately stout youngsters who, in Massachusetts fashion, were playing with a couple of negro lads. Professional loafers, with coat-collars turned up and hats pulled down, were trying to look respectable and occupied, with the marks of the last night's wanderings still patent upon them. The whole scene tended to restore Jarvis' temper and revive his satisfaction with things in general.

After all, matters might not be so unpleasant. Unfortunate as he considered himself in the larger affairs of life, in the minor ones something was always sure to turn up in his favour.

He was walking now over the bridge that spans the pond, when he noticed directly before him a girl seated on a bench that had been dragged from the shade of an elm into a stream of sunlight. She was leaning easily back, with an unconscious grace, an open book lying beside her, one small gloved hand still marking the place and the other toying with the rumpled tow head of a dirty, pretty child who stood beside her. The sunlight washed over her close-fitting suit of dark blue, turning to gold the wealth of unruly chestnut hair. As Jarvis drew nearer she said something to the child, from whose reply she looked with a frank, cheery laugh, displaying beneath her bowed red lips, a flash of perfect teeth, and meeting Dick's steady and admiring gaze. Instead of embarrassment, the look that came into her deep blue eyes was rather

one of surprise, and at length gave place to a smile that was almost a greeting.

It was Jarvis who was embarrassed. There was an air of unmistakable refinement in her freedom, and he was quite at a loss how to take it. But, before he had decided anything he had passed by; and then he began to ridicule himself for not stopping. Whatever she meant, the girl had looked at him and smiled. If she did not mean anything by that, she had no business to do it. The sunshine, the workmen, the children, and the trees had all become profoundly uninteresting. He would go back and accost this girl.

But he did not turn at once. Despite all his reasoning that a lady would not have so looked and smiled, he could not convince himself that the girl was not a lady, and there was something about her that made him quite afraid to take the only sure means of resolving his doubt. If he were to go back now she would probably not be there any way. Then the thought of missing her put new resolution into him. He turned on his heel and retraced his steps.

She was not gone. On the contrary, as he approached, there was that in her face which half persuaded him she was waiting for him.

He raised his hat. He decided that he would treat her exactly as her manner warranted.

"How do you do?" he said.

He could in no wise understand her expression. At first he took it to be gratification, then it seemed to change to surprise, and then suddenly to become a reprimanding stare. It must have been that all along. But, in the brief period of his experience with the world, he had not been used to such receptions, and he was resolved not to be so easily beaten now.

"Who fixed the bench so nicely for you?"

"My husband."

The reply was brief and the tone low and musical, but it made Jarvis comprehend just how awkwardly he had been standing and just how foolish his smile was. It was the reprimanding stare after all! He wanted very much to hurt somebody, and he might not have stopped even if that somebody had happened to be a woman. He felt an almost uncontrollable desire to run away. He was sure the whole Gardens must have heard those words. In a condition of utter humiliation, he cast one disgusted look at the child and turned aside.

At that instant he heard behind him a peal of laughter, merry, frank, unrestrained, the same which he had heard when he first saw her talking with the boy. It was, perhaps, too distinct for such a place, yet surely no man could find a fault in it. For a moment Jarvis was too angry to turn about, but he did not go away; and with a feeling that he was be-



“BUT YOU NEED N'T HURRY AWAY”

coming more and more ludicrous where he was, he ventured to look back at her.

She was staring straight at him and laughing in his face.

"But you need n't hurry away," she was saying. "My husband won't be back for ever so long."

Before he knew whether to laugh or be angry, he was seated beside her.

"If he won't be back for ever so long, it's a queer place for him to leave you," he said, determined, in spite of himself, to be hard on somebody.

"He's a queer man," she replied altogether undisturbed.

Jarvis was about to answer many things, but he checked himself and only remarked, —

"He must be."

"Why, do you think it's such an awful place for a woman to be alone in?"

He turned toward her for the first time and, finding her looking up at him, with her face very close to his own, glanced quickly away again. If she had said "lady" he could very readily have found it in his heart to keep his eyes upon hers.

"Oh, not so very. That is —"

"But you said it was."

"Did I? Well — er — have you been long in Boston? Are you a stranger here?"

"By no means — not a stranger."

"Well then, most of the women that sit around here from day to day say they are."

It was quite lost upon her. He could well see that.

"I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"Nothing," he replied. "I was only joking."

"Never joke with a woman."

"Why not?"

"Was this a Boston joke?"

"As a native you ought to know."

Then, to get out of a dangerous quandary and to satisfy his rising curiosity, he added,

"That's a nice child."

"Is n't it? — Jimmy!" she called.

The little fellow — considering that he could walk, he was so marvellously little — left off trying to cast pebbles into the water and waddled toward her, smiling.

"Them do make awful big rings," he remarked, sagely. Then, catching sight of her companion, he cried with pointed finger,

"Who's 'at man?"

She was not at all ruffled.

"Ask him," she responded.

Before the child could frame a question which he had not yet decided how to answer, Jarvis hastened to lead him off.

"He's not queer anyhow, — he must take after his mother."

"His mother? Why what do you mean? — Oh! His mother! His mother! Oh, oh, oh!"

And she went into peal after peal of laughter, so unbridled as to make Jarvis look nervously about him. No one noticed them, however. The fat woman, having finished her paper, was leading away her struggling progeny; the nursemaids had drifted out of sight, and the sympathetic policeman had conscientiously turned his back. Dick, therefore, ventured to ask, —

"Then he is n't yours?"

Her mirth stopped as it had begun, and she looked up with big, serious eyes.

"Now, I am sure that was very wrong," she said. "I must have shocked you dreadfully."

"What? How?" he asked, completely mystified.

"Why, by laughing so terribly."

"Nonsense," he gallantly assured her, though he would not have had her do it again for a good deal more than he just then had in his pocket. Yet he was, for some unaccountable reason, so relieved to find that the child did not belong to her, that he could afford to forego the masculine revenge of a severe correction. Nevertheless, he was considerably confused and had botched the conversation effectively.

At last, with a hurried glance at her watch, she rose hastily from her seat.

"It's time for me to meet my husband," she said.

But she was blushing, and her blush was far too becoming to allow her to escape just then.

He sprang up and stood before her.

"I thought you said he would n't be back for ever so long," he pleaded.

"Is n't this ever so long?"

"That depends on the point of view. I should n't call it very long."

"I think it is very long for an unaccompanied woman to sit in a place that her husband would n't leave her alone in if he was n't queer."

He looked at her. She was laughing again.

For a while he was without reply. Then he escaped by a purely feminine artifice.

"But I thought that he was to meet you here," he said.

"Dear me, no! Queer as he is, he would n't meet any one in a public park."

"Neither would I if you had n't as much as asked me to — called me back, I mean."

Had he only known it, he was more nettled by her advantage in wit than by her implied reflection upon his conduct.

"Call you? Do you mean when I first laughed? But you'd have come any way. I knew you'd come back the first time you passed. I was expecting you."

"Indeed? It was quite by chance that I returned, I assure you. As for the child —"

"I really must go. Don't be very angry, or very shocked, will you? I probably shan't ever see you again, anyhow."

She offered her hand.

At once his whole mood changed. He pressed the hand and it was so quickly withdrawn as to leave a doubt whether it had not been snatched away.

"Oh, but I must see you again, I must, you know," he begged.

For an instant she hesitated, and then stooping to kiss the child, —

"There's your mother coming now, dear. And you — well, the parlours of the Grendome at eight to-night," she said.

"I knew you were n't a Bostonian!" he cried.

But she was gone and — though she was so ridiculously young — he noted with a sense of positive relief the approach of the more elderly and authentic mother of Jimmy.

CHAPTER VII.

A JUNIOR UNDERSTUDY.

JARVIS did not attempt to follow his new acquaintance. Her novelty rather stunned him. He sank at first on the bench she had just left, and when he beheld him to look up again, she was nowhere to be seen.

"What a fool I was," he commented, with the unintended truth we allow none but ourselves to use toward us. "Now I shall probably never set eyes on her again."

As he started on his way up town this involuntary opinion of himself was momentarily strengthened. She was so utterly and charmingly unlike any other girl whom he had ever known, that his reflections were in a hopeless whirl, which allowed, nevertheless, of considerable self-disgust. Why had he let her go without finding out a single thing about her? Why had he not followed her? How completely he had spoiled the whole adventure, and what an arrant ass he had been all through the interview! He had not the keenness of mental vision to perceive that his whole confusion was due to just that quality in her

which made her most charming to him, but he knew very well that he had been by no means at his best with her and, for a very good reason, into which he did not stop to inquire, he had wished to excel.

Of course she would not be at the place of meeting. At least, it was ten to one that she would not. For what was she, anyhow? If she were a lady, why had she spoken to him? If she were not, why had she chosen such a rendezvous as the Grendome? Yet he could not doubt her personality. She was, she must be, a school girl — of some new and more interesting species — who was innocently amusing herself. Besides, no one, not even the girl herself, would know if he did go to meet her and found that she had been playing a silly joke on him. Yes, she was worth it, and he would go if he had to miss his dinner in the attempt. He —. At that moment he remembered Mrs. Bartol's invitation.

A half hour before, it was absurd for any one but a child to chafe himself over such a thing, but there are few men in Jarvis' position who would not have done so. He had started upon an existence of extravagant pleasure and reckless disregard of College duty. He had failed to call on the people who would have secured him, for example, an invitation to the "Friday Evenings," and he could not have enjoyed that simple form of childish amusement if he had been invited. He had not, in the short while of his

residence in Cambridge, spoken five words to any one with the slightest pretensions to the name of lady. He thought he would be bored by any such person; he knew he would be bored by Mrs. Bartol. Furthermore, he considered it very probable that the widow's characteristics were hereditary.

Then, too, he had, during his recent hermit's life, come to stand in unspeakable awe of getting into a dress coat. He could not imagine what he would have to say to a young girl fresh from boarding-school. His cousin could hardly be such a refreshing example as that he had just met, and yet he knew that civility to this favourite relative of his father's, was the one thing that the authorities at home would insist upon. Besides, they need never hear of his social shortcomings in other directions, but from the character of Mrs. Bartol, as he had it by unwilling hearsay, the most fatuous must deduce that news of any silence on his part would reach Philadelphia all too soon. If he were to stay away and pretend to be absent from town she would be foolish enough to send out and inquire about him, in which case the discovery of the truth was too awful to contemplate. If, on the other hand, he pleaded a previously made engagement, she would renew the invitation at some other and perhaps still less opportune time.

But if matters were uncomfortable before, they were now positively bad. He would simply have to send

word that he was going elsewhere, for go elsewhere he must. And the fear of being bored for an hour or two was so strong in him that the thought of how this meant only a postponement of the agony made Jarvis groan in the spirit. Yet the new fascination was powerful with him, and he decided that even with the slim chance there was of seeing the girl, it was worth while to go to the Grendome that night.

He turned off Winter Street into Frank Key's, and found Mallard seated there.

"Hello!" he cried. "You here?"

"No, I'm not," replied the Junior, surprised with his glass half way up to his lips, "but I've about as much right here as you have. What are you looking so dazed about?"

"Oh, it's that damned call. I had arranged to — to run up to Lynn to see Maggie Du Mar — she plays there to-night — and this thing knocks it all in the head."

"Well, sit down and have a Scotch, and we'll see if we can fix it up."

Jarvis pushed aside the chain of crystals that hung before the alcove, and accepted Mallard's proffer, "Though I don't see what there is to be done," he ruefully protested.

"Well, I do," returned the Junior, with that air of omniscience common to all Juniors.

He was not at all sure that he did, but next to be-

ing esteemed an authority on all matters pertaining to his College, he wanted to be thought one upon everything else. Moreover, he dearly loved to act a farce, and on the instant he seemed to see his way open to some such an end.

"Er — how old 's your cousin, Jarvis?" he asked, as he touched the button.

"I don't know. I told you this morning I did n't know anything about her."

"Hum — what sort of a looking girl is she?"

"I do not know. What the devil do you want to know for? I don't see how it's going to mend matters if she's a regular Athor for beauty. What earthly difference can it make to you?"

"It may make a good deal of difference — to you. And to me, too, for that matter. I would n't like to take dinner with her in your place if she were positively ugly, you know."

"You — what?" cried Jarvis.

"Here's the waiter," prompted Mallard calmly.

Dick gave his order — "without lemon —" and turned again on his friend.

"Now, tell me what you mean," he commanded. "Do you propose to impersonate me?"

"Well, not knowing what sort of a looking girl she is, it's a bit dangerous, but I guess I'll risk it as a favour to you."

"You better wait a while," grumbled Jarvis. He

was in a bad temper; too bad to try to conceal it. But finally his face changed and he smiled. He was thinking that he would not have wanted his part played by a boor, but that Mallard, straight as an arrow, slim and dark, a gentleman and by no means the fool he tried to be, would make a very acceptable understudy.

"No, I had n't better wait a while, either. If this thing's going to be put through, we must arrange matters at once."

"You 'll really do it, then?"

"Certainly I will. I'll go and then tell 'em I leave town to-morrow."

"Hold up. No you won't. She might write that to the governor."

"Well, just leave it to me, will you? See here, Jarvis, if I'm to get you out of this hole, you must treat me like your lawyer and give me your complete confidence. I'll guarantee to fix it somehow."

He always felt delightfully old when he talked to Jarvis and the manner of his listener always confirmed the sensation.

"It would be rather unpleasant for you if you were discovered."

"So would it be for you. But I shan't be."

"All right, then, what do you want to know?"

"That's right. That's business. Now, give us all the details of the case. How long ago did you say

it was since your aunt — or whatever she is — has seen you?"

"About ten years. But she's only a distant cousin, you know."

"Has she any photograph of you?"

"Not that I know of. Oh, I'm sure not!"

"There's no danger on the ground of my appearance, then?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, I'll help you out and take the risk of the younger one being plain."

"I don't know whether to thank you or not. I'd half like to be in your place for the fun of the thing."

"Only if you were, there would n't be any fun. Now, tell me your family history."

The communication of the necessary details extended over a considerable number of cigarettes and a calculable portion of time.

"And now," concluded Mallard when all the preliminaries had been fixed upon and Jarvis had surrendered his card-case, "you'll be wanting to get out to Lynn. If you don't hurry, you won't reach there before the afternoon performance begins."

Jarvis, as may well be imagined, had little desire to comply with this proposal. The idea of the Lynn trip had faded from his mind upon the first sight of the girl in the garden. But he did not care to communicate his little adventure to the more experienced

Mallard and thus incur that philosopher's ridicule. It was for this reason that, in the first instance, he had substituted his original plan for that which had actually superseded it, and he saw no cause for changing his course of action now. He therefore said that he was not in a hurry to catch the afternoon performance. He was not going out to Cambridge that day, but would take his time about getting down to the terminal and then board the first train that offered.

But Mallard, on his part, was not particularly pleased with all this. In his innermost soul he was not quite sure that this innocent Freshman was not preparing a very elaborate "sell" for him. The details were peculiar, and Jarvis was evidently nervous. He had hesitated and stuttered in his account and once or twice directly contradicted himself, a fact that his auditor decided it best to ignore. Mallard had no mind to be made the butt of this neophyte's wit and, even if his suspicions were not justified, it would yet be as well to have the real cousin safely out of town while the farce was in the acting. Yet what a perfect victory, what a double triumph were his could he by one blow frustrate Jarvis' sinister plans and at the same time take advantage of them to meet his cousin! There was a *coup d'état*, a story worth the telling! If Jarvis intended to get him into a compromising position and then sail down upon him in the character of the rightful heir, how much

finer it would be to ship his rival out of the city and turn the whole thing to his own advantage. It would be the work of a true artist.

"I have n't anything to do just now," he said in reply to Jarvis' tremulous exposition of his plans. "I'll wait around here with you and go along down to the station."

Jarvis sighed resignedly. He saw at once that, for the time being, there was nothing to do but submit. He had not an inkling of Mallard's suspicions, but he knew that for the present it would be useless to try to shake him off. If he were suddenly to remember an engagement, this Old Man of the Sea would probably offer to go and expect to be taken along. There was nothing for it but to wait a chance.

No such chance came. Mallard stuck closer than a brother. They lunched at the Haddon House and the unfortunate found himself forced to go down to the station, to buy his ticket and even to get on the train which promptly started on its way, carrying him out of the city.

Mallard watched until the last coach disappeared from under the train-shed and then walked over to the telegraph-office where he sent a message.

"It's risky and he may escape yet," he commented. "But if Maggie once gets her claws on him he's safe for a while anyway."

This is what he had written :

"BOSTON, SATURDAY.

"TO MISS MAGGIE DU MAR, LYNN CONCERT HALL, LYNN, MASS.

"Am coming on the four forty-five train. Meet me.

"JARVIS."

The man who had been so summarily shipped away, wroth both at himself and at the cause of his departure, had yet not been so mentally upset as to neglect to determine on a course of action. When Jarvis saw the approach of the inevitable he had made up his mind to get off the train at Chelsea and this he accordingly did.

Some men would have made the best of a bad matter, and amused themselves in the company of Miss Du Mar for at least a part of the afternoon. Perhaps, if they were very curious and very much afraid of being laughed at, they would have submitted altogether to the perverse fate that waves its iron wand over things social. But Jarvis, although there are few men who stood more in dread of ridicule, was a person of one idea. It is true that the idea was ever-changing in those days, but, tossed about as he then was by the squalls and cross-currents of opposing emotions, he was always insatiable in the pursuit of whatever chanced to be uppermost in his mind. At present the ruling passion was to be at the Grendome at eight o'clock that night, and he resolved to put everything else aside for the attainment of that end. He did not dare to return to Cambridge, however, for

to be seen there by Mallard was to ruin everything. He therefore concluded to stay in Chelsea as long as he could bear the place.

That was not for long. At five o'clock he had decided to return to Boston by the trolley-car and wore out the long ride between fears for the result of Mallard's impersonation and condemnations of his own folly in regard to his tryst. There were a thousand dangers surrounding the whole course. Mallard might make a slip in his talk; his deception might be discovered by some remembered feature or missing family likeness. Because he had scored a success in some amateur theatricals, the Junior imagined that he could carry off with equal *éclat* anything in the way of histrionic effect. Besides, he might be asked to town again; the Bartols might come out and happen upon him, and then ultimate detection was only a question of time.

It was that anyhow. Mallard's whole plan might be only an imposition. He might mean, for the sake of some absurd idea of humour, to unmask Jarvis, or, indeed, he might at that moment be comfortably seated in his own room with no intention of going to town, unfolding to a few choice spirits the glorious ruse he had "worked" upon his friend.

But with a sudden resolution Jarvis banished all such doubts from his mind. The worst of them could not affect him until the morrow and by that time

almost anything might intervene. Meanwhile, he was on a quest that, successful or otherwise, offered excitement enough for one evening.

On reaching town he went to Bouy's; ordered a room, and, after such limited toilet as the accommodations permitted, ate a solitary dinner and started for the Grendome.

With what growing excitement, with what alternations of fear and hope, he drew near the place of meeting, Jarvis — although he experienced them many a time before and after — could yet not possibly have told. He was one of those happy beings to whom every fresh fancy is the final one and to whom every recurring sensation is, beyond analysis, new.

He went directly to the nearest parlour and found her sitting on a divan there in the shadow of a far-off corner. She rose at once to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Not late?" she said.

"How could I be?" he replied, trying to retain the hand which this time disengaged itself but slowly.

"No car broken down and the bridge not open?"

She seated herself again on the divan with a nod at a chair that had been drawn near by.

Jarvis sat down beside her on the divan.

"I see you know us," he said. "But no — the bridge was not open. That's a lie we keep for

affairs that bore us. And a wrecked car or any such trifle would n't have stopped me to-night."

He tried again to take the hand that was lying nearest him.

"There!" she cried springing away. "That man saw you!"

Jarvis jumped to look round. She was laughing at him again and the room was quite empty. He turned about to her.

At that moment he heard a familiar voice saying, —

"Yes, but the bridge was open. They always let boats through just when one is in a hurry."

He looked up with a start. In the full light of the door rose the tall form of Mallard in evening-dress beside a little woman in a widow's cap.

"Peggy," said this person, "come here and meet your cousin, Dick Jarvis."

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPLANATIONS.

THE situation was scarcely a pleasant one. Jarvis was stricken dumb. Mrs. Bartol was smiling and unconscious of the trouble that surrounded her. But Peggy and Mallard kept their wits. The girl walked straight forward to the Junior.

"I've heard so much about you," she said.

Mallard took the hand and bowed. Would he attempt to keep up the farce?

"Not about me, I'm afraid," he answered.

Jarvis drew a deep breath. This then was to be another of the man's abominable jokes!

He need not have worried, however, for Mallard imperturbably proceeded, —

"The fact is, I'm afraid there has been some mistake. My name is Mallard."

"Mallard!" cried both the women at once, the younger perhaps a shade too dramatically.

"Unfortunately, yes. I just now sent up my card to an aunt of mine whom I had never seen before and I thought I'd found her. It seems I have n't. If you are looking for Dick Jarvis, he is the man you have just — been asking the time of."

Jarvis winced, drew his watch clumsily from his pocket and as clumsily replaced it as he came forward to the now thoroughly bewildered Mrs. Bartol.

"Yes, I'm Dick, Cousin Emily," he said. "The boy has evidently got my card mixed with that of Mr. Mallard, my friend here. That's all."

He tried to look as if it were a simple matter of every day occurrence, but his success was hardly brilliant.

"Tom," he went on, with an effort and not daring to look in the face of his friend, "you've often heard me speak of my Cousin Emily."

"Only to-day. And of her daughter too."

"Yes, though I never saw her before this minute—at least, for—shall I say years?"

He shot an appealing glance at Peggy, who was busily engaged in smoothing out an imaginary wrinkle in her sleeve.

"I've had to go out of town on business," he hurriedly continued, turning to his elder cousin, "and just got back to Cambridge half an hour ago. I found your note there and didn't want to keep you waiting, so I came just as I was. You see," he added with a poor attempt at pleasantry, "I knew it was to be a purely family party, anyhow," and he looked angrily at Mallard.

"Of course, of course," stammered the widow, who had thus effectually been put in the wrong. "You

see, I'm getting so dreadfully nearsighted. Peggy will tell you all about that. Otherwise I should have seen the mistake in a moment. Come over here to the light. The very image of your poor mother." (She always used the invidious adjective of people who did not like her.) "Not a bit changed. You're not too old to kiss, I suppose?"

There being but one answer to these propositions from a distant relative, Jarvis permitted the caress, while a glance from the tail of his eye satisfied him that his audience was amused by the ceremony.

"And we won't keep the dinner, either," continued Mrs. Bartol. "You'll join us, of course, Mr. —er— Mallard?"

"Oh, Mallard has an aunt to see," objected Jarvis, who felt that somebody had injured him and that his friend regarded him in no pleasant light.

A hall-boy was going through the room, and Mallard turned to him. Then he replied, —

"I find my relative has gone away and forsaken me rather unexpectedly. Yes, Mrs. Bartol, I'd be very glad of such a recompense for an otherwise fruitless trip to town."

"I thought, Dick, you said Mrs. Bartol was at another hotel," he maliciously added as, a moment later, they sat down to dinner.

"Oh," asked Peggy, gallantly coming to the rescue, "he got the word we left for him there — did n't you?"

Jarvis' eyes were a message of gratitude, as he replied.

"Dear me, yes. I found you had gone when I got there."

"Well, you see, we decided to stay here for a few days and mamma likes this place so well, and we hadn't time to let you know beforehand. We didn't think a messenger-boy would get you in time. Mamma, you know, always does things of a sudden." Much of Peggy's time was employed in explaining her mother.

Jarvis began to see light and to breathe freer. Things went off smoothly enough then, and, as Mallard was so considerate as to devote, after dinner, his whole attention to Mrs. Bartol, thereby heaping coals of fire on the head of his friend, the confused Freshman got a chance to talk to the younger of his hostesses.

The Junior, however, could not have had a very happy hour of it. Dick's father and her own daughter were the only two persons who would not have been bored by Mrs. Bartol. Their devotion was regarded by their acquaintances as one of those attachments called "beautiful," a tacit slur upon the object, and left further undiscussed as subjects beyond the possibilities of analysis. She would not, perhaps, have been unendurable had not the iron of Calvinistic environment entered too early in life into

her soul, but the surroundings of her childhood had done their work with assiduous proficiency, and she was now one of those terribly proper matrons who lower their voices when they speak of navel oranges. The humility which is the immodesty of the humble was hers, and this, taken in conjunction with her mourning, was a perpetual offence. We are much more anxious to make our neighbours envy our happiness than to enjoy it ourselves, and to make them envy our distress is indeed a masterstroke of social diplomacy. That stroke Peggy's mother had perfectly achieved. Her outward tokens of woe were in inverse ratio to the gaiety of others, and her own enjoyment of the occasion. Her grief for the late General was of the cloth only; and, more noticeable than all her other shortcomings was a purely physical one. She was afflicted with that fatal combination, — a too short upper lip and a keen sense of the ludicrous in others.

While Mallard was dealing with this formidable armament, Dick was trying to push his investigations in another quarter.

"Did you really expect me here to-night?" he asked of Peggy.

"Why not? You got our first note, didn't you? It was mailed last night. That was time enough to get you here."

"Oh, come now! You know what I mean."

"Do you?"

"I think I do, but the whole thing is so muddled that I would n't be too certain of it."

"Well, I'm still feeling pretty much the same way, so you must make your—what do you call it?—cross-examination?—as easy as you can, please."

"Then just tell me this, did you know me all along?"

"Is n't that rude?"

"It may be conceited."

"Well, then, I thought I did, but when mamma came in with Mr. Mallard I told myself that Mr. Richard Jarvis, of whom I've heard so much, would n't accost a woman in a place where her—where she would n't be if—"

"Pshaw! You must be easy on me too, you know. How was it you knew me?"

"You'll never believe me now."

"Yes I shall."

"Can you promise that?"

"At all events, I have the will to believe."

"By your photograph, then."

"My photograph?"

"Um—Uncle Richard sent us one that you had taken just before you left Philadelphia."

"What, those hideous things?" He recalled them with a thrill of horror.

"Do you want me to commit myself?" she asked.

"Why, I thought I'd burned them, every one!"

"Then this was snatched from the burning. They weren't very good, that's a fact, and I did take a very long chance; but then I was almost sure it was you and when you sat down, I saw the crest on your ring."

"So you were making game of me all the while?"

"You were making game of yourself, and you deserved all the punishment you got."

"And a good deal more," said Jarvis with some mental additions.

The strain was still too great for him to remain with her long, but it was by no means too great to prohibit his return. On the contrary, his visits to the Grendome grew more and more frequent and those other trips to town more and more rare. Indeed, the only real difficulty that grew out of the imbroglio was that of explaining it all to Mallard, a bit of work which — as he did not want to give the real particulars of the first meeting in the Public Gardens, kept Jarvis busily employed for the next week.

Day by day during that week he saw more and more of Peggy. The acquaintance prospered. They came very easily to calling each other by their first names and took daringly most of the more trying initial steps. Though from an intellectual point of view she was anything but a surprise, she had, at times, a sharp tongue that delighted him. She was certainly neither deep nor well read, but she was just

as surely a wonderful puzzle. With no false ideas of reserve or convention, with a perfect freedom of expression and an utter disregard of the more artificial proprieties, she revealed to him in all its brilliance the enchanting open-air girlhood of the Middle West. A product of the city, she had yet about her the fragrance of the prairie, the pungency of the mountain pine. Try as he would, he could not understand her. The challenge she was continually setting to all his notions of a woman's proper bearing in which he had grown up would at one time strike him as a pose and again as real ignorance, but at no time palled upon him. Indiscreet as she undoubtedly was, he was never so low as to suspect anything worse of her. But he did not once assign her to her real cause. He could only admit her complete fascination for him, and there he was generally content to let his speculations rest, recognising that in all things she presented an absolute contrast to the woman he was trying to forget.

That forgetfulness he could not absolutely attain. There were days, of course, when the elasticity of his boyish nature and the new atmosphere that surrounded him would remove Mary Braddock to the shadowy background of his mental pictures. But he was always conscious that she was there and her presence cast a menacing shadow over all his thoughts. At other times the despair and pity of it all, the

sense of utter loss and hopelessness, would overcome and master him, driving him from excess to excess in the mad dissipations of remorse.

Simple policy and the desire of a conditional peace with himself did for him what a dead hope could not accomplish. He began to find the hours when he was most at rest — when his first blighting mistake was most nearly forgotten and his subsequent crime as an Undergraduate was farthest from his mind, — were those that he spent with Peggy Bartol. It was then that he came closest to a better and truer view of things. The contact with her fresh, keen pleasure in existence, the breathing in of the pure air of that healthy atmosphere in which she seemed to live, changed him in spite of himself. Was it quite sure that even now there was no hope?

CHAPTER IX.

DESTINY'S POST FACTO.

HIS brief interview at the Office had made it clear to Jarvis that if he meant to remain in College he must pay renewed attention to his studies, and this course of action rendered it impossible for him not to come into contact, however formally, with the fellows who, since his desertion from the Class team, had not troubled to seek him out. He dreaded the experience, but, once endured, he found it — thanks to the mercy that tempers even Undergraduate justice — not so evil as he had feared.

The men grew, if not at once warmer, at least perceptibly less cold. They did not, as Stannard put it, “give him the marble heart.” Jarvis, besides, was really what is known as a good fellow. He was even more mature than the majority of his acquaintances — that was the necessary consequence of his solitary bringing-up — but he was also frank, simple, natural with them, and had the unconscious trick of meeting most of his friends half way on their chosen ground. Above all, he was not, with the most of them, serious.

Thus in time there came again the games of pool at Sanborn's where his classmates congregated and from the upper classmen, that occasional, "Well, how're you getting along?" that is' always asked of a Freshman whose people one cannot avoid knowing. The climax, however, was reached when Hardy one evening hurried down to borrow a collar.

"It was a hell of a thing for you to do," he remarked, when Jarvis had finally vouchsafed a proud and partial explanation of his recent backslidings. "But I dare say you're sorry for it, even if you won't say so, and since you really did n't understand what it meant, I'll try to — to square you."

Jarvis had told him shortly not to bother, but he did bother and, by the time the offender gave in his rooms the inevitable tea to Mrs. Bartol and her daughter, he was again *persona grata* with the most of his acquaintances.

That tea had been, Jarvis persuaded himself, a gathering enough mixed to give a stranger a fair idea of the multitudinous quality of Harvard life. There were men there who were trying for the "Crimson" and the "Advocate" and men who were trying for nothing at all; men who belonged to all of the few clubs possible for a Freshman, and others who would never belong to any; two reconciled members of the Class football team, and one who would probably make the 'Varsity.

They talked of none of these things, however, and, having exhausted the recent football victory over Pennsylvania—which Jarvis had suddenly felt his studies would not allow him to witness—and again and again predicted another 17 to 0 game with Yale, there was little left to say.

When it was all over and his relatives had been with him to town to dine, the two younger persons went to one of the series of concerts given by the Symphony Orchestra in Sanders'. Mrs. Bartol was to have accompanied them, but she had stopped at the house of a Cambridge friend, and had there, at the last moment, been fortunately attacked with one of the nervous headaches that she considered her peculiar prerogative. Arranging to have her carriage meet them, she, therefore, remained behind, and characteristically allowed the two other members of the little theatre party to go on without her.

The programme had been long and a trifle wearisome to Peggy, who had not that interest in music which, quite apart from any technical knowledge, attached itself in a purely general way to the artistic side of Jarvis' nature. She would have been inclined to a revolt of frivolity had not the last two selections proved of a more popular and appealing character than their predecessors. Jarvis, for his part, had, however, enjoyed it all with the keen satisfaction of a true amateur that had been marred only

by the title of the last composition to be played. This stared him in the face on first looking at his programme and stood like a spectre at the feast through the whole performance. It was the "Träume" of Wagner.

That composition was for him ominous, even terrifying. In the first instance, reminiscent of the idealised days of the past summer, when he had originally made its acquaintance, it had become so inextricably interwoven with the catastrophe so lately passed, as to be regarded as its very mainspring and cause. Its weird character, that admits so perfectly of two so antipathetic interpretations, had for him but one. Every note was branded on his memory, every chord pregnant with his doom. In that company in which he came nearest to forgetting the disaster, he could not have borne to listen to that disaster's herald and in a nervous panic of fear he was vainly seeking some pretext for flight when, at the last moment, the programme — for some occult reason, patent only to the leaders of orchestras — was changed, and for the significant strains of Wagner was substituted Schumann's "Träumerei."

The pure, gentle air was played as only two orchestras in America can play it. The composition may not be music in the highest sense of the word — there are "critics" who go so far as to say so — but it never fails of its effect. To Jarvis, disassociated in

his mind though it was from all its maker's history, the minor chords appealed so directly as to make, for the first time since his misfortune, the tears spring into his eyes. In a moment he felt supremely foolish, but he had felt first, and continued to feel, almost happy. Surely there was something still to be won; surely a man can purge himself in the end.

Even upon the less impressionable Peggy the effect was not thrown away, and as they passed from the theatre she was more serious and less trivial than he had ever known her. He ordered the carriage to drive around to Harvard Square and they strolled slowly about the Yard.

It was a clear, cold night. Walking under the silent trees along one of the many intersecting paths of the almost deserted Quadrangle, they could see the stars gleaming through the bare branches above them. Peggy snuggled up in her opera cloak and moved a trifle closer, holding tight to his arm.

"What a delightful place it is," she said, tritely enough, "and what good times you must have here."

He reflected on the days just passed.

"Not always," he rejoined. "It gets rather stupid some times."

"Why, the Yale men who were always hanging about Farmington, never talked that way about their college."

"They were more discreet, that's all."

Then he added, with a motion toward the darkened windows of Thayer, —

“Lipmann, the new candidate for half-back, lives in that corner room.”

Peggy paused and raised herself on tiptoe to take in what she could of the lion's den, and then, as they slowly resumed their walk, turned to Jarvis with, —

“Oh, Dick, why don't you go in for something of that kind? You would n't find it a bore ever then.”

Jarvis smiled. It was upon him to make a bitter reference to his one venture in that direction, but instead he only said, —

“It takes two, in fact, a whole dozen of coaches to make that bargain.”

“But you could do it.”

Although at such times he regarded her as a very little girl, he could not help being flattered.

“Do you think so?” he asked.

“I'm sure of it. You're built for it, if ever anybody was, and you're not doing anything here now.”

This was hardly complimentary. Besides, it was undoubtedly, in a sense, true; so that it was not without a touch of pique that he replied with the dreary commonplace that they did not consider football everything at Harvard.

“Oh, no ! That's the way you all talk. But they consider it something outside, and I don't want to go

away and tell people, when they ask about my cousin here, that he is n't doing anything at all."

"He's just now in a way of getting an A in his English, at any rate," replied that relative. He was flattered again and his self-confidence restored. Nevertheless, he felt constrained to add, —

"The trouble with you is that you're not yet closely enough associated with this place to understand it. Even I haven't been here long enough to catch it thoroughly."

"It's not like Yale," she confessed.

"No, it's not. Everything's different."

"I've noticed the men were. The typical man here —"

"There is no typical Harvard man. You hear a good deal about him, but he's a myth. The only real type about Cambridge is the landlady and she is simply inexpressible. No," he continued, "the difference is away deep down somewhere, but you, of course, notice it mostly on the surface."

"Perhaps, but you somehow don't seem to be as good friends here."

They had reached Gray's and now turned back again.

"That is still on the surface," he corrected her. "If I have to rescue from the police a classmate I have n't met before and am not likely to meet again, that does n't create a bond of sympathy strong enough

to make us comrades for life. He thanks me civilly, and unless we've got something in common — something real, I mean — there's an end of it. That would n't be so in some places, but it's so here, and why should n't it be?"

"Yet there are lots of men who go through here and never know a soul."

"They are not many, and they generally are unsociable. You don't want to know a man and he does n't want to know you. You have nothing that you're both interested in, and will never have till the days of your deaths, so why should you lick-spittle each other just because you happen to room across a nine-foot hall and behind a locked door?"

"But how are you to know if he's sociable or not?"

"That's a thing that usually shows for itself. Even such men as you talk of, will tell you that Harvard is their ideal college — and they'll mean it, too. As for meeting men, the best way is to borrow tobacco. Seriously, though, we just don't believe in the theory that you have to know every man in your Class well enough to call him by an insulting nickname."

They laughed a little, but presently Peggy asked,

"Is n't that a symptom of Harvard mistrust or unbelief?"

"Perhaps," he answered, "I don't know. Anyhow, Harvard unbelief is probably a finer belief than most who mouth and drool about it are capable of."

They had come back across the Yard again, and now turned down toward Claverly, sending the carriage ahead. Almost at the steps was another cab with Mrs. Bartol inside of it.

Peggy imperiously refused all of Jarvis' offers to accompany them, but before she quite reached the carriage door and the limited range of her mother's auditory powers, she added to him, —

"Now, don't forget what I said about the football. It's quite for the honour of the family, you see."

"And not at all for the honour of any particular member of it?" he asked.

"For yourself," she said.

"And no one else?"

"Perhaps — I don't know them all. But, oh yes, I know mamma would like it ever so much."

"Well, it's too late to begin this year, perhaps too late for next."

"Oh, it's never too late to begin."

She sprang into the second carriage; there were hasty inquiries after Mrs. Bartol's head; a hurried good night, and the cab rattled away, leaving Jarvis standing upon the curb.

He filled and lit his pipe, walking slowly back the way they had come. Was it never too late? As he paced back and forth through the Yard he saw in its true light the life that he had been leading. Those care-

less words of a laughing girl, had they not a deeper, higher, meaning than she had thought to give them?

The solemn old buildings looked down at him through the heavy shadows, here and there a luminous window now breaking their black fronts. He thought of the countless men they had sheltered and watched in the long years they had stood there, these austere Puritan warders of the place. How many strong hearts and honest lives had gone out from them, and made the world the better for their Harvard life! How many, through disappointment and defeat, had stood unnoted but true, because of the lesson they had learned here! They, too, unknowing, had left their country better than they found it. Success was possible, it was even finer, without the reward his old dreams had pictured for, and made an integral part of it. In the end, it was the effort and not the reward that made the success. It was well, it was only right, to set up altars in the marketplace for those great men who had won the reward as well; but was it not even better, was it not esthetically nobler, to remember also those other and nameless ones, the stronger that they fought on after all hope of the victor's crown was quite gone; men who, falling unheeded and in legions like the drops of summer rain, refreshed and purified the earth that never offered recompense or praise?

And the other ones? Was he to be one of those

who changed the "Veritas" for "Libido?" He knew that he was not learning the real lesson of Harvard; that he had in this short while seen only the reverse side of the College life; that he had joined himself to the smaller and meaner portion of it. Mistaking vulgarity for Bohemianism, he had not wanted to see any other side, to belong to any other part. His artistic sense, distorted, deformed, had been crazed as well, and now, in the crisp night air, before these hideous old buildings, made beautiful by night and memory, the thoughtless phrase of a pure girl, had brought it back to sanity.

He turned about again toward his rooms. His heart was light, his head clear, and his step firm. If high purpose and hard work, if right for the love of right, could purge a man from his sin, could free him from himself, Jarvis would be purged and freed.

And yet, somewhere at the bottom of his soul, there lurked a misgiving, a fear.

He did not want to be alone, but on the other hand, not wishing to talk to either the sensual Mallard or the cynical Major, he rang up Hardy and called through the tube for him to come down and have a smoke. Even latterly he had seen but little of the Philadelphian, for Hardy, though by no means a particularly good or unusually studious person, was conspicuously lacking in that sort of courage which dissipation seems to require. He was, however,

always glad to talk extravagantly on morals and religion, so that fifteen minutes found both the lads comfortably ensconced before Jarvis' study fire, pipe in mouth and glass in hand, the death-mask of Voltaire leering sardonically at them in the flickering light cast by the crackling logs.

"That's good stuff," said Hardy, tentatively, holding up his glass between his eyes and the grate. "Where did you get it?"

"My father sent it up. It's some he has imported."

"It's away over anything you can get in town. And, speaking of town, have you seen Maggie Du Mar lately?"

"No, I have n't been running that kind of thing for a while."

"What's the trouble? Getting scared for your Mid-Year's before Christmas?"

"No, I don't care about it, that's all."

"Mallard's afraid of his. He's a regular model of propriety now."

"Does n't he go into town at all, — except the times he's been in with me?"

"Yes, but only once in a while. You none of you can quit for good, if that's what you mean."

"What's that?" asked Jarvis, looking quickly and intently into the pink face of his interlocutor.

It was exactly what he had wanted to talk about; exactly what he felt he must ask somebody if only to

relieve his strained nerves. He would not have dared to open the subject, but he was all attention as Hardy continued, —

“I mean a fellow often gets well started up hill and stops short of the top, but once he begins to fall he rarely brings up short of the bottom.”

“I don’t believe it,” replied Jarvis brusquely. “I think a man can stop himself and be just as good as anybody who never started down.”

“In rare cases, perhaps yes. But as a rule the attraction of gravitation does all that is necessary for the rolling stone.”

“You think the world apt to unite in kicking it on down? Well, I had always believed a poor devil might become an angel if he chose.”

“Hardly. You see, he can’t persistently choose. The world has n’t much pity. It has too many other things to think about and prefers to think of the dirty ones.”

“Has n’t it any sympathy, then?” asked Jarvis, smiling again.

As he spoke, the door opened without a premonitory knock and the Major came in.

“Sympathy, my poor chap,” he exclaimed, divesting himself of his overcoat and drawing a chair toward the hearth, “The world’s full of it, — and it’s worth about ten cents on the dollar!”

Jarvis was not pleased with the interruption. He

had sought some sort of confirmation of his new hopes, and now the Major had intruded with an air that left neither of the others at ease.

But the newcomer was quite unmoved by his reception and, lighting a cigarette, proceeded to carry on the conversation in his own behalf.

"You might think," he went on, "that they'd at least owe us a genuine pity in return for the awful example we make of ourselves, but those who benefit by us in this mortal life do not, unfortunately, receive our sacrifices at our own valuation."

"That's just what I'm telling him," said Hardy, thawing a little. "It's no use. The only thing to do is to live our own lives as we can't help living them. There's a destiny that misshapes our ends, smooth-polish them how we will."

"But I've no faith in Kismet," Jarvis objected. "A man can have some very good things in him, of course, and still go wrong and still fight his way back."

"If that's his fate," the Major interpolated.

"It never is," Hardy put in.

"There's a law in fate as in everything else."

"No, whether it's fate or not," persisted Jarvis, with the irrational stubbornness of the penitent, "ability is pretty sure to make its mark in the end."

"It's good fortune and not worth or ability that

wins the admiration of the crowd," said Hardy, catching something of the Major's spirit and endeavouring to shine by his light.

"And the crowd," said the Major, with his final air, "is the only close corporation that really pays for what it wants."

"Of course," Jarvis tried to define, "it all depends on what you mean by going wrong. I used to have the idea that the artist could n't go wrong; that his soul should be a kind of prism, reflecting and disintegrating every passion and phase of life."

"And it's the right one and very well put. In the end, what's the difference? Junius says that he never knew a rogue that was not unhappy. But the rule must be a poor one, for it does n't work both ways."

"But," insisted Jarvis, in a voice that trembled, despite his internal condemnation of its foolish timidity, "how can a man offer himself to a pure woman, unless, of course, he's done his penance as I said? Such a marriage must be a failure in the end, whatever you think of the rights of a woman to expect as much as she gives."

"Oh, she'll believe in you and, if she believes, what's the difference? Belief is at best only giving an unsupported theory the benefit of the doubt."

Hardy knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to go.

"The failure of marriage, Dick," he said sentimentously, "is of course a tragedy, but it's a vulgar one, look at it how you will. Meanwhile, avoid it by taking Punch's advice, or by keeping well in mind Thomas of Malmesbury: 'There's no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences as no human providence is high enough to give a prospect of the end.' My namesake uses it somewhere. Good night and don't try to run away from yourself. You can't do it and you're interesting only as you are."

CHAPTER X.

EXIT A BOY.

PEGGY left Boston shortly after the concert and Jarvis was a trifle depressed. He did not, however, know why he should be so until the Yale game and then he attributed his low spirits to that fiasco.

For that game did not result in a Harvard victory. In fact, it was much more like a Harvard defeat. The veteran players in crimson were held hard by the men of New Haven, and the contest resulted in a tie, with all the honours to the Blue.

And most of the money, as well. Jarvis, at any rate, had wagered that Harvard would win, and had lost the greater part of his allowance. He was reflecting that evening that the remainder of the term would have to be passed under conditions of economy that offered only the now indifferent charm of novelty — for write home for money he would not — and was trying to comfort himself with the thought that there was at least one man in the University whom the game had left in a fix even worse than his own, when the small individual he had in mind rushed out upon him from Foster's with a wild roar of delight.

"Come on! Come on!" cried Stannard, flinging his arms about Jarvis' astonished shoulders. "Come on in town and help me celebrate!"

"If you don't mind," growled the victim of this attack, "I should like to know first what the devil there is to celebrate."

"That's just it! That's the splendid new part of my plan. Anybody could celebrate a victory. Everybody would. And it would be tame and old. But I always knew I was a genius and it has just occurred to me that I should change matters and celebrate what amounts to a defeat."

"Well, you can — if you can," Jarvis, somewhat obscurely, replied, "but I haven't got the price. And I thought you had n't either."

"That's where my genius shows itself again."

"You don't mean you hedged?" The thought disgusted him.

"No," replied Stannard with a similar inflection, "What do you think I am?"

"I long ago gave it up. But then you must have gone down between the halves and bet that Yale would n't score."

"Wrong again; I'm going to do it without the price."

"How?"

"Oh, don't be so damned practical! We'll find out when we get to town. I've got fifty cents in my pocket and you must have a dollar anyhow."

"And you propose to celebrate on a dollar-fifty?"

"I told you I was going to celebrate on nothing at all. Come on. You'll see. The lovely thing about Boston is that the unexpected is always waiting just around the corner."

"Well, I won't hang up the agent for any more theatre tickets."

"Who asked you, grouchy? That's not celebrating. No, I had made up my mind what I was going to do when we licked Yale this year again — had it all planned out — and do you suppose I'm going to let such a little thing as a Yale victory stand in my way?"

Jarvis supposed not. He reflected that the plan, springing from such a source, offered the quality of surprise. Stannard was known everywhere in Boston — everywhere he should be known, because he was a Boston boy, and everywhere he should not have been because he was so inevitably Stannard. So, catching fire at last from the fellow's enthusiasm, Jarvis made a wild dive for the nearest car.

It was the last night of his boyhood. He had thought before that he had one morning waked up a man, but he was still, at the psychological moment, able to cast the snake-skin of maturity and return again for an hour to the old fresh point of view. Now, however, it was for the last time. He little

dreamed it and yet he must somehow have felt it, for he had never been so happily complete in it before.

They did "everything," as Stannard ever afterward delightedly put it. They were not in town thirty minutes before they had gathered about them a dozen men from College, most of them strangers, but all of them soon afire from the irresistible two. They shouted in the hotel corridors, made speeches on the Common, caught an unfortunate student of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and made him sing "Fair Harvard" from the steps of one of the buildings of Boston University. But they were always so good-natured about it that nobody, not even the Technology student, seemed very much to mind. In front of a Washington Street theatre they took the horses from a carriage and signs from passing cars.

Then Stannard's genius shot suddenly to its apogee. They had torn the pole of one car from the wire overhead and just as the laughing crowd on the sidewalks was growing denser, augmented by the people from the theatre, someone shouted, —

"Here 're the cops!"

"Grab a hat and club!" shouted Stannard, "and we'll run the next car!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before car and policemen arrived together. Men sprang upon the fender and the platforms. Then, as the crowd opened and the car dashed ahead, they clutched

wildly at the policemen, who were breaking through, and secured their coveted trophies.

Before they had gone another block, conductor and motorman had both been bundled off. Jarvis leaped into the place of the latter and Stannard joyously assumed the former's position. The passengers, some half dozen in number, had begun by laughing and ended by threatening or fainting according to sex.

As they tore down the street, "Ladies and gentlemen," shouted Stannard above the pandemonium, "Pray do not be alarmed. There is no danger. We represent the corporation of Harvard University. This company owes us a small sum of money for the privilege of carrying students into and out of town, and as we have had a great deal of trouble in collecting our little bill — as in fact, they seemed disinclined to pay us at all — we were forced to secure a judgment on one of their cars. There is only one thing that will cause you the slightest annoyance; I regret that we cannot stop to put off or take on passengers. We must not slack up until we reach our journey's end. I don't know just where that will be, but never mind — my motorman is both clear-headed and skilful."

His motorman was not so sure of that. Jarvis knew that Stannard had enough fellows at his back to enforce his will on their living freight, but he had no sooner put his hand to the controller than he per-

ceived that a regiment could not manage their speed. However, he did not particularly care. It would, after all, be time enough to care when they struck something. He could at least ring the gong and there was no car for a few blocks ahead. So — as he seemed to have swung into full pace and was apparently unable to slow up, whichever way he turned that annoying handle, — he jammed it back again to its farthest notch and, as he afterwards expressed it, “let her go.”

She went. They dashed on at a terrifying pace. He would just catch glimpses of the throng on the sidewalks trying to stop or turning to stare at his runaway charge. There was an unending line. People were dashing madly across the track in front of the fender. Now and then a lone policeman would stand directly ahead and wave his impotent arms, but only to dodge nimbly aside at the critical instant. And all the time Jarvis was gleefully conscious of the joyous Stannard, somewhere at his back in the car, clinging to the straps, and, as he sang the tenor part to “King Charles,” marking time by ringing up suppositious fares.

Suddenly, directly ahead, there dashed into view a dark line of men. In an instant he realised what it meant.

“Cops ahead!” he yelled and hammered wildly at the gong. Then, “Get out of the way!” he shrieked,

bending far forward over the front of the car, but aware that his voice was drowned in the roar of the charge. "I can't stop the damned thing!"

The police — they are a canny lot — must have grasped the meaning without the words, for they sprang aside and as the car dashed through their ranks they made wild clutches at its bars.

Several men were bowled over. Jarvis saw them rolling into the gutters. But one made the step and before the Freshman could reflect on the meaning of such a thing, he had tossed this one off. Evidently, however, the fellow was not much hurt, for no more was ever heard of him.

But now there was a blaze of light just a block in advance. The preceding cars must have been stopped. What was to be done? There must be a brake somewhere. He searched for it wildly. If something was not done and done at once the end was certain.

Jarvis quickly resolved on one thing. He would stand there until the crash came and take the consequences, even if he could not avert those awaiting the other occupants of the car.

But could he not avert them? He swung one lever after the other and thus somehow — he never knew how, but somehow — they came to a terrible stop within an inch, as it seemed, of the car immediately ahead.

The shock threw everyone about the floor. Jarvis

was tossed almost to the back platform and, before any of them could recover, a dozen officers, sprung from nowhere, were sitting on everybody's chests.

In the *mêlée*, however, some of the more fortunate criminals managed to escape. But the two ringleaders were marched off, safely enough, to a patrol wagon that stood only too ready. It was painfully evident that a battle for liberty was out of the question.

Jarvis was more or less ashamed, but to Stannard there had been early vouchsafed a cheerful blindness to such merry forms of disgrace, and before they had reached the station house he had cemented a laughing friendship with all of his captors by declarations that he and Jarvis were merely passengers on the ill-fated car, by highly-coloured narratives of the escapade, and by the willingness with which he finally wore away the tedium of the drive through singing that classic song that begins with the definite statement that —

“Harvard was Harvard.”

“My name,” he replied, fifteen minutes later in reply to the House Sergeant's question, “is William Shakespeare, as you will see by the initials on my clothes. Ben's, however, is Ben Jonson, though you won't find him so labelled. His laundry people got down an R in place of a B. We plead ‘not guilty.’ What's the bail?”

“The magistrate's asleep long ago.”

"Then for heaven's sake, wake him up. We live in Roxbury, and must get home in time to go to the high school by nine o'clock."

The sergeant was a little man, whose severe mouth was owing only to an equally severe loss of teeth.

"You can send out and see if you can get enough bail," he grinned. "It won't be very much for you, I calculate. But you'd better have it before you wake the old man."

The inference was obvious, and was acted upon with the result that by daylight the money had been secured from Cambridge, and the precious pair were again in their own beds.

Perhaps because the incident did not look any too well for the traction company or the police, or else — as is less likely — because Stannard's lie had been really accepted, the forfeited bail did not bring about any unpleasant complications and, as the affair was carefully kept out of the papers, few people were ever any the wiser for it.

Jarvis was not one of these. His realisation of the peril in which he had thoughtlessly placed a number of lives, was, although late, sharp enough, and his store of knowledge seemed considerably increased by the narrowness of his own escape. This added a touch of seriousness to his work, and made his life during the month following the Yale game colourless perhaps, but decidedly more to be approved.

So far as his studies were concerned, the only thing that now particularly worried him was the growing feeling that it was perhaps too late to catch up. Yet he worked hard, and at Christmas time signed off at the Office for a week only. Then it seemed he had scarcely returned before the terrible Mid-Year's were upon him. He looked at the "Crimson's" bewildering schedule in something very like amazement. There would be no difficulty about English and he had worked hard enough, he thought, to master sufficient History to get him through that course. But the others?

"Oh, it will come out all right," Hardy assured him that morning at Mrs. Blank's, "You've still got lots of time to bone, and there is n't any time like the night before an examination."

"French is all right, and I'm not scared of History," Stannard announced from across the table. "You're taking that, are n't you, Hardy? I got a book of printed notes on it at the first of the year, and if I can only find it or get another copy — it's still around my room somewhere, I guess — it'll be a cinch."

"Well, I hope I can get past it," said Jarvis. "But I could never remember dates and mathematics, I know it's no use trying to do anything."

Hardy's comforting assurances went for little. They knew him, for his part, to be one of those who worked none too hard until the eve of an examina-

tion, and then studied themselves to the very verge of the grave, and such men, they reflected, always got through almost as well as the grinds.

In this they were right. Hardy did get through, and with something that was very like distinction. The series of seminars and coaches which he called to his aid, worked wonders, and within a few days after the conclusion of the time of trial, he was off to his home with all the old colour in his cheeks.

Not so the other two. Every evening at dinner they had made comparisons of the progress. There was just one difference in these reports: Stannard was always sure that he had "passed somehow" and Jarvis was equally certain that he had not passed at all.

"They seem to try so hard to ask you everything you'd expect them not to," he complained. "You start out thinking you can bluff at the questions you don't know, and then you end by feeling like handing in a blank book."

"I often do," said Stannard. "And, say, is this right? — I translated 'toro' 'bull' in a line about

'Primus ut viridante toro consederat herbae.'

It was Latin A. I wish I'd passed the advanced stuff before I ever left Groton."

Finally they attempted an impromptu seminar in Stannard's room, but that abode of pleasure contained everything that made living enjoyable and study im-

possible. A move was made to Jarvis' quarters, but there it was discovered that the Philadelphian had no notes, and that Stannard's were illegible.

"You see, I thought that was the beauty of 'em," their author explained. "I fixed them so with considerable labour. Then, if I had to show them at a consultation, the instructor could n't tell whether they were good or bad. It worked, too," he added, in proud defence.

"Well," said Jarvis, ever ready to accept his fate, "it begins to look as if the game were up, anyhow."

He felt a lump in his throat, and wanted dreadfully to have Stannard get out of the room.

"Oh, I'm not fixed yet!" cried that young person.

"Are n't you? I'd like to know how you intend to manage it. It means probation anyhow, and such hard work to stay here that we'll be just like that man Mallard."

"Probation's not so bad. My brother told me all about it when he was in College. Rot! Anyway, Mallard thinks he's all right. He thinks he'll have another chance at the end of this year and make the first eight of the O. K., and be initiated at the dinner, and all that."

They laughed a little, nervously, and Stannard looked out of the window and tried to whistle the Institute March. Then he got up with a little sigh and made a rush for the hall door.

"My adviser's such a stinker," he muttered as he bade good bye.

The agony was long, but it had to come to an end at last, and Jarvis was not the only unastounded one at its *dénouement*. To "call at the Office between the hours of," etc. — that was, of course, the form of the conclusion. There was a small army of unfortunates to keep him company and these greeted him with forlorn little smiles as he entered the bare ante-room in front of the wire-screened counter.

The final interview, he had to admit, was as pleasant as it was possible to make it. He had failed in a great many things and he had not, all through the past term, shown that consistency in study and conduct that would — er — indicate — that, in short, was evidence of good faith in the matter of his University connection. There had been occasions when his seat was empty at nine o'clocks and other lectures. Oh, yes, that had been at the start. Of late he had shown a better disposition, but he had been a trifle dilatory about showing it. Did he not think so himself? Well, then, in consideration of that later stand, it was not intended to deal too harshly with him. So many did not, at the start, fully appreciate the Faculty's attitude. That being the case, then, it had been decided to — to place him upon probation. Every possible aid would be offered him toward rehabilitation, and, in the mean time, if he really

wanted to be re-established, it would be well for him to go at once and have a talk with his adviser.

Too proud to wheedle or protest, Jarvis walked away, feeling pretty much as if his College career was about at an end. He did not mind that so much for himself as for his parents, and it was only the thought of them that took him to his adviser's for the first time since the single visit in September.

Mr. Barker was in. He was a rather young man, with a keen, clean-shaven face, and spectacles. He had a pleasant room and was smoking a cigarette.

"I don't suppose you remember me," said Jarvis, mentioning his name, "but I'm one of your charges, I believe, and at the Office they seem to think I'd better have a talk with you. I've been put on probation."

Mr. Barker smiled. He did not, to Jarvis' surprise, seem to think this so very awful a catastrophe. No doubt he had been warned of it; certainly he had had to deal with numberless such cases.

He remembered Jarvis perfectly, he said. It was hard luck that he should have begun so poorly, but the present state of affairs meant only a certain degree of grinding.

"But that's just what I've been doing for the last two months," Jarvis at last protested.

"Rather blindly, I'm afraid," said Mr. Barker, smiling.

"You judge by the results?"

"Not entirely."

It was more than Jarvis could bear.

"Then you're just like the others!" he broke out.

"They all seem to have known all along what was coming and they wouldn't warn me."

Mr. Barker drew a weary hand across his pale face.

"I think there was a former interview at the Office?" he suggested.

"But," said Jarvis, "they gave scarcely any hint of this." He really thought so as he spoke. "Was it fair, do you think?" he went on, "At any other college I've ever heard of they'd have openly cautioned a man."

The adviser grew grave enough.

"Very possibly," he assented. "I don't know much about other colleges, but I do know a little about this one, and I know that is not our way. Here you are given the chance for the best things in life. If you're the sort that doesn't want to take that chance, you're the sort the College does n't want, that's all. Don't you see for yourself that it is better so? Had you been told, you might have managed to pass, but you would not have gained what you gain to-day. You have been treated as a man. You knew the rewards and penalties, and you are not a child. What will be the result? You will understand, as you could never otherwise have understood, what you came

here for, and you will go to work with renewed energy and with definite, systemized endeavour. I shall help you all I can. We will all do that. But we want most of all to have you help yourself."

He had gained his point before he was half through. To the plans that were then unfolded — they meant, as he had said, simply hard work and no cutting, — Jarvis listened with growing enthusiasm, and when at last he rose to bid good bye, he shook hands a trifle unsteadily.

"It will turn out all right, I am sure," said the adviser.

"I don't care how it turns out," said Jarvis. "I'll do my best. The way of this place is the right way, and I would n't have any other at any other place, if I had to leave College to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAY OF A MAID.

JARVIS, of course, did not have to leave College. On the contrary, he did very well indeed. In student parlance, there is "nothing doing" through February and March. The weather is atrocious; the absence, in Cambridge, of respectable sidewalks becomes dangerously evident, and those Undergraduates who are not ill or rowing, have little left but their studies. Thus it was that, during most of this period, the bell of Harvard Hall became Jarvis' time-piece and lectures his recreation. Two or three of his fortnightly themes were published in the "Advocate," and he was one day overjoyed to receive a politely printed slip requesting the privilege of the use of some of his verse for that forbidden ground to Freshmen, the "Monthly."

Stannard had remained in College by an astounding series of lucky strokes and was already on the staff of the "Lampoon," a place earned for him by his clever pencil. Hardy and the Major were not perceptibly changed, but Mallard had astonished all his friends by losing himself in the twenty-five eight-oared boats

and numberless four and "pair oareds" that were beginning to practise tiresome starts and to make endless trips from the abattoir to the basin.

Toward the end of the term, however, study did not occupy all of Jarvis' time. With his conditions at last worked off and his courses all well in hand, he even regained his lost athletic prestige by winning, again under the giant Innez, a place on his Class baseball nine, where, in a mild way, he distinguished himself not a little.

Then came the languorous spring, — never quite so splendid a thing anywhere else, — when the Yard is fresh with the bright green of the turf and the streets are sweet with the tender new leaves and the scent of distant blossoms; the spring when strong youths' voices are singing in unison under the elms anything from grand old Latin hymns to "Lizette" and "Mrs. Craigin's Daughter;" the time of club dinners and "Pop" concerts in town and Strawberry Nights, — and Finals. All springs are glorious there and each more glorious than the last. One is even gently interested in the Class races on the Charles — "the back yard of your best girl's home," as Stannard always called it.

Jarvis enjoyed it to the full, with a strong, healthy heart and a clear right-seeing head. He had never been in better trim in all his life, and thus, when the glories of Class Day, with its tree ceremonies and

"spreads,"—this time driven indoors by a not unfriendly rain, — had passed before his admiring eyes and he had seen the Commencement exercises in Sanders he went home for his vacation, even from the awful 'Varsity boat-race, with something about as close to a realisation of Harvard as a man can come to before he leaves the place forever.

"Not that you can put Harvard in words," he assured his none too impressionable mother. "You can't. But if the absurd people who are always saying we're *blasé* and bored and cynical could see us in May and June, there would be an end of such stuff. Why, we even put up with the only people who try verbally to express the place—Memorial Day orators, or else baccalaureate preachers who haven't ever been, you know, and could n't anyway."

During the summer he took the best of care of himself. After his brief baseball experience, there had been made to him a clear intimation that his football shortcomings would be overlooked and that a man who had proved so promising would have an opportunity early in the fall of trying for the 'Varsity eleven. Accordingly, he spent most of his vacation in the White Mountains, without a sight of his still dreaded Nemesis, and when, at the very end, he learned that his cousin Peggy had gone to finish a rather late season at the country house of an uncle in southern Pennsylvania, he readily accepted an

invitation to put in a few days there on his own account.

Thus it happened that one glorious crimson afternoon found him driving with that young lady among the hills of Lancaster county. Far out below them from the bald summit of Katalech stretched a sea of green and gold, of orange and yellow, of red leaves and sere, rolling off upon all sides in shimmering waves of emerald and ruby to the far away purple line of the Tuscaroras. Here and there the ocean of tossing leaves was broken by a small, square island of bare, dun-coloured earth, from which rose a few stacks of ungarnered corn, and again there were the white walls of a tobacco-shed dancing in the sunlight, or a red-brick farmhouse, with little windows casting back the last rays of the sun that was setting, in a glory of red and gold, over Winter Hill. Overhead long, slow trains of field-crows were winging their melancholy flight homeward. Among the trees directly below them there shone the naked trunk of a birch, like some arrested dryad, and above the myriad needles of a lone pine were whispering to each other as do the lips of one stricken with palsy.

That was what Jarvis tried to tell Peggy as they drew up the old horse and looked out upon the scene.

Peggy laughed.

"It is pretty," she said.

The past few days, Jarvis was forced to own, had

been rather dull. When, therefore, they started out on this particular afternoon for a drive to Katalech, he welcomed the chance for something new and he was not disappointed. They had had a hard time getting here; but now, — after going off on several false scents and rounding up in barnyards, to the consternation of a hundred hens, or before farmhouse doors, to the wide-eyed terror of the natives, — here they were at last, and Peggy at once wanted to start back again.

“Let’s go back by way of Lancaster,” she suggested. “We can stop at Penn’s for supper, and get home by nine o’clock. It’s so much nicer a road.”

“Is it?” said Jarvis, loath to hurry on. “With all my heart then, only where is the road?”

“Oh, I don’t know exactly, but I’m sure it’s much nicer. It must be nicer than going the way we came. We can ask the way, you know.”

He did know. He had already asked the way fifty times, and he was tired of asking, especially as he did not speak Pennsylvania Dutch. Peggy’s suggestions, however, were generally final.

Of course they lost the way. He knew they would do that. They had not gone three miles before the fact became perfectly evident. What was worse, those three miles had taken them into the Martic Hills, where there is not a house in every five miles.

At the first, some very disreputable-looking char-

coal-burners directed them to the right. Six miles down the right they met a woodcutter.

"I'll ask him," ventured Jarvis.

"Oh, what's the use of asking so often?" said Peggy; "They just laugh at you."

But Dick was not to be moved this time, and addressed the pedestrian.

The woodcutter sent them back to the charcoal-burners. Thence they were directed straight ahead. They had been misunderstood before.

The way lay up and down steep hills that, at the distance of a hundred yards, looked simply perpendicular. The forest, dense with underbrush, grew straight up to the rugged road, and the tall silent trees stretched their bare, black arms directly overhead. There was a mysterious, solemn air about the place that made the girl draw well back in the seat, and the horse was tired, and could go but slowly.

At this rate it was ten o'clock by the time they got out of the hills, and Jarvis recalled to Peggy, who had become unaccountably silent, that the natives went to bed at nine.

"I'd like to know whose fault that is," was her only comment.

Her tone indicated that the fault was his.

The next hour he spent in stopping at every cross-roads, "shinning" sign-posts, and, by the short lived light of many matches, trying to read the directions

given there. It was quite archæological; he cut his shoes on the stones of the wayside gullies; twice he fell over the larger ones. And then the effort was useless. A sign read "Two miles to Rotherville." He said that was not the way they wanted to go. Peggy said it was. He gave in, and three miles further on got out of the cart and read "Two miles to Rotherville."

Even then they almost missed the place, which consisted of a half dozen houses, strung along the gloomy road.

He got out again, and attacked a side door, while they both hallooed with all the strength of their united voices. At last, a window opened, and they were directed in a strong German accent to go back the way they had come.

The next time they hesitated over a sign-post, he asked Peggy which way they should go.

But Peggy was beyond the reach of sarcasm.

"Oh, go where you please," she said. "I'll not advise you again. You know it all, of course."

He used his last match to look at his watch.

"What time is it?" she asked, manifesting but a languid interest.

"Half-past eleven," he replied.

She awoke at once.

"Mamma'll think this a nice thing! I hope you're glad now you brought me out and lost me."

Now, Jarvis' love for Mrs. Bartol had not developed with acquaintance, so he pointed out that it was Peggy herself, and not he who had proposed this way home.

"I did n't either," she said. "I wanted to go back by way of Lancaster; not by all the back lanes in the county."

As she spoke, they came to the top of a hill. The young crescent of the moon had set long ago and the stars were the only light in the dark blue sky above, or on the silent fields and creeping fences at either side. But straight ahead there now shone an unmistakable glow — the lights of Lancaster.

As they entered a side street, —

"Do you want to go to Penn's?" asked Jarvis.

The next morning he encountered Peggy outside the smoking-room. In spite of her threats, she had made it all right with mamma. She really flirted outrageously with her mother.

"Why were you so sulky last night?" he asked.

"I was n't a bit sulky," she said. "I was feeling perfectly jolly."

"But you did n't talk."

"Yes, I did. Well, it was too cold to talk."

"I thought it quite warm," he replied. "But if you were cold, you should n't have abused me. It was n't any fault of mine."

"Yes, it was," said Peggy, and ran upstairs.

He stood for a bit looking after her, and rolling a cigarette. Then he turned back into the smoking-room, and took up the morning paper. But he could not read; the girl was still too fascinating a mystery to him.

What did she mean? Was this simply the real indiscretion of a merry, unsophisticated girl? Or was she an ordinary flirt, an insincere coquette? There were few things he loathed more. He had known one woman of some social standing that should have placed her above reproach, yet whom he had found almost beneath it. That woman had poisoned his opinions of the rest, but he could feel, even for her class, something that was far nearer akin to respect than for those of this other. A man like Mallard, for instance, could enjoy a flirtation with the best or the worst of them, whatever the best or the worst might be; but Jarvis was no longer one of those happy, big boys, joyously taking life as they find it. He had lost his boyhood, and life was bitterly, terribly, almost fatally real to him. Everything was extreme, and he could not bear those who tried to take a tedious middle course. He must have one thing or the other.

Yet of his two premises one must be true, for of his cousin's absolute purity he never doubted. Indeed, his mind never took even this analytical turn while Peggy was with him. While they were in the

air, her scintillations no more permitted of analysis than does the tail of a rocket. He did not take them as they were, perhaps, but he involuntarily admired them and therefore concluded that they were superlatively good. It was only when they ceased to cut the darkness of his horizon that he attempted to doubt the verity of his surmises concerning them, and then he had only the burnt stick by which to judge.

The incident of the drive proved typical of the next two days of the week. He walked and drove with Peggy. He played golf and tennis with her. He even tried to appear interested in her uncle's unusually dull dissertations upon politics; tried still harder to be civil to her mother. Mrs. Bartol fluttered about through the routine incidents of her daily life, endeavouring to bring within the short circle of her sight and hearing as many objects as she embraced in the broad circumference of her smile. She had an idea that she ought to talk literature to a College man, as she called Jarvis, and, as her knowledge on this subject was, among her friends, notoriously small, and her confidence inversely large, the task of civility was not always quite endurable, even for a guest. She was one of those persons who base their claims to be considered unusual upon a detailed knowledge of Dickens at his worst, and a marginal commentary of "How true!"

Jarvis was at a loss to account from hearsay or

observation for any hereditary element in the character of the daughter. Where did she get herself? What a pity the father was not alive! She had, indeed, neither a knowledge of, nor a love for, good books, but, then, she did not pretend to any, and she differed from her mother physically and intellectually in every way possible. On the other hand, her father, according to all that Jarvis could elicit during the lucid intervals of the uncle, had been quite worthy of his spouse. So it was some freak of atavism, probably. The visitor began vaguely to wonder whether, whatever this girl might be, she was not too profound for him. He was still too conceited not to resent anything that he found too deep. Besides, any idea of profundity appeared so incompatible with this cheery, light-hearted girl, whose every word seemed to come simply because it happened to be the first that occurred to her. Yet he could in no other way account for her. For the time at least he would give it up.

Meanwhile, he did not waver in the determination for a change of amusement when he found the milder ones, despite the distinct aid of Peggy's presence, something of a bore. He would find them sufficient in due time and he was resolved to have his try at regeneration.

Things were not, however, to remain stupid for long. As he had made up his mind, for obvious

reasons, not to stop over in Philadelphia, he had fixed on Sunday for his departure for Cambridge. It was late Friday afternoon that Peggy entered the library with the announcement that she had just got word from a friend of the previous summer who was to pass close by their place that evening and would stop off with her for a day.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

JARVIS came down to dinner somewhat early that evening. Peggy was just going out through the hall on her way to the cart that was waiting at the door. As he paused on the steps and looked down at her, she seemed somehow more than ever a thing of nature, a part of the great life out of doors.

"Sorry I have n't room for you here," she said.

"Why, where are you going?" asked her cousin, for the moment forgetful of the friend who was to arrive that day.

"To meet my guest, of course. Oh, I'll be back in good time for dinner on this occasion. You need n't be jealous."

He often afterward wondered what it was that at this moment made him curious in regard to a matter which had, in the first instance, so utterly failed to affect him.

"You have n't told me your friend's name yet," he said.

"You have n't asked before. This is the first time you've shown even a passing regard in the affair."

"Well, who is it?"

"Miss Mary Braddock."

He could not help but start. Then he fancied some trick of his imagination.

"Who?" he repeated.

"Mary Braddock."

As if powerless to take it in, he stood looking blankly at her.

Peggy, however, put her own construction upon his action.

"Why, do you know her?"

"No — that is, yes, I do," he stammered.

In his absolute stupor he yet happily realised, as if by actual inspiration, that his memory of past events must be guided by Mary's own.

"What does that mean?" asked the untroubled Peggy, who, in perfect ignorance of the torture she was inflicting, seemed bound to pursue the original course of her inquiry.

By a superhuman effort Jarvis managed to pull himself somewhat together.

"It means yes and no. It may be my Mary Braddock, or it may not." Perhaps, after all, it was not.

"Oh, there can be only one. I met mine — but never mind. Tell me first who is yours."

Jarvis was still able to produce a smile.

"Never *you* mind," he replied. "If you won't tell me first, you must wait till you come back. It will

do very well then and you will not be on time for either train or dinner, if you don't start at once."

He watched anxiously to see the effect of his words. He felt that he must get away and be alone for a while if he were to control himself in the presence of the woman who had entrapped him. Luckily, Peggy took him at his word, and with a saucy courtesy turned away.

When the door had closed behind her, he stood still for a moment and then, turning back up the stairs, sought the comparative seclusion of his own room.

What did it mean? What was he to do? He could not, of course, help hoping that there was some mistake about the name, but at the bottom of his heart he knew well enough that there had been no mistake. It was indeed she. In a curious occult way he had come to regard his cousin as the innocent pythia to some terrible, outspoken oracle of fate. She had told him he would succeed at his football and he had not the slightest doubt of his success. Even had he been of a weaker physique, he would not have doubted. And now she was right again. She must be right. There could be but one Mary Braddock.

How then had she got here? Had she learned of his presence and was she at last beginning to dog his steps? Was she come,—it did not, at that crisis,

seem absurd to think so, — to denounce him as unworthy of the company in which she found him? His morbid imagination reviewed the final chapters of every sensational novel he had ever read. He pictured to himself the villain Jarvis in a hundred attitudes of exposed abasement, until the inordinate fears of a melodramatic *dénouement* took such a hold upon him that he was tempted to flee the house.

He had thrown himself on the fantastic coverlet of his bed and thrust his head among the punctilious pillow-slips with a force that made the little brass framework tremble from end to end, and the springs leap beneath him in but slowly lessening reaction. In a short time, however, the habit of conformance with propriety began to assert itself, and the miserable dread that his host should find him late for dinner — together with the vanity that prompted him to conceal all signs of distress — soon brought him to his feet. He took a drink of brandy from the flask in his suit-case, changed his crumpled linen and again started downstairs.

Control himself as he might in other particulars, he descended slowly and with a tread rather faltering.

As he reached the step from which, twenty minutes before, he had talked to Peggy, another woman crossed the hall and paused exactly where his cousin had stood when he last spoke to her. She had brushed by the servant and come in ahead of her

young hostess, walking over the difficult polished floor with a graceful, swaying, almost silent tread, that Jarvis mentally likened to that of a splendid, stealthy tigress. It was Mary Braddock.

She was indeed so graceful that you would have overlooked her unusual height; so perfectly, as one would say, in hand, that you would not have called the great sweeping curves of her figure in any wise elaborate. The broad white forehead, the wealth of black hair, the arched eyebrows and the curling lashes that seemed to weigh heavily upon the slow lids, — all unable to hide the great dark eyes where lurked yet revealed itself so much of knowledge — these, with the delicate, firm outlines of the nose and chin, the moist red mouth that was ever waiting as it afraid to give utterance to the crimson thoughts behind it — how well Jarvis knew them all — and how fatally!

Again, for an instant, he felt like running away, but Peggy's laugh, as she tripped over beside her companion, reassured his failing courage and piqued his pride. He came down the remaining steps quickly and, to all appearances, really happy and at ease.

"Here's Dick now," said Peggy in tones that spoke of former and recent mention of the name.

The light fell full on his broad but graceful figure as Mary turned slowly toward him. One hand, which



“‘HERE’S DICK NOW’”

a half-inch of cuff made to appear quite small, rested lightly on the bannister. His head was thrown back on a neck the thickness of which a high collar sufficiently concealed. Evening dress became him and, as he was too intent upon appearing simply unconcerned to give one thought to his looks beyond the point where they ceased to portray his thoughts, he was really altogether handsome.

The new arrival was quick to solve every difficulty. With perfect tact she came forward and greeted him as of old.

"Yes, here he is and not very much changed in a year, either. I'm awfully glad to see you again, Dick."

Jarvis noticed that she seemed even more radiantly beautiful than when he had last seen her, and yet he could not look straight in the eyes that sought his own with so perfect a good-fellowship.

"You're not half so glad as I am," he said.

"Miss Braddock's been telling me all about you," his cousin interpolated. "I did n't know I was bringing two such good friends together."

"Nor I," assented Jarvis, "Where on earth do you come from, Mary?"

"Not from the next world, at any rate. Merely Pittsburgh."

She spoke slowly, almost—were it not for the words themselves—languorously. Her voice was

deep and low and there was even a trace of foreign accent, the relic of her long schooling in France.

Jarvis hastened to answer.

"Pittsburgh?" he repeated. "Surely that's near enough to the other side of the Styx."

"Oh, it's some distance from these Elysian fields."

"Exactly," said Jarvis, regaining again the maturer pose that he had a year ago always unconsciously taken in her presence. "How well you say what I can only try to — and miss."

The dinner went off well enough. Mary was certainly at her ease; the unsuspecting Peggy as light-hearted as ever. The old gentleman, rotund and purple, talked politics from under his grizzled mustache and Mrs. Bartol smiled forth platitudes and quotations from Dickens. Even Jarvis found his sensational fears vanishing and his manner becoming quite as commonplace as that of his table-companions. When the women had left the room he even managed not to stay long behind them, but went out while the uncle drowsed over a cigar, and returned to the library where he expected to find the others.

There was nobody in the room but Mary.

"For a moment, at least," she explained with a little pout, "they've run away and left me all alone."

"Well, never mind. You need n't worry. I'll hardly suppose they'll allow you very long at my mercy," he replied, uncomfortably.

"On the contrary. I am worrying for fear they will return sooner than I want them."

"No, you're not worrying. You're merely flattering."

"It's easier. But seriously, I do want a chat with you. Is it too cold to go outside somewhere where we shan't be interrupted?"

Jarvis' nervousness began to reappear in full force. There was, however, scarcely a choice of answers.

"Cold? Not at all," he replied as best he might. "It's positively balmy, but you'd better run upstairs and get a wrap of some kind. Then I'll show you the way."

" 'When I send for thee,
Then come thou.' "

laughed Mary. "You remind me of my nursery days. There's no need of leaving you. There's a cloak out here in the hall that will do well enough. I noticed it as I came in."

Jarvis had wanted a moment in which to collect his courage for the storm that, ridiculous and melodramatic as he knew such a convulsion of the elements would be, he could none the less help fearing. But as he was to have no respite, he submitted with the best grace possible.

As they passed through the hallway, Mary picked up the wrap of which she had spoken. It was one of those useless, beautiful pieces of gauze which women

pretend to believe protects them from any inclemency on the part of the weather. And it belonged to Peggy. Jarvis remembered wrapping it about her the night of the concert in Cambridge.

"That thing's of no use," he said, with a sudden harshness in his voice.

"Oh, it will do perfectly well," replied his companion easily. "It's quite balmy outside anyhow, you know."

"But it does n't belong to you," he objected, and then, fearing for himself the result of such an indiscretion, he hastened to add, "Does it?"

"Really, you're very rude this evening. Are n't you well? Or do they teach such things at Harvard? I hardly think we are likely to elope in these clothes or at this stage of our acquaintance."

"I only wanted you to take proper care of yourself," he clumsily explained.

Mary Braddock laughed softly.

"How touchingly interested in me you are!" she said. "I'm not in the least disturbed because you have neither hat nor coat. Come."

And she stepped on to the porch and thence to the wooded drive-way that led through the sloping lawns.

The moon hung ominously low over the bare tree-tops and shed a pale, uncanny light upon them. There was a smell of frosted grass already in the air,

despite the early season, and the gravel of the newly-made road crunched as they walked over it among the weird shadows that to Jarvis' distorted fancy seemed to stretch out skinny, crooked arms, as if to draw him back into the surrounding darkness. From circumstances diametrically opposed, both, as they strolled mysteriously through the checks of moonlight and shade, were for some time silent.

It was a clear, cool night, but it was not the air that made Jarvis shiver. Except from the corner of his eye he dared not a look at the woman beside him. Once his swinging hand brushed the soft cloak that hung from her shoulders and he drew back, remembering again that walk with Peggy through the old Yard. Somehow, it all seemed so long ago.

He was beset by a terrible, overmastering fear. All the foolish dread of the early evening had now recoiled upon him with a double force. He felt utterly helpless, altogether powerless to resist. He was either quite subservient to the will of this woman, or else he was the puppet of a fate still more relentless and irresistible.

For the moment he was, besides, profoundly embarrassed. Peggy might be expected to reappear at any time. Yet he was uncertain whether he wanted her to do so or not. Her coming would rescue him, for the time at least, from a situation sufficiently anomalous and even tragic enough in its possibilities, but it

must likewise discover him in the midst of an interview at the best peculiar, at the worst clandestine. He was guilty and he expected suspicion. Divided between extreme fear and palpitating suspense, he walked like a sheep to the shambles.

On her side, Mary Braddock was tossed about by emotions equally conflicting, though absolutely different. Exactly why she had brought him here she would have found it hard indeed to tell. She was neither a vicious nor a revengeful woman. Above all things else, she was first passionate, then selfish, and then good-natured. But when either the first or the second of these attributes — they are too common to be called faults — was uppermost, everything else in her was swept down before it. To-night she found the first two combined in the possession of her soul. At other times perfectly humane, at such moments she could be calculatingly cruel. In most moods easy and malleable, she was now as hard as flint.

After the first shock, she had, in letting Dick Jarvis drift away from her, neither distress on her own account nor remorse upon his. The scene of her life in which he had played so prominent a part was to her mind, so far as she herself was concerned, as insignificant as it had been brief. Their paths had diverged and it was not very likely that, should they again draw near, there would be much in common left between them. So, after a weak and sporadic

attempt at correspondence, inspired almost from the first by the dread of a too jarring conclusion, she had thought she would be very willing to let this lover pass shortly out from her existence and sooner or later from her memory.

It was not so. She had acted her part so well, or so ill, that she lost sight of the paradox and, to some slight degree, lived her rôle. It was a fatal mistake. Most of us are apt to confound our pride with our hearts, and hers suffered like Dick's when the inevitable ending came. It was, then, with a feeling that she honestly mistook for a better, that she wrote the final note meant to set the period. When chagrin, like most other things, proved only temporary, she had, toward him, as divorced from her, nothing but good-will. She wanted to see him prosper. She regarded him as a boy, but she was keen-sighted enough to observe in him possibilities that she was eager to admire and anxious to see realised. She wanted him to succeed.

This fresh meeting had been to her as great a surprise as it had been to him. Pride had at last healed itself with the balm of fresh conquests. Life was still too young to regret those past. He had been out of her sight and she had neither the desire nor the ability to keep him in her mind, but although in these matters of minor import she was sufficiently mistress of herself not to display her feelings, yet to

meet him again so suddenly and in such circumstances was a genuine shock to her.

The first glance at him was enough. As she saw him standing on the stairs, she felt she could not lose him yet. In an instant she had reviewed the field of battle and, like a good general, estimated the forces at her command and the host that would be arrayed against her. Not one word or action, however slight, had, during the continuance of the dinner, escaped her observation. She saw much clearer than any of the other actors, just which way the play was going. She observed in Jarvis the growth of an affection of which as yet he was himself unconscious, and she noted in Peggy, who could conceal nothing, an admiration for her cousin that bordered very closely upon something more defined. Mary liked the girl and could not have wished that any ill should befall her. The step was a short one to the conclusion that an attachment for Jarvis would, for a variety of reasons, prove in the last degree disastrous. In the first place, he was ridiculously young. He had much to see and learn before he could possibly understand himself, and as for his understanding Peggy, Mary could easily see that was impossible. But more than all this, he was not, by reason of his history, the man to make a husband for her. Such a woman could only take as much in exchange for herself as she gave.

On his part, too, Jarvis had everything to lose and

nothing to gain by an early marriage. What talent he possessed needed every moment of University training that could possibly be given it. To permit, when one was able to prevent, even the threat of a break in so necessary a course of preparation was, for any of his friends, a crime capital. She knew that, however he might imagine his ideals shattered and his knowledge of the world enlarged, he must ever essentially remain a dreamer of dreams, and that so long as he was this, she, as a woman of the world, would always possess a charm for him and exercise, at least while tangibly present, a ruling influence upon his character.

Last, and most important of all, she believed him bound to her by the chain of first sin as she knew herself to be bound to another. Her passionate selfishness declared her unable, even if not unwilling, to weaken one link of his shackles. She was not so blind as to mistake that selfishness of her motives, yet she honestly thought that the fulfilment of her arguments would lead not only to the accomplishment of her own desires, but to his eternal welfare as well. Farther than this she did not attempt to go.

CHAPTER XIII.

MELODRAMA IN LITTLE.

It is difficult to break such a silence as they had kept in their walk from the house. Neither was in a hurry to open the conversation which obviously impended. Jarvis was frankly afraid and Mary was not quite certain what, when once it was started, she really wanted to say. As is usual in such cases, the fates, by taking the matter entirely into their own hands, kindly relieved her of all responsibility.

"Your cousin is a very charming girl and a very pretty one," she said irrelevantly.

"Yes?" replied Jarvis with an interrogative smile. Somehow he scented an air of embarrassment about his companion that went far toward relieving his own sense of alarm.

"I met her at Bar Harbor," Mary pursued. "She left just before you came last summer."

"I think I'd heard that she'd been up there early in the summer, but, strange enough, I have never heard you speak of her before."

"Really? We got along famously, I assure you."

"And quite enjoyed yourselves, I suppose."

"To be sure."

Jarvis was quick to follow up the advantage that he thought he had gained. Perhaps, after all, here was the opportunity for freedom.

"No, not to be sure," he said. "When we were in Philadelphia, you had quite another tale to tell me. You said you could scarcely endure it there before I came."

Quite unconsciously his voice had dropped into a minor key of gentle reproach. In an instant she had taken him up, believing, living every word.

"Oh, Dick," she said, laying one throbbing white hand upon his arm, "Won't you ever understand that we must play this game to the finish? Don't you see how it is?"

He looked down at her for a moment in the strange half-light. She was quivering with emotion, but he could not see that. He had to contract his brows and frown intently to distinguish even her outlines, but what he did manage to see set his fears, for the moment, at rest.

He caught her white wrist. It was not the caress of a lover, not a detention, but an attack.

"What do you mean?" he asked slowly and between his teeth, after the manner of the villain in the melodrama, whom he felt that he oddly resembled. "What do you want of me?"

But she was not afraid of him. She had at no

time been that. At the worst she had been only uncertain.

"Mean?" she said, disregarding his second question. "Why, simply what I say. Whatever I have suffered, you know that I was in earnest when I wrote you that I'd never be a stone about your neck."

"I'm not so sure that you would n't be just that. I'm not so sure that you could help yourself, even if you wanted to, and I hardly believe that you want to."

"I certainly imagined that you had some little proof of my trust in you."

There was a pause in which, as it struck home, he blushed deeply. Although she could not see the blood it had drawn, she knew that the shot had told and she hastened to proceed, —

"I think I meet all the requirements when I say that I am as ready now to suffer on for your sake as I have been all along."

This time she had missed sadly. He flung down her hand in disgust.

"Suffer, suffer! You talk as if you were the only one to suffer!"

"One finds it hard to discover exactly what you had to lose," — she had been about to add, "by the arrangement," but he took her up before she could finish.

"To lose?" he cried, speaking rapidly and regardlessly, and yet lapsing unconsciously into the stronger

speech that her presence seemed always to inspire. "What I had to lose? My belief in man, my trust in woman, my faith in God — that's all I lost. I sold my inheritance in all Nature; I sold you my brain and my possibilities. I opened the white page of my soul to you, and what did you write on it? You know the word. You could write but the one. I came to you a mere boy and you sent me back to the mother that bore me. — Do you think I can ever kiss her lips again after — that? And then you talk about suffering! *You* grant an amnesty to *me*! Did *I* ever rob *you* of anything? Did *I* ever smutch *your* soul? Never! And you know it. You actually had the audacity to tell me so yourself."

"I am surely rewarded for my frankness."

She was standing erect before him, her hands clenched at her sides, her low even tones contrasting strangely with the intense swift utterance of his speech.

In an instant he was stricken sullen and silent; abashed, angry with her for exciting him to brutality. Then he broke out in a dogged mutter, —

"If I have lost the gentlemanly sense, it is you whom I have to thank for my misfortune."

"Do they teach this also at Harvard?"

He was blind with shame. That the words were identical with those which Peggy had once used served only to augment his anger and self-contempt.

As a matter of fact, to force him to insult her, however unintentionally she might do so, was for her, the most profitable move possible. He saw only that he had been insufferably rude, inexcusably brutal. The desire for atonement of whatever sort was at once paramount. His every other sentiment and thought vanished before a wild anxiety for penance and reparation. She was, after all, a woman, surpassingly beautiful and unfortunate, and, there was no denying it, they were slaves in the same galley.

The moon had swung higher in the heavens and cleared the tree-tops in its ascent. A cloud which had covered it for some minutes before broke free, as if from an embrace, and a strange new light, a wonderful white radiance, poured over the figure of Mary Braddock as Dick looked at her. Divinely tall she seemed to him then and he could see at last the ill-suppressed emotion which shook her from head to foot, — the dilating nostrils, the haughty mouth, the angry eyes.

Nor did he seem less of a revelation to her. She noted well the handsome face intensified in its beauty by the passion of the moment, the broad white forehead on which the brown hair had hung one damp curl, the creation of the mist, and for one instant there swelled in her heart a strange interweaving of pity for him and for herself that brought oddly to her ears the strains of the renunciation-song in "La

Traviata." The next he had taken her in his arms and she knew the futility of longer struggling with herself.

"You *are* mine, Dick," she said.

It was a bad discord. He withdrew himself almost violently.

"No!" he cried.

"Yes. What's the use of denying it? What's the use of struggling against it? You are mine."

"Absurd! No, no! I am my own and no one's else. Eternally my own."

The storm had burst at last. The curtain had gone up upon the melodrama.

"Oh," she complained, "why do you make it necessary to explain it to you? Don't you see how it is?"

He tried to laugh it off and failed.

"Through a glass darkly," he said.

But she was threateningly calm.

"Then you must see it face to face as I do. It is n't pretty, but it's fearfully true."

"To be commonplace, that is usual with truths."

"It is the case with this one, at any rate. You know how fragile everything is; how futile promises are. Marriage is, after all, only 'an oath, and oaths must have their day.' But the one tie on earth that—wherever a man is and whatever he be—still holds him fast, binds you to me."

"You are right, it has n't a pleasant face. — You mean —?"

"The only bond in this miserable life that won't, that can't be broken, — the chain of first sin."

She was giving to his most exaggerated fancies a local habitation and a name, but he bore up with the courage of a martyr.

"Really," he said, "I fail to see why the first holds stronger than the second. And does the second hold stronger than the third? Do we travel in an intellectual perspective toward a moral vanishing-point? Don't you remember the chap they asked about in the Bible — the fellow with the seven wives?"

"You ask why more to me than to all the others? Oh, it's far too hideous for laughter! It's so awfully simple and satisfactory. The others were the consequences; I am the cause. Good God, don't you think I'm held fast to somebody? Or do you think I was always bad?"

Instinctively he had shrunk from the impetuosity of her assault and he was now leaning against a tree as if for support. What he tried to say was, —

"For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

But she had been right again. It was true; it was too hideous for laughter; and what came to his lips was only, —

"Go on."

"Oh, I can't go on. It will, though. I can't free you any more than you can free yourself. You are a Frankenstein. You have created your monster, and you can't get away from it. You must just go on living with it till it kills you. That's what we're all doing."

He was convinced, and yet he would not surrender without a fight. On a sudden, one hope presented itself. It was the thought of Peggy. Had she not said it was never too late?

Had Mary not been carried away by an unquestioning belief in her own eloquence and in every word she said, she would surely have pitied him in noting the way in which the haggard young face of the big broken fellow lighted up at the first faint gleam of what she thought an impossible hope.

"Is that all?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Isn't it enough? I'm your real mother. I brought you into the real world, the world in which you must live, from which you can't escape till the day of your death. — If you can then."

"How preposterous! You are denying the whole doctrine of repentance!"

"Not at all. You can repent as much as you like; but if you conceal your sin it will rankle in your heart and master you in the end. It's the inevitable law of being."

"I can't imagine what you are driving at."

"Simply this: Your sin must find you out. You must pay the penalty. The penalty of this particular sin is unhappiness to the end. It will either drive you to excesses that will end your life miserably, or — if you endeavour to forget it and to be respectable, it will force you to concealment and hypocrisy and secret shame and self-contempt."

"Then you do away — don't you? — with the possibility of searing the conscience and the probability of purging it?"

"Oh, there may be those who can sear it — I doubt it, but there may be. Yet, at all events, you are not one of them, nor am I."

"And of purging it?"

"You might do that. But I don't think you can. If you succeed you will still have to pay the penalty of unhappiness and misery, for you can't forget. You could not live happily with a pure woman and still remember, even if she forgave you. And she would n't. They only sometimes think they do. In the end they turn. They must feel themselves superior in their virtue, and her very goodness would be a continual reminder of your evil, and she would always suspect you. In such circumstances you could not forget."

"Oh, if you please, we'll talk of such circumstances afterwards, — if we must talk of them at all."

"Then what do you think?"

"I think this: That a man can wash himself clean. Why, I'm only one of a million like me! It's all absurd, I tell you! Surely, a man who has a pure love in his heart can never wholly decline upon mere lust."

"And you are wrong. 'Mere' is a dangerous word to apply to so formidable, so treacherous a foe. You should n't so contemptuously limit the strongest of passions—one that has seized the generic name for all of them. Once enthroned in the heart as it has been in yours, it can never be ousted. Oh, I'm not talking generalities! I'm speaking from observation and terrible personal experience."

"Perhaps, but I can't believe we were given strong desires and weak resistance for damnation only. There must be a plan. There must be some secret, some great use for it all. If it is n't to strengthen us in the end by our conquest of it, what is it for?"

"You were not given weak resistance. Your whole premise is wrong. Your resistance was not weak but you did n't use it, you did n't want to use it, you weakened it yourself."

"I was given illusions, distorted conceptions of life."

"No, you gave them to yourself. You carefully collected them. You went hunting for them."

"As an irresponsible child—yes."

"Well, whether you make your bed yourself or

some one else makes it for you, you must lie on it all the same. It's no more unjust that you should suffer for what you did as a child than for what was done by your parents and your parents' parents years before you were even born."

"It's a dangerous philosophy."

"What is ever more dangerous than the truth? Neither by chance, nor will, nor weakness, are we altogether what we are. Why, birth binds us to a relentless past, an impenetrable past, and at the same time hides it from our sight. Life ties us for good or bad to those who are to come. Even death does n't break our fetter. We're each only a link in an endless chain that forever makes toward the ideal, and, forever returning upon itself, falls short."

"Whoever created good, created evil too. You can hardly suppose it ordained if not necessary to the continuance of life."

"You are too general. It's the specific case I'm talking about. You must always be the slave of your desires, because you have been forging them too long to be able to break away from them now. Besides, what sin is more fatal than unassuaged desire? It's a slow disease that will kill you if you let it go on, and yet one for which you will know the cure is always waiting just outside your very door. Do you imagine you can forego that?"

"I know by sad experience that the cure is not in

the indulgence. That way lies the mad pursuit of the unattainable. It's like trying to catch a beautiful flame and only getting burnt fingers for your trouble."

"But, however high your purpose, you personally are physically, intellectually, morally, incapable of succeeding in it. You are an epicure, or at least a poet, not an ascetic."

"Well, if I fail it's worth the trying for, anyway."

"Why, you'd kill yourself."

"If I drop, it will be with my eyes fixed on the goal."

"Much good would that do you. Pshaw! You imagine you are an abstract philosopher; you're only a drowning man catching at straws."

"No. I am sure of one thing, anyhow. Whoever has known truth and goodness and beauty shan't be tempted by anything less."

"Do you really mean to say that good can come out of evil? That evil was ordained for nothing else? Do you mean to say that lust—to call things by their names—makes saints and not voluptuaries? Remember, there was only one Saint Augustine."

"I don't believe it. I think there were and are lots of them. Roses grow from graves."

"Really? But we are not discussing 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' I think you'll find that love

can't come in where lust is—no, nor where it has been."

"And yet you say that you love me."

"Except, I mean always, a devotion for a common sufferer. Otherwise lust is the vandal passion. It leaves only desolation behind it. There is no room for anything else while it is with you, and nothing remains for another where it has trod."

"I'm afraid you fail to alter my conviction that a man can make himself. Stubborn persistence, sheer, blank determination, will accomplish anything."

"So you think that sin has the power to open up all the beauty of your soul?"

"I think that sin abandoned can wake all that's good in a man; can rouse him from sloth and dullness to strength and a clearer perception of things; can translate him into a new sphere where, under the stress of action, the essential self will show. Why it's preposterous, it's monstrous, this teaching of yours! You preach the vilest kind of fatalism. If a man is strong enough to renounce the things that are evil, and cleave to the things that are good, he is all the better for having passed through the furnace, all the finer, higher, nobler."

"If he is strong enough. But who is? Very few. You aren't. My poor boy, I know you so much better than you know yourself! You are n't unusual.

You are only beating at your prison-door as every other madman does at first. Your reasoning is only raving. You are confounding the effects of sin with those of repentance."

"Well, I repent."

"You think you do, but you have n't been really tempted yet. You pursued evil once, and now that you have found it a snare this time, you imagine you'll never be dazzled by it again."

"It was n't evil, but good that I — that all of us — seek that first time. We are poor, blind boys and girls groping for a larger life. The kisses we give each other are n't given to the real lips, but to some pure ideal, some lofty image. Perhaps no man can ever find that higher thing, but he ought surely to leave the shams when they're discovered, and try to get nearer to his hope by the best means at his disposal. I thought it was a new Star of Bethlehem that I was following. Must I be punished because it proved a jack-o'-lantern from the Slough of Despond?"

"But sin does n't take any one unaware, if that's what you really mean. It is precisely because it's gradual that the descent to hell is so easy."

"Whoever made my soul meant that soul which so yearns for Him to be led blindfold through the excess of love, — the pursuit of the ideal, — not to hell, but to heaven. That is where my faith, such

as it is, takes its stand. We are to see the supreme beauty of good by proving the extreme ugliness of vice."

"My dear, that's all very well to say, but it's too good for this world. You would n't marry any but a pure woman — bad men never will — but if you go about preaching such heresy to her — and its worse than my fatalism — you will be striking at the very fundamental principles on which her purity depends. Moral pioneers never have an easy time of it. Against them are drawn up the priests and priestesses — especially the priestesses — of home and custom, every one to whom tradition is synonymous with wisdom. The loyal, the faithful, the hypocritical and the hypercritical, the good, the brave, the gentle, the easy-going, the pure, all these will prove more cruel to you than the wildest Dahomeyans."

"Then I must die for tasting a little honey? You mean to say, I suppose, that there is no compassion under heaven — or in it."

"None — absolutely none. If we pitied we would only draw down suspicion on ourselves. Men think that those only who are in the same boat can really feel for each other, and so our secrets would all be laid bare if we dared to show any sympathy."

"Well, we can never agree. What's the use of arguing about it? We are only like the Scholiasts Erasmus objected to for squabbling about whether

sin is a privation in the soul or a spot upon it. You can't convince me."

"Time will."

"Until it does I'll continue to try to make myself worthy of a pure woman's love."

It was a base thing for him to say, but she did not heed it.

"You are like a horse plunging into a fire. Let me prophesy. I tell you solemnly that this woman, whenever she crosses your path, will, sooner or later, cast you down deeper than you ever were before. Oh, there are depths and depths! Your sin, I say, must find you out. And whoever she be, and however dearly she loves you, the mark of the beast is upon you and the blindest affection must see it. And upon that day — either because you have foolishly confessed, or because you have returned again to your sin — she will turn you out of her heart and send you back to me. 'Your own iniquities shall take you, you shall be holden by the cords of your sins.'"

Jarvis could not but be a little awed. She spoke in an even and subdued voice, in a tone of sad counsel, but to him her words seemed to come with all the thunder of an irrevocable sentence. She was still standing in the full moonlight and looked, in her white drapery, like the relentless occult priestess of some forgotten heathen god. Far off in the vil-

lage a bell was tolling solemnly, its strokes rolling through the woods and echoing among the hills, heavy with doom.

"Mary," he asked in a low voice, "do you honestly think it's no use?"

"A union between virtue and vice? I think it is no use. The only men fit to marry are those who have just married discretion and have from the beginning set limits to their desires."

"Then, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to submit to the law of life; to play the game fair and to the finish, even if it's a losing one. You have only one hope — your talent. You ought to be unutterably thankful that you have that. It's more than most of us have. You can lose yourself perhaps, in the cultivation of that. You certainly cannot in anything else. You have years before you. You're only a boy. Give all your volition, time, fortune, body, brain, heart, to that. If you imagine yourself in love it will mean the breaking up of your College course and lose you that last hope.

"I'm not thinking about myself," she continued, "You will come back to me in time, because you can't help yourself. You see, I am, as always, perfectly frank with you. I want you to live; to see life in its every phase; to study it as well as your books; to suffer; to fight; to make your soul an

inn — a mere resting place, but nothing more — for all the light and shade of life, and all it comprehends, — every pain, every joy, every passion. To make yourself, since you cannot be an angel, at least an artist. The end belongs to Fate.”

“Those were the very arguments that brought me where I am now.”

“I dare say. And now your own only chance is to follow them out to a consistent finish.”

“I am done with them for good and all.”

“Then I am sorry for you.”

“I shall leave here to-morrow morning — to-night if there is a train.”

“Ah, you are afraid of me!”

“Perhaps.”

“But I do not intend to stay.”

“Nevertheless, I am going.”

“Then I shall say *auf Wiedersehen*.”

“No — good bye.”

“*Auf Wiedersehen*.”

Again she put out her hand kindly. She had been convinced by her own words. He bent over her fingers and kissed them.

“I think you were in earnest,” he said, “and I owe you many more apologies than I can make.”

“I was in earnest. But how will you explain this flight to Mrs. Bartol? And to Peggy?”

It was the first time she had used the diminutive

by which he knew his cousin and the words jarred upon him.

"Oh, don't let's discuss her," he said.

Mary caught him by the shoulders and wheeled him about, looking close into his face. There was a moment of silence. Then she said, shaking her head and smiling at her own seriousness, —

"Oh, Dick, Dick, the woman has come already!"

"What are you driving at now?" he asked, half angry, wholly amazed.

She thought there was fear in his tone. Jealousy, never far from the heart of the best of women, surged up into her eyes and blinded her. His imagined timidity served only to enrage her.

"Until we meet," she said. "Meanwhile, you love your cousin."

He returned her stare blankly. Then it was indeed as if scales had fallen from his eyes.

"Yes," he replied.

CHAPTER XIV.

"AT CARDS FOR KISSES."

THE predominating sense in Jarvis' mind was one of amazement. From the time when, with his lately voluble companion, he returned in silence to the house, until he had finally made a clumsy escape from beneath its roof and was again well on his way to Cambridge, he was chiefly occupied with a strenuous effort to accommodate his thoughts to the new acquaintance he had made so unexpectedly the evening before.

Verily, we know ourselves least of all in this unknowable universe! Jarvis had been much given to the bad habit of introspection and painful self-analysis common to young fellows of his temperament and environment. He had studied his own soul with a remarkable zest that proved the taste of gall not wholly unpleasant to him. He had come to the rather obvious conclusion that he was a very bad man indeed and now he had suddenly discovered that he had all along been again working on a mistaken hypothesis.

There was no doubt about it. Young as they both were, he was in love with his pretty and seemingly

insufficient and shallow cousin. He was so much in love with her that, for the moment at all events, he would not admit that she was insufficient or shallow. He found it enough that she was, in his eyes, beautiful. Forgetting the new conclusion that one's self is the thing most effectually concealed from one, he at once hastened to the plausible fallacy that, as he had not understood his own character, it was preposterous for him to have attempted a judgment of hers. He was so perversely illogical that there could be no suspicion of the sincerity of his passion.

The hope which had flamed up within him at his new discovery was pathetic in its intensity. There was no heed now of the woman he had so lately feared; no thought at all of her who had laid open his soul for him. She was almost forgotten. At last there was a chance to awaken from the horrible nightmare of the past months, to shake off the false theories, the degenerate views, and to breathe the pure air of the actual, the earth where men lived and worked and fought and died; where effort succeeded to lethargy and labour took the place of despair. At last there was something for which to hope and work and wait.

It was undoubtedly a rather selfish view to take of so delicate a passion. He was regarding it for his own advantages only. But until lately he had been living in a world where evil was an intangible, in-

visible tyrant, that could not be assailed or propitiated. He had looked from that planet up to the light of a better, but with no purpose, no definite reward for an endeavour to attain it. Now he was so supplied with incentives that he thought himself well upon his aerial journey. Besides, he was by no means less unselfish than most persons of his age. In that early moment of young, joyous hope, when the dawn of a first pure love showed him a miraculous self which he had never dreamed of before, there was no more doubt or conflict in his heart.

Certainly all possibility of failure seemed precluded by the strength of the new desire. He had spoken of it to Mary, but since her keen perception had seen his inmost self and her too ready tongue had pointed out to him the exact workings of his heart toward Peggy, he had no thought of anything but achievement. The ancient struggle of the love of art against the love of woman was not yet for him. The perfect confidence of ultimate success seized upon him and shared its rule with a wild desire to begin this new life and work at once. There was little or no regret at leaving his cousin behind him. The train could not travel fast enough toward the scene of his coming regeneration.

He weaved a hundred fond plans and laid down as many careful systems for that metempsychosis, secure in the armour of a new righteousness. He had drawn

a ground-floor corner room in Holworthy. How he would work and slave there! How bravely he would face the old temptations! He would renew his body by a serious undertaking in athletics, and then, with a fresh lease of life, he would take up all the still loose threads of his studies.

The prescribed forensics would be dull work, but "English B" would prove plain sailing. And his electives would be of the best. He was returning with a fresh start and unhandicapped. He had wrestled successfully with his *Lysias* and *De Amicitia* last spring; had overcome the turgid German Composition; read and "passed" in the endless constitutions of "Government I;" and, most formidable of all, had laid that condition in mathematics which, from a disembodied ghost, had grown to so living and real a terror for him. He had read all the prescribed extracts in history that he had begun by merely skimming over in order to get through his "Conferences," — and all this without any other incentive than the desire to remain in College. How simple it would therefore be now to take up his work where he had laid it down last June!

Nor did his ambition cease there. He would write regularly for the "Advocate;" even the "Monthly" should not forbid him. He would finish his course with honours and, with a name already made in the small College world, he would set to work and pro-

duce a book that should command the plaudits of the larger world outside. Other men had done it and he felt that the spirit once his had only been strengthened by the suffering that it had undergone. Then, when the air was echoing with his name, he would lay that name and all its honours at her feet, unworthy still, but redeemed and glorified, the dross burnt away, but the metal pure and strong.

Mallard would chaff, the Major would be cynical, even the taciturn Hardy would be mildly amazed. That would be difficult, but he could bear it, in a measure he had even already borne it, and he could thrash the three together if they tried his patience too far. Maggie Du Mar and the rest of her stamp in Boston — should they ever cross his path again — would curse or cajole him. That would be easy. He loathed the thought of them. So intense was the sense of emancipation that he no longer thought to abhor himself. He was perfectly sure.

His awakening was something of a shock that night as he walked into the Major's room in Hollis, whither a note from Hardy had directed him. A burst of light and a cloud of tobacco smoke were the first things to greet him. And then, out of this, emerged the familiar figures of his old friends.

The place was in its usual state of disorder, though its owner — conditioned, of course, — had returned in plenty of time to have set it to rights. Books and

papers and unwashed dishes were so scattered about that for a moment Jarvis feared treading upon some of them. Stannard, retained at College by the usual miracle that he himself would have proved the least able to explain, was engaged at a chafing dish, and Hardy was trying to recline with some semblance of grace in one of the impossible, cramped old window-seats. The Major was drawing a cork, and two or three other men were occupied with similar matters of a culinary nature.

"Hello," said the Major, coming forward, corkscrew in hand, "Glad to see you, old man. Come in."

"And shut the door," added Hardy, as the others joined in welcome.

Stannard left his chafing dish long enough to shake hands.

"You're just in time," he said. "Major, where's another plate? You know everybody here, Dick, don't you? Here're Lippincott and Morgan. Sit down anywhere. There, knock those books off that armchair. And — oh, yes! — I beg your pardon, but what did you say your name was?"

He had lifted the curtain over the entrance to the next room from whence came a low answer of, —

"Anything you choose to make it."

"Worth," said the Major laconically, and drew a cork.

"To be sure, Worth. Now, you know everybody, anyhow. I'll have this rabbit ready in a minute, if you have n't spoilt it. "It's like my chance for the Institute — takes long in getting through — last ten, you know. Everybody tired blackballing the other fellows' friends, so people no one ever heard of are let in just to break the deadlock."

Everybody was smoking a pipe except Hardy, who puffed dubiously at an Egyptian cigarette, and the Major, who had compromised on a cigar. Jarvis, however, refused all offers of tobacco. If the wrench was to come, he thought it might as well come now.

"Why, what on earth's the matter with you?" drawled Hardy, and when he had refused the liquor too, "You must have struck the Salvation Army in Philadelphia."

"Or read the General Booth interview in this evening's 'Transcript,'" suggested Morgan, who, with Lippincott, was a fair representative of a certain successful class, and was, by the way, born promising at the oar.

"The General has a column of it to-day," he went on. "He usurps a place before the public about once a month now."

"There really ought to be a society formed for taking the Bible out of the hands of the laboring-classes," said the Major. "Here, mix me a 'Mamie Taylor,' Morgan."

"Is it in danger of becoming so dreadfully vulgar?" asked Hardy.

"What? — The Bible, or Morgan's glass?" queried Jarvis, laughing, and glad to turn the conversation from himself.

"Both," replied the Major. "The next thing we know they'll be publishing an expurgated edition for the use of the Young Person."

"An expurgated edition of Morgan's glass," said Lippincott, "would be a good thing for young Morgan, but an expurgated edition of young Morgan would n't leave enough of him to be of much benefit to anybody."

"Don't be ephemeral, Willie. Some day somebody will stick a pin in you, or blow too hard against that bubble known as William Lippincott and there'll be a damned sight less left of it."

"Well, don't annihilate each other just yet," said Stannard, coming cautiously forward through the débris with a couple of smoking plates. "If you must be resolved into your original elements, let this do it. It's a bit stringy, but pretty fair, don't you think?"

"Corking!" said one. "Bully!" said another.

"Rank," declared the Major, promptly making prodigious headway into his share. "Here, Mr. Worth! Wake up and come out; the 'parrage' is ready, and it'll be 'cauld' if you stop for another nightmare."

"This is enough of a one, anyhow," added Morgan.

"Well, he does n't want it cold, at all events.

" 'Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot' —

I really forget how many days old."

The curtain was drawn back and a tall, thin man appeared beneath it, shaking long, black locks of hair from his sallow face, and rubbing a pair of bright, dark eyes.

"Come here, Worth," called the Major. "You take things mighty easy for a man who is having only one night's glimpse of Harvard. This is Mr. Jarvis, the latest arrival. You don't have anything exactly corresponding to this in Germany, so wake up and study it." Then he added to Dick, with the waive of an exhibitor toward the stranger, "Latest importation. Genuine Heidelberg. Lippincott's guest."

"I disown him!" cried the accredited host.

Worth, however, smiled and nodded rather complacently, took his share of toast and cheese and, to prove the correctness of the Major's statements as to his university, drank whiskey instead of beer.

"And you positively won't have anything, Dick?" asked Hardy.

"No, thank you, I don't think I shall."

"Then I have it. It's not the Salvation Army. It's worse. It's a woman."

"I thought they had the opposite effect," said Mallard. "They surely used to."

"Oh, but I mean a serious case."

"Did you ever know Dick to be facetious? Has she a soprano voice, Dickie?"

"You're both wrong," said Jarvis, quietly; "it's only the football."

"Oh, come off! Don't give us a lie patent like that," cried Hardy.

"Fact."

"How do you like the Harvard idea of honour, Mr. Worth?" asked Morgan.

Worth smiled again.

"It is one of the things that Sterne could not have said were managed better in France," he replied. "In Paris a reporter says of a deputy, 'he is a juggler with the truth.' There are letters, friends, scareheads, a doctor, and a duel."

"Some times a man even gets hurt," interrupted Hardy.

"John Bull uses his fists, and that's vulgar," continued Worth, imperturbably. "Tony stabs the offender in the back—"

"And Hans marks his face, eh?" asked the Major.

"At Yale," said Lippincott, "one either calls his friend names behind his back, or does his fighting over a telephone."

"But here at Harvard," Worth concluded, "you



“ ‘YOU ARE BOTH WRONG,’ SAID JARVIS, QUIETLY.”

are too far advanced for any of those methods. A simply says, 'You're a liar'; B replies, 'You're another,' — and there's an end of it."

"Ah, Jarvis," said the Major. "This is not, as it seemed, a *deus ex machina*, but a *diabolus ex infra*."

"Anyhow," said Hardy, "I stand by my original proposition. It's a woman and it's serious."

Worth's sneer had not been without its effect on Jarvis, and he found himself a bit ruffled by the last remark of Hardy, who, he had begun to hope, was effectually silenced.

"Really," he submitted, "I don't see that it's any of your business."

"There!" cried Hardy, waving the stump of his cigarette. "The prosecution rests!"

"Well, the accusation isn't so very awful," said the Major.

"Why," rejoined Stannard, "who ever heard of a Sophomore marrying unless it was a chorus-girl?"

"Marrying? Oh, I thought you said it was serious."

"What do you mean?" growled Jarvis.

"Nothing," replied Stannard. "Don't you know the Major well enough to be sure by this time that he never by any chance means anything?"

"Thank you," grinned the Major, "but our youthful Concordian's partly convinced me. Dick is

entirely too righteously indignant to be altogether innocent."

He really did mean nothing. Not one of the party imagined that there was any trespass upon Jarvis' privacy, but the latter was now thoroughly out of temper. He even lost his awe for the silently patronising German student.

"You're awfully funny for a while, Major," he commented, "but your jokes lack originality some times."

"And so does your criticism, as somebody else of equal brilliance said somewhere or other. Stannard's always telling me the same thing."

"Then there's indeed no grace in oft-repeated prayers."

"Oh, break it off, both of you!" cried Morgan. "It's not very entertaining to the rest of us."

"And the first thing you know you'll be disproving all Mr. Worth's theories about our mode of settling our difficulties," chimed in Lippincott. "Let's play cards."

"Were there ever seven men together at this time of night without one of them — and only one — wanting to play cards?" cried Stannard.

"And another wanting to go home," added Hardy. "Why don't you finish your quotations? That's where I want to go."

"No, you don't. You'll stay right here. I'm

your room-mate this year. I'll rout you out when I get home anyhow if you don't."

"Perhaps Mr. Worth doesn't play poker," suggested Morgan. "And it is a queer way of quieting rancorous tongues."

"Of course he does," said the Major, all at his ease despite Jarvis' ill-concealed bad-humour. "Who ever heard of a foreigner, and especially a Dutchman, not playing the American game? If you had said gaigel now."

"Oh, it'll be Dick, 'the Methody,' that does n't play," said Hardy.

"I thought you were going home," said Jarvis. "Did Mr. Runover never catch you playing in the Lower School?"

"I'll try to play," said Worth.

"So'll I!" cried Dick, and seizing Stannard's newly filled stein, he drained it to the bottom. But he did not hear the jeering applause that greeted his last action. After all, one last night of it was n't going to do any hurt.

He had been utterly out of tune. The whole scene was discordant to him. He had been a fool to come here in his present frame of mind. Then Stannard's sneers at marriage for a fellow of his age had hurt the pride which Jarvis' years dignify by the name of self-esteem, and he had been foolish enough to show it and angry at himself and at all about him

because he had done so. Whoever heard of a Sophomore marrying? The little cad! The merest connection, however remote, of Peggy's personality with such a scene enraged him. He would show these puppies how to win the battle of life, when they were going with the wounded to the rear. Then he saw that he could n't, of course, marry until he was out of College. The idea was not new to him since the evening before, but the environment, the setting, hardly tended toward hopefulness. He felt that he had been slow to realise what three years meant. Never mind. He was strong in his love and he must conquer. If he did not have the joy of the prize he would have the happiness of dying in the fight for it. But still, if in the mean time —. He was very far away and —

He took the drink. There would be no mean time then. Anyhow, he needed the night to sleep on it and one more hour of this kind of thing would not hurt him, — would, in fact, serve to let him down easily.

Stannard cleared the table and piled the dishes on the hearth. The chairs were dragged up and the men threw themselves into them.

"Come on, Hardy," said the Major.

"I told you I was going home," said the reluctant one. "The only compromise I'll make is to stay to look on."

"Believing that poker is a good game to win at and euchre a good one at which to lose?" asked Morgan.

"As still somebody else said," Lippincott hurriedly interposed. "Won't you really play, Hardy?"

"No, I hardly ever do, thank you."

"Oh, come on!" expostulated Stannard. "You were just now kicking at Dick. What are you afraid of? It's an easy game. Ten calls twenty, three of a kind a jack-pot, no robber decks and your scarf-pin for the limit."

"My dear boy," cried the Major. "Don't be unsociable."

Jarvis was silent.

"I'm not unsociable," protested Hardy, "and of course you know, Stannard, that it's not because I'm afraid of losing anything. I just don't want to play to-night, that's all. I prefer to look on."

"Oh, come on!"

"I don't want to."

"Let him alone," said Morgan. "If he won't, he won't. That's his stubborn kind."

Jarvis reflected that he admired that stubborn kind and he became still more angry because of the obvious conclusion. However, he thought, he was in for it now.

The room was by this time so filled with smoke that the higher placed gas-jets had become of little use and had therefore been extinguished. The gay

draperies and light pictures of the place were completely lost to view and only the board and the faces of the players around it were to be seen. Indeed, their heads seemed to float in the air quite independent of their bodies and shifted about the margin of the disk of light like evil cherubim.

Morgan was half stupefied and trying hard to concentrate himself on the game; Lippincott was giving more attention to concealing the condition of his fellow-classman than to his cards; the Major was keeping up a continual fire of epigrams upon the universe in general, and Stannard was succeeding in showing his thorough acquaintance with the game only by the equanimity with which he met his constant losses. Hardy hovered around the outside of the circle for a while, like an over-cautious moth about the proverbial candle, but he soon found that the best game to play is the poorest to look at, and retired to the narrow old window-seat. Worth sat silent, opposite Jarvis with only a small purchase of chips before him. Every one was smoking and most, by the side of their chairs, had bottles from which they drank direct. The German was the only exception. He said he never drank when he played.

"That's a bad sign," said the Major. "I'll have to put more tea in my pipe. I always smoke tea when I do mathematics, or poker does me. It clears my head."

Jarvis went into the first hand with three kings and won. As he swept in the bits of ivory a sudden superstition took possession of him. Lippincott had been just behind him with three queens, and none of the other three who came in held better than a pair of aces. Luck was surely with any one who could win like that. With its usual logic the fantastic side of his nature declared that if he won in this game — despite what the proverb says about the lucky at cards — he would be victorious in that greater one upon which he had so set his heart.

The idea of an omen, always fascinating to him, gained in this case a complete control of his play. He grew hot and excited; discarded wildly and smiled in exultation or could have wept with chagrin as he won or lost. When the play hung in the balance, his heart seemed to stop beating, and he could hardly breathe. By a strange complex action he threw into those bits of pasteboard all the hope and fear, the energy and labour, that he had ready for the fight which his distorted imagination had made this game to represent.

For a while the luck rose and fell variably. The cards demonstrated no disposition toward any particular "run." One time they would be high, the next low, and every one about the table had his turn at the winnings. Gradually, however, Jarvis and Worth began to forge steadily ahead. Morgan lost a pot to

the latter on a low straight, and bought more chips. The other men's little ivory pillars had lowered to the relative size of grave-stones, and the winners' began to rise proportionally. Then the losers stayed out while Jarvis raised his opponent on three queens. Worth held three aces.

"You must have been learning at Holyoke," said Mallard, as he dealt for the next hand.

"How's that?" asked Worth.

"That crowd over there play from eight at night till eight in the morning regularly."

The game went steadily on. The other men were far behind. Neither Worth nor Jarvis had drawn on the bank more than once. Lippincott looked at his watch while Dick thumped a devil's tattoo on the board before him.

"What's the time?" asked somebody.

"Six o'clock. We'll have two rounds of Jack pots and then quit. Does that suit?"

Nobody objected except Morgan, and he was quickly silenced by Lippincott.

The cards were "running" at last. Nobody seemed to hold anything except Worth and Jarvis. Dick was nearly mad with excitement. There were only two pots left and Worth was far "to the good." Morgan stayed in with the winners for five dollars and laid down two pairs. Jarvis displayed an ace high straight. Worth deliberately laid down a flush.

Jarvis could no longer hide his excitement. He had turned from hot to cold. A clammy sweat actually broke out upon him. His fingers were so numb that he could not handle his cards but dropped them continually. His eyes blazed like a man's in the delirium tremens. The other men chaffed him incessantly, but he did not appear to hear it, only laughing in a high-pitched voice that rang false and cracked.

Worth maintained a calm, uninterested expression that maddened his scarcely less lucky adversary. He kept his chips piled in regular, neat little columns in front of him, while Jarvis' lay in a disordered heap and were continually rolling unheeded to the floor.

The deal went round four times. Then Stannard "opened." Lippincott and the Major dropped out in turn. Dick was ready to scream with fear lest Worth should follow their example. Instead the German drew one card. That was almost as bad. Morgan took three and Mallard gave himself the same number. Jarvis held a pair of deuces. He threw the five cards on the floor and asked hoarsely and in a voice that trembled pitifully, for a fresh hand. He got four sixes. No sound was to be heard save the clicking of the chips.

Stannard bet a dollar. The words were not out of his mouth when Dick raised to the limit. Worth was the only one to stay in and he raised to the limit again.

"I won't see you," said Dick. "Let's put in the whole pile and finish it up."

The onlookers laughed.

"You're too anxious," said Stannard.

"Damn you — shut up!" cried Dick.

Worth calmly and slowly moved his little columns to the centre of the table. He seemed to take great care lest he should spill one. Dick pushed his store into them with a force that sent them spinning all about the room.

"Four sixes!" he fairly yelled.

"That's good," said Worth, quietly, and laid down his cards.

Jarvis had risen from his seat and was leaning excitedly over the board. When he knew that he had won, he sank back into his chair with a gasp of relief.

The unlucky players laughed.

"I never saw you so wild for a few dollars, Dick," said Mallard. "That country trip must have cost you a pile."

"Oh, I don't care for the stuff," said Jarvis. "I was only interested for the game's sake. We'll have a little supper at the Barker House to-morrow evening."

He had won! He had won! He had won! No other thought could find a place in the happy tumult of his mind. The foul air of the room, the close

atmosphere, reeking with stale tobacco, heated men, cheese, and the remains of liquor, and thickened by the excited breath of the players, was to him the most intoxicating oxygen. He did not hear them wake the protesting Hardy, who stood stretching his cramped limbs. The victory was promised, the end secure. When the Major proposed an "eye-opener," he filled his glass to the brim and his hand so shook with nervous joy that the red-brown liquor spilled down his fancy waistcoat.

Some one had pushed up the blinds and the light of the early autumn dawn was creeping through the smoke and playing strange tricks with the lamp-light on the pale faces of the standing boys. But Jarvis was sitting alone, laughing to himself.

"Here 's to hell with —" began the inarticulate Morgan, grabbing the table to prevent his swaying to and fro.

"No," interrupted Hardy, laughing, "here 's to the Sophomore's wedding!"

"Gentlemen," said Worth, calmly, "let me, — as I leave to-day and shall be unable to accept Mr. Jarvis' invitation — let me propose the toast."

He was standing across from Jarvis half hidden in the peculiar light, his white face and diamond eyes gleaming strangely, almost weirdly. Dick rose and held his glass ready.

"Mr. Worth has n't spoken two words to-night,"

he said. "It's surely his turn." He, too, was white, but radiantly joyful and smiling a happy, foolish smile.

Worth's voice was low, even, and musical.

"Gentlemen," he began. "I am bidding farewell to Harvard. I have enjoyed much my stay here and I thank you for contributing to my pleasure. It is morning. The sun is rising and the world awakening to a fresh lease of conscious existence. This, then, is my appropriate toast: To all of you who have been so kind to me, Life. May it be bright as woman's eyes and 'brief, — as woman's love.'"

Jarvis' glass fell crashing to the floor.

CHAPTER XV.

A BROKEN REED.

DISTRAUGHT with the excitement of play and confused by the clash of omens, Jarvis went to bed that morning to awake long after noon with a mind strangely at rest. We believe, all of us, very much what we want to believe, and Dick, forcing his reason to scout the idea of anything occult in Worth's mal-apropos toast, allowed his fancy to set the first value on the superstition he had held regarding the outcome of the game. His last taste of dissipation was over; he had not found it sweet, and he was quite ready to begin the work that he had laid down for himself.

It was, therefore, with a perhaps mistaken, but none the less sincere, energy that he set upon carrying out his plans. Unconsciously the strongest college student must become the creature of the academic atmosphere. He is utterly cut off from the outside world and college successes or disasters are soon the symbols for actual victory and defeat, and then the only real victories or defeats that there are.

Finding that, with some serious work, he would be more than able to master his studies, he began to

look forward to the football. Here his way was for the first few days easy enough. The promising work of his short experience the year before had, in the lapse of time, completely overshadowed his sudden desertion, and he was a welcome candidate.

Harvard, however, was late in beginning this work. As early as the third of September Yale's squad had been announced. On the fifth, nine of Pennsylvania's players had reported for practice; by the seventh all that team were on hand, and a few days later its candidates had begun training. The graduate coaches were pouring into New Haven; but not until the seventh was anything done at Cambridge.

On that day Jarvis was one of the band of forty players who, led by Haley, the little captain, came out from the Locker Building on Soldiers' Field. There was a regiment of enthusiasts on hand to cheer them and this added not a little to the spirit of the initial practice.

For twenty-five minutes the whole company of candidates was hurried through the preliminary manœuvres. Starts and falling on a ball tossed among or toward them were practised either alone or in pairs, and failures were denounced by the coaches in no easy terms. Catching and punting were tried for twenty minutes more, and then the practice was brought to an end with a run around the field and a spurt to the Lockers.

Six men of the last year's team were there — two ends, two half-backs, the quarter, and the full-back. But a good deal of dismay was produced when Tom McCuen, the Scotch trainer, in sweater and cap, authoritatively announced that "Billie" Dire, the full-back of the '99 team, would not play that season. There were rumours, too, to the effect that Beetnurt, the centre, was unable to arrange a little difficulty with the Office, and that Stendhal, the rushing half, would not return to College.

Serious, however, as was this apparent drain on the the back-field, the days that immediately followed developed a fair amount of new material, so that it soon became evident that the chief weakness would, after all, be on the line between the ends. However, Kohl, the former guard, might still "come out" and Lorenz, the old tackle, would surely play.

Jarvis was set down as a candidate for right end and thus had at first little chance for a place, since that position was considered secure in the hands of the man who had held it during the previous season. Yet he liked the work and found it, for the time, comparatively pleasant. He enjoyed being set to dive at the swinging "dummy" — which, as less dangerous, has now almost entirely replaced the old tackling "a live man" — and in all the rest of the elementary "limbering up" he found only the best of exercise. Indeed, he "limbered up" to such an

extent that he soon reduced his weight to a hundred and sixty pounds.

In a few days a graduate who had been famous in Jarvis' place in years gone by, was put in direct control of Dick's preparation. That afternoon he was given especial attention while the other five men who were "trying for the position" were "bunched" under another coach. Then the squads were again formed and a couple of hours were spent in forming into impromptu interference while one odd man was detailed to "break this up."

Dick plunged into the advancing crowd with considerable zeal and when he failed did so only through a lack of experience. But coaches have a common faith in the benefits of abuse and he was well berated for his shortcomings.

"We'll probably have our first line-up to-morrow," his instructor concluded, "and unless you brace by that time you might as well stay in your room."

The remark was not of the sort that inspire confidence, but Jarvis was not the person easily to be shaken in his desperate determination. He had got at least some recognition, and he had mastered the fact that it is better to be sworn at than not to be noticed at all.

They did not "line-up" next day, but there were more attacks upon interference, and Jarvis went into the scrimmage with a mind made up to do his best.

Once upon the field he tried as hard for what he now knew must be a second place as he would, in other circumstances, have tried for a first. He put away a deeply rooted distaste for what he had chosen to consider was forcing himself where he was not wanted; he felt that he could be useful to others, and he had, individually, too much to lose to be deterred by anything less substantial than a broken leg.

The College was being scoured for men, and personal appeals had succeeded the former printed requests. The result was an outpouring of fellows, many of whom Jarvis had never seen before, and whose very names were continually forgotten by the men who directed them.

Every day, until recitations had well commenced, there was a light morning practice with dumb-bells, from ten-thirty to eleven-fifty, ending with a run of almost two miles, up and back along the park system on Charles River. Then in the afternoon came the regular work: Five minutes at ten yard starts; practice at passing and falling on the ball, kicking, "line-ups for snap-backs," general "breaking through" and tackling again the heavy "dummy" that, swung from a beam, wriggled and rushed with terrible force. Altogether, they were never more than two hours at this exercise, but while it lasted it was sufficiently violent.

At last the famous coaches of other years began to

appear: Dabille, Dr. Ruisseaux, Carters, Edmunds, Willis the centre, and Campbell Ford. Then there were regular "line-ups" of the third and first and second and fourth rate men — five minute games, in which Dick, playing with all his heart and soul, shone even better than he knew.

Yet he now felt that even for a secondary place he would have had no chance in the world had it not been for his unusually fine physique, his absolute devotion to the study of detail and tactics, and the blind *disrégard* for personal safety that forced him upon the notice of the athletic Olympians. These things did for him what steady practice and familiar acquaintance with the game failed to do for the ordinary man. Every afternoon would see him going through the regulation drilling among a hundred other indistinguishables in dirty moleskins and crimson jerseys. At first even the opening run about the field — not to speak of the morning trot — gave him an ugly stitch in the side and his stomach was continually crying out for many of the things that he knew he ought to deny it. It was no longer a light task to refuse. The whole man was already in revolt, but, weak as the flesh was, the spirit remained unbroken, and he masterfully persevered. Most of the men on the squad were far advanced in experience and practical knowledge. Nearly all wore on their dirty sweaters something to indicate an honourable

apprenticeship on school or class eleven, but Dick was given an even chance with the best and asked nothing more.

For some time the work was carried on with but little change, regardless of wind or weather. There were days when the breeze roared across the big field and the skeleton-like rows of empty seats, so that the candidates who were waiting their turn along the sidelines shivered in their blankets, and those engaged in the actual practice were either in a bath of sweat or, at the next moment, chilled to the very bone. The new gridiron was so well turfed and drained as to be considered the finest in the country, but the best field would have to suffer at times and there were afternoons when a cold, cutting rain would be pelting in the faces of the players and covering the grounds with mud. The carefully muffled line of languid onlookers would have utterly melted away and only the stolid, inexorable forms of the coaches, swathed in mackintoshes and greatcoats, with here and there an umbrella, or dressed themselves as for the game, remained to bind these splashed, short-breathing, dishevelled savages to the world of liberal culture from which they had so recently emerged. When he looked back upon it, the whole thing was to Jarvis a wild chaos of continual action. With all the waiting at the side, there yet seemed to be no standing still. Everything was so quick that there was little time, in

the inexperienced mind, for thought. Long as the afternoon appeared, each man was kept pretty constantly employed. There was no considerable cessation of labour from the time the players jumped into their ill-smelling clothes and half-laced jackets until the final exhilarating shower-bath and alcohol "rub-down" closed the day's work and made it all seem well worth while.

Dick was continually moved from one little group to another, now flinging himself upon the ground to secure the bit of pigskin, now diving head first into the heels of a fleeing player, or springing with an equal force to clutch him as he advanced; plunging at the heavy "dummy" outside the fence, kicking in all manner of attitudes and circumstances; catching the ball as it was punted to him or running with it as it was "passed," to be called back before he had gone ten yards; or, lastly, tossing madly about in the seething whirlpool of men in the mimic games in the centre of the field.

That was the hardest work. It was there that actual playing counted for most and safe comparison could be made. Resolved to show well, Dick was apt to spring, no matter how slight the excuse, into every *mêlée*. The ball would slip from stiffened fingers or wet hands; he would fall heavily to the frozen ground or bury his head in the ooze. His nails were torn, his shins bruised, his eyes blackened

and his nose bleeding most of the time. At first he had been continually sore from head to foot. But he made the men of the 'Varsity angry and that was a good sign. And if he was well sworn at by the coaches, this only made their meagre praise the better worth the winning.

All this while his ethical position was undergoing a subtle change. The body was again conquering the mind. Many men who go in for the experience of football have no mind to be overcome, but such as have are very likely to suffer temporary subjugation, so that Jarvis was by no means an anomaly. Beyond getting through his "Conferences," he had done little more than enough at his studies since he fell into the full current of the game. As the body had won when it first cried for dissipation, so now it was victorious when it demanded pampering of an athletic description. Flushed with health and strength, strong and renewed, that which, in his original plans, had been a mere means to an end, came, unobserved, to usurp almost the place of that end itself. The intellectual side of his life was, at least, relegated to the dim futurity. Once on a victorious 'Varsity eleven, there could be for him, in Peggy's eyes, no higher honour left to win. Throbbing with a new happiness — that of muscular strength, — he felt that all other power was only that of a quahaug. He was carried away by the purely physical. But the sin was venial.

Every muscle, awakened from a long sleep, brought suddenly from a dreary quietude of inactivity, cried out to be used, to be developed, to be battled with, strained, tugged at, beaten, and to conquer in the end. He listened.

The old players who intended to try again this season had now all appeared on the field, and though Kohl, who had developed an injury from the year before, and a few other valuable men, were now definitely counted out of it, there was still material and to spare. Four regular teams had been chosen and Jarvis had alternated between the second and the third. Finally the day before the first game arrived and after a thorough drill, offensive and defensive, he was told that he might possibly be tried against Wesleyan.

He did get into the game in the second half when Harvard played a practically fresh eleven. He fought as if his whole life's fate hung on the manner in which he acquitted himself. Although he had found the puzzle a thousand times more difficult, he had studied the intricate signals with more energy and enthusiasm than he had ever put into his Greek or even his English. He had taken in and committed to memory every hint that made for the better fulfilment of his duties. He was perhaps the only successful football player who read instead of wrote articles or books about the game. The result was that day pronounced promising in a game otherwise none too encouraging.

While the rest of the team played raggedly and showed a lack of uniform work both in interference and on the line, he followed the ball closely, broke up the opposing interference every time it was launched against him, and made one sure though somewhat theatrical tackle of Wesleyan's plucky captain, Dobbs. But he lost his head as soon as he got a hard knock, and was rather inclined to play a game that was both "wild" and, in the technical sense, vicious.

The final score had been twenty-four to nothing as against only twenty in '99, but the coaches were, as usual, dissatisfied and began to use drastic methods. Already above a score of candidates had been dropped and now the remainder were definitely divided under four general heads: members of the last year's 'Varsity team and substitutes; players who had previously been on 'Varsity squads together with members of the former Freshman team, who had experience in similar training, and lastly the raw candidates, mostly College newcomers. That Thursday Jarvis was placed in the third eleven which lined up against the first for a fifteen minute half. After a few gains, he was called back of the line, given the ball on a double pass, hurdled his crouching opponents and was pushed over for a touchdown.

That was the first disaster to the 'Varsity. Next day Stendhal, who had returned to his old place at half, had received an injury known to players as

"caved-in" chest, and Howell, the right end, getting a bad twist of the ankle, Jarvis was tried in his place against Williams.

Here again his fairly good work distinguished him above the veterans who had not yet "caught their pace." For against Bowdoin, on the fifth of October, they could make only two touchdowns and were weak in the line. They were unable to budge Lay, Boudell, and Phillips, the sturdy Maine centre trio, but they played with a new "snap" and perseverance that kept their goal out of danger from start to finish.

That day, as he was going up from the field after the hard-fought contest, he met Stannard for the first time since the poker bout in Hollis. The Boston boy had appeared to avoid him and he was in no hurry to force his presence. When, however, they found themselves walking side by side, neither was quite childish enough to keep up the fancied estrangement.

"I hear big things of you, Dick," said Stannard. "They tell me you're the coming end for next year—if you don't even make it this."

"Oh, that's only some of Morgan's gab," replied the other, with a transparent attempt at modesty. "I like the thing and get along tolerably well, because I do like it."

"But I heard a better authority than Morgan say it."

"Who was that?"

"Worthington," replied Stannard, naming a former famous player. "He was down on the side-lines beside me to-day and he said just that. He said they should have played you all through the Wesleyan game."

"Well, that's flattering."

"Better say it's true." Had he not been in a propitiatory mood, Stannard would have added, and rightly, "You know you think so," but as it was he simply went on: "It's the Institute this year and the Pudding the next. Your work's surprising all of us."

"You did n't think I could do it?"

"I did n't think you'd care to."

"Too tough?"

"Not tough enough."

"Say too weak if you like."

"No, only you're a little too spiritual, I always thought."

"I'm afraid you're still flattering. But do you think only those a trifle nearer brutes than we can care for this game? You are surely not so old fashioned as all that."

"No, hardly. I like the game as it is because I look on, but I should think you fellows who play would want a change in some of the rules, if you're not — well, as you put it, a trifle nearer brutes."

"Not one rule should be altered. Why it's the

physical brutality of the game that absorbs the mental brutality of the players — and some of the spectators too.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, you know the class of fellows who play is all right and often the best stuff in College. But if they were n’t at this, you know what many would be at for one reason or another. So I say, better a broken leg or two than a dozen broken hearts.”

“By Jove, the Major was right! You are getting sentimental.”

Then, not liking the look that came into Jarvis’ face, Stannard proceeded to say what he had been wanting to give vent to ever since the talk began.

“Look here, Dick,” he continued, “I want to apologise to you for that trouble I made in the Major’s place that night.”

The reference was indefinite, but it served. Dick felt that Stannard owed him all and more than he said, yet it always made him feel uncomfortable to have any one put himself conspicuously in the wrong, so he tried to make matters straight in the least clumsy way possible. But once started, Stannard appeared determined to grovel as deeply as words would allow.

“I’m glad you take it so nicely,” he said, contritely, “for of course your marriage is your own business, you know.”

Both tone and words were altogether too ingenuous to be passed without a smile, but Jarvis managed to supplement this silent comment with a spoken one calculated to lay the troublesome spectre.

"You must have been very drunk that night, Stannard. The marriage question was your own propounding entirely. I said nothing at all about it."

"Was it? Well, I was wrong anyhow. I've been thinking the thing over a good deal lately. It's a good thing for a chap to keep in touch with decent girls."

"Friends again, eh?"

It was the Major who had come up behind them. There was a difficult pause. Then Stannard tried to remove the tension.

"Quit your hot-air! We were never anything else. Why, you're just in time to join in a discussion of the very subject you fancied we fell out about."

"No? And what's that?"

"Women."

Jarvis could have choked him.

"I'd rather talk of them than to them any day. What practical branch of the question were you wrestling with?"

"I think it was the age of consent for males, was n't it, Dick?"

"Really, I don't remember."

"In other words, the marriageable age for college men," pursued the beaming Stannard.

"Properly speaking, there is n't any," said the Major. "When one becomes a college man he has passed it, and if he lived a hundred into his second childhood he would n't reach it again. As for the age of consent, they kick because the laws don't adequately defend women, whereas they don't defend men at all. I'm a fair specimen, I imagine, and I did n't know my mind any better at twenty-one than I did at twenty and eleven twelfths — and at that time I was n't any better acquainted with it than I was at five. I am going into a propaganda for the extension of those laws to men. To tell the truth, the thing works backward. When he consents, a man shows he is verging on senility, and therefore unfit."

The Major paused for an applause that took only the form of a nervous laugh from Stannard.

"But some of us have to marry."

"Yes, I shall look after that in my scheme. I shall substitute marriage for capital punishment and get the votes of the opponents of hanging. Only the most healthy criminals shall be selected. The more lucky ones shall go to prison till they die. But the others must marry. The true end of punishment will thus be attained; the race will be perpetuated and objectionable pride of family will be abolished. — There's where we catch the Socialistic-Labour party.

We will combat heredity with the noblest environment. The only danger will be the gradual extinction of crime."

" 'A Modest Proposal,' " said Jarvis.

"Think of the society reporters," cried Stannard.
"A charming wedding took place —"

"Was solemnised."

"Yes — in the main corridor of the penitentiary at high noon yesterday, when, with one of the prettiest and swellest ceremonies of the season, Patsey Brannigan, alias 'The Whacker,' was married to —"

"It was a notable function," put in the Major.
"But you may talk as you will —"

"Since you came up," said Jarvis, "nobody's had a chance to do so. As a matter of fact, I was under the impression that Stannard and I had been discussing football."

"And the game has made you rude. Why will you insist on interrupting my carefully prepared impromptu?"

"It seems to me that I am not the only offender along that line."

"Very well, as you will. Only don't be so touchy. It's only a give-away. And if you must marry sooner or later, remember this, that one does n't marry a woman, but a companion. Verbum sap."

Jarvis left them with that phrase in his ears. He sat up later than he should have done, pondering it.

He was used to the Major's ravings, but he was impressed with the idea that his companion had builded better than he knew in his farewell mock-warning. Sweet, pure and beautiful, as his young passion had divined her to be, even it could not exclude all doubt of his cousin's fitness as Dick Jarvis' wife. He sat at his window in the darkened room, turning the doubt over in his mind until from the street outside came the heavy footfalls of a party of belated revelers returning to town fresh from a boisterous trip on "Cap's" night-car. Their hoarse voices rose through the still night air in the reckless notes of a rollicking popular song, —

"There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

As the sound died away other voices that must have come from Linden Street, sounded faintly across the town in the endless burden of the historic Institute March and Dick turned into bed. The idea was preposterous. He was not going to risk his new-found happiness for any such trivial doubts.

He held to his determination and put every misgiving aside. He passed his "hour exams" fairly well and went about his athletic work with all his original zest, firm in the resolve to let nothing militate against this success, and his somewhat boyish enthusiasm was upheld by the even wilder element supplied from that of the Undergraduate body.

Meanwhile Harvard's team as a whole, although

surprisingly fast, had to admit weakness that looked ill beside the manner in which Pennsylvania was overwhelming its every opponent with tremendous scores. In the soul-trying match with Amherst, Jarvis was particularly at his worst. Early in the game he had again been substituted for Howell, whose ankle had once more given out, and on a kick-off he smashed into Karp, Amherst's big guard, with the result that the latter's collar-bone was broken. Except in a fight in town, Dick had never seriously hurt a man before, and the incident made him so nervous that, in the pouring rain, he allowed Vorse, the Amherst tackle, to dash by him, secure the ball on a "fluke," and all but score.

The quality of the team varied from day to day, but the general tendency gradually made in the right direction. Thus, though the first day after the Amherst game, the 'Varsity failed to score against the scrub, on the next there was a decided improvement in team-work, and on that succeeding Jarvis watched them from the side-lines as they rolled, up twenty-four points against Columbia's nothing. Another week of hard, fast work and of vigorous coaching followed. Then came the game with Bates and there began the really serious labour for the later half of the season. Some new plays were tried, one of them a species of "guards-back," and then, after a brief signal practice on the nineteenth, the 'Varsity

team and an equal number of substitutes, of whom Jarvis was one, took a Fall River train for New York to play against West Point, their first game away from home.

That contest was a victory to the tune of twenty-nine to nothing, a victory of weight, speed, and brain against grit and determination. The cadets played a plucky game throughout both halves. At the start they gained thirty yards in punting and were then driven down the field by rushes through centre and tackle for a Harvard touchdown. Then the West Pointers held their opponents well and a series of Crimson injuries again got Jarvis into the game just in time to get the ball on a fumble, so that Haley could kick a goal from field. The second half was an easy one for the winners and not much work was required to aid their vastly superior weight, but Harvard's line had shown not a little weakness, and the Pennsylvania game was now close at hand.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN KINGS GO FORTH TO BATTLE.

ALTHOUGH still, strictly speaking, a substitute, Jarvis was nevertheless now a virtual member of the 'Varsity eleven, and in all the squad there was no one so confident of the team's success. Both Yale and Pennsylvania had been playing remarkable games and scoring heavily against all their rivals, but Dick had unlimited faith in Harvard's speed against the weight of these two teams, and contested that the latter one had not yet met a first-class eleven, while, though the former had made thirty-eight points against Wesleyan on the preceding Saturday, "there was nothing in comparative scores anyhow."

The Harvard coaches were not so sanguine. When, on the twenty-second, the 'Varsity failed to score against the scrub, they even either splendidly pretended or really felt a keen despair, and from that moment the work became a species of galley-labour. There were "blackboard" or "theory" lectures every evening. At the training-tables, many of these coaches ate the same food that was served to the men. Willis, who had been to Philadelphia to watch a

Pennsylvania game, returned with a method of defence calculated to stop the "guards-back" formation and at this the first eleven, massing and dropping in the centre, was drilled ceaselessly. The result was encouraging. In the secret practice before the game with the Indians, the team showed its speed increased to a marvellous extent.

The next day, in a mere signal practice, Jarvis wrenched his arm, and was thus allowed no chance of playing against the Carlisle team. But the opportunity of again watching a contest from the side-lines was a needed one, and even he granted that, good as was the general form of his eleven, the scoring of their rivals made it clear that there must be still further improvement before a victory over Pennsylvania would be at all a certainty.

Meanwhile, it looked for a few days as if there might be no chance to try conclusions with the Red and Blue. One of the men on that team had already represented his college in athletics for four academic years, and Harvard opinion was, therefore, inclined to consider him ineligible for this season's game, while Pennsylvania was as firm in interpreting the rule in question as speaking of calendar years. There was some doubt, too, in the Crimson mind about one of the other Philadelphians, who, Harvard claimed, was a special student. The Undergraduates of both colleges grew decidedly excited, and for a

time the controversy was, among them, a warm one. But in the end the Cambridge committee made it clear that no formal protest had been made, and that, as the game was scheduled, and Pennsylvania had a clear right to interpret its own rules as it saw fit, there could be no shirking of the game on the part of Harvard.

So it was that, in the pink of condition and certain of victory, the Pennsylvania men arrived at Auburn-dale on the first of November. Not one player doubted his team's ultimate success. Half Philadelphia had cheered the eleven as they left Broad Street Station, and then wagered, giving big odds upon their victorious return. No rival had thus far been able to withstand their slow but fatal attack. They had beaten Columbia thirty to nothing, and Chicago had lost to them by a score of forty to nothing. Every man was fit to play the game of his life; the team was the best its college had put forward in years; the "guards-back" was invincible, and the memory of Harvard's recent series of victories over the Red and Blue would assuredly be wiped out by a tremendous triumph for Pennsylvania.

On the other hand, it was clear that the Crimson eleven was not at its best. Harvard's great game was, of course, with Yale and it was not desirable that the men should reach perfection before that battle. In the last few days, moreover, there had

been some very ragged playing, and one or two of the best men were in bad shape.

Shortly before the date of the Pennsylvania contest, there was introduced, however, a curious device, a mechanical or "wooden" coach, which worked wonders in the instruction of offensive strategy. The apparatus resembled a small battering-ram. It was a heavy wood framework mounted on wheels, and presenting a padded board at the front, running parallel to the ground, about three feet above the turf. The 'Varsity linemen were placed opposite this, and at the firing of a revolver lunged ahead against the padded board. If one man were slow, or a fraction of a second behind his neighbours, the machine would swing around in his direction. That was all that was done that day. The next there followed a light open practice and then the team was practically ready for Pennsylvania.

On the day of the game all Massachusetts and most of Philadelphia appeared to have poured itself into Soldiers' Field. Pennsylvania had secured a large block of seats, and from that point clattered forth the long yell of the Quakers and rolled their strong chorus, —

" Hurrah, hurrah, Pennsylvania!
Hurrah for the Red and the Blue!"

Hardy was among the Harvard supporters as the guide of Dick's father and mother, who had been prevailed upon to be present. He pointed out to them

the persons of note in the College world around them, and explained as best he could, how the position of Jarvis as a substitute was none the less one of honour. He made clear the tragedy of John the Orangeman, as that official drew his magic circle about the grid-iron, and he was deep in an explanation of how this was "perfect football weather" when the teams began to line up. From that moment he forgot everything but the game.

Ware, the Pennsylvania captain and especial tower of strength, had called the toss and was instructing and placing his men. There was a moment's silence and then the ball rose into the air and spun down the field.

Sill caught it on Harvard's twenty-five yard line and in an instant was making one of his famous plunges forward. But his interference had formed slowly and a half dozen Pennsylvania players were upon him before he had gone five yards. The Red and Blue crowd shouted to a man, as Harvard did but little better on the next two plays, but with the third a silence fell upon them, for a crimson suited warrior had gone between left tackle and end for twenty-five yards.

The battle was on in earnest and the stands were going wild. In midfield Harvard was held; Pennsylvania got the ball on a fumble and so immediately formed to bring the "guards-back" into play.

Now was the time of test. Could the elaborately planned Crimson defence withstand that attack? Not at first, for Ware had dived ahead for ten yards. But the next time McTague failed to budge the Harvard line and there followed a disastrous fumble that forced Pennsylvania to punt.

It was one of those instants in a game when the crowd forgets to cheer and the only sound in the great arena is the delicate and incessant clicking of the telegraph instruments that are controlling the miniature score-boards at the newspaper offices of far-away cities. Haley caught the kick, but was downed in his tracks and was forced to return it on the next play. So, back again in midfield, the "guards-back" formation came into repeated use.

Once more the favourite play of the Philadelphians failed to gain. The ball was fumbled and lost, and straightway Harvard began a series of lightning-like attacks upon the Pennsylvania ends that was terminated only by the failure of an attempt at a goal from field.

And soon the trick was repeated. One Crimson back burst through the tackles, another smashed into the centre and a third slipped by the end.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" yelled the Harvard stands.

The runner — Hardy saw that it was Gaswin — had passed all the opposing rush-line and zig-zagged in

splendid style until he was finally caught thirty-five yards from the Pennsylvania posts.

Another series of rapid plays — here three yards and there five — and then the Red and Blue end was put out of the way, a waiting half-back "boxed" and Gaswin had scored for Harvard with the giant Ware clinging helplessly about his waist.

The whole crowd on the Crimson stand was on its feet. Hats and flags were tossing over the sea of heads. A wild howl of triumph crashed and thundered over the field. Then followed the strong "Three Harvards and three times three!" The cheering was so long and so loud that the players, after the goal had been kicked, had to raise their hands in appeal for silence that the signals might be heard.

It was still early, there had been only twelve minutes of play, yet that touchdown was the beginning of the end. Pennsylvania fought hard and bravely. One or two of her younger players were bewildered, but the team as a whole was superb. In vain. Never had band of men been more hopeful. How terribly the enthusiasts were disappointed is matter of history even yet too fresh in the Pennsylvania mind to need a record here. With what mad screams, with how violent heartburnings did they watch that unavailing struggle! Through the long hour of the game, even, it seemed, through the hid-

eous wait between the halves, the Red and Blue fought as it had never fought before. And yet with every incentive, with the best team and chance of a generation, after flaunting more boastfully than ever, though fighting against younger and lighter men, it could do nothing. With all her splendidly developed aggressive play, Pennsylvania could only once reach her opponent's goal-line and the tide of struggling men that ebbed and flowed across the field brought but one score to the Philadelphia team.

That was in the second half. After a blocked kick and more end-running in the first, Harvard had made seventeen points. Then Pennsylvania "braced" splendidly and, taking quick advantage of the surprise thus excited in the Crimson ranks, got ten yards for an offside play, doggedly forced its way down to Harvard's eight yard line and, with something of the old grit that had won it so many successes on similar fields, sent its big captain, who had all along been working wonders, around the Crimson right end for Pennsylvania's only touchdown.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis at that moment had the pleasure of seeing their son called on to the field and, had they understood the game, would have been more than satisfied with his playing. But that was left for the coaches. Harvard was taking no chances. The game was won and the directors of the team were already looking forward to the Yale contest. So the

Crimson punted whenever there was the slightest excuse and, so far as a fond parent was concerned, Dick was merely one of a little army.

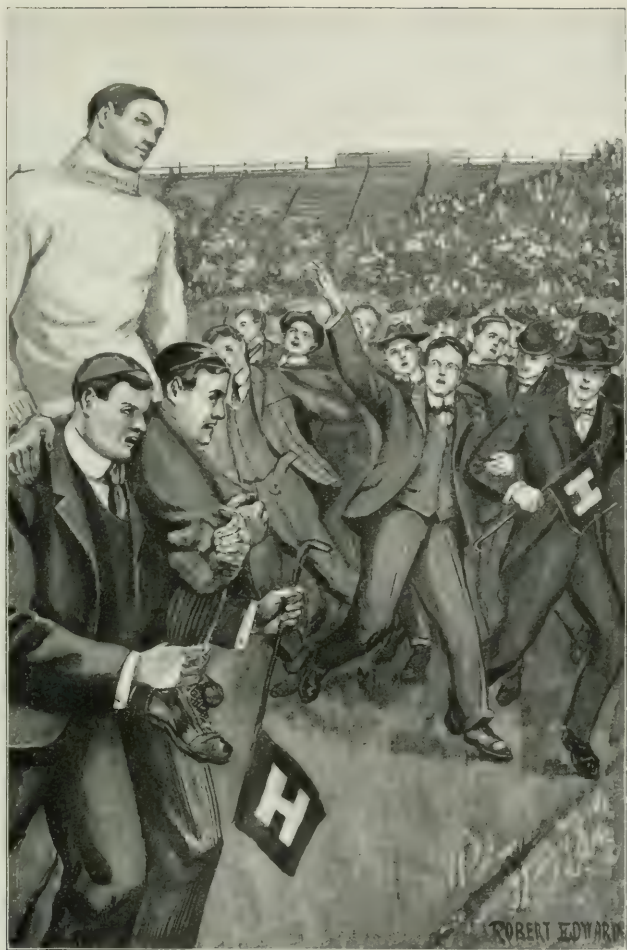
Thus the game ended. Pennsylvania had recovered itself and, grimy and sweat-stained, had resisted attack with all the heroic grandeur of soldiers of the forlorn hope, as firm as the Swiss Guards that day that Madame Campan wrote of them that they "*étaient rangées comme de véritables murailles.*" The Harvard charge hurled itself against that barrier only to fall back as helpless as the waves from a granite rock.

Theoretically there should thus have been a few drops of consolation in the Pennsylvania cup of bitterness. Actually there was not one. To the outsider the reason was hard to discover, but to the Philadelphia men it was sufficiently evident. Their team had, indeed, battled strongly and well. But it had been proclaimed the best eleven the college had ever sent out and to it had confidently been intrusted the honour of redeeming the Red and Blue from the shame of former defeats. Hope does not generally spring eternal in the breast of a defeated football player, and as the crestfallen band stood panting in the athletic-house, regardless of the turmoil without, there was nothing left to lighten their desolation.

And Harvard? As the whistle had blown the black hundreds of her Undergraduates had poured in-

to the field and hoisted their champions upon their shoulders. Dick, from his uncomfortable eyrie, held fast from struggling by the arms of Lippincott and Mallard, heard the College band strike up "Glory, Glory to the Crimson" and saw it start to march around the field. In an instant the five thousand men were marching behind the music in lines of twenty-five. Their arms over each other's shoulders, they followed the instruments, singing with one voice, the odd lines two-stepping forward to the right, the even ones to the left. Men hitherto utter strangers, the pedantic law-students, the *inconnu* from the Medical School, Sophomore and Freshman, "grind" and clubman, went swaying to and fro. As Jarvis looked he felt the stimulus of that greater spirit which could move so many and so different men to such pitch of common enthusiasm, and he read its true meaning beneath this superficial expression. The Major dashed wildly by him on the arm of a man from Foxcroft. He waved his hand and shouted "Blest be the tie that binds!"

What a night followed! Until two o'clock in the morning half the student-body of Harvard made hideous the Boston darkness. A regiment of extra policemen had been detailed to keep watch on the revellers and the revellers gave them enough to do. On Washington and Boylston Streets, rapid transit was an impossibility and the cars crawled with the



“‘BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS!’”

utmost difficulty through the crowds. Money had been easily won and was being more easily spent. At the theatres the performances were interrupted by yells and the willing actors were called upon again and again to sing some favourite song, while afterwards, last and most delightful of all, there were the delicious old fights with uniformed authority.

None of this, of course, was for Jarvis. At the moment, that young gentleman went to bed well satisfied with his work, but in a few days he suffered a reaction and for the first time felt a fear of failure in his attempt to hold his position on the squad. This was, indeed, the best thing that could have happened to him, for, on the second eleven, he now played with a mad desperation, a blind rage, guided by a wild coolness of despair, that secured his triumph. The other men were playing for distinction; Dick was fighting for his life.

The mood served well and won him, who did not play, a notice that compared him favourably with the regular man who, on the Saturday following, allowed Brown to score. At the end of that match, when the squad of muddy, steaming men had trotted into the little house just outside of the field, the head coach called the first eleven to one side and proceeded to give them some severe opinions. Dick, fearing that his chance was forever gone, was sitting on the floor in a corner and heard only as if in a dream the coaches

calling the names of the substitutes who were shortly to begin work for the Yale game.

Suddenly a familiar sound smote his ear. Involuntarily he looked up. It was his own name that he had heard. In another instant the misty figure of "The Boss," was before him and a voice that had echoed in his dreams until it seemed capable of expressing only rebuke, was saying to him now, —

"I guess we'll want you for sub-right-end against Yale."

Such hard labour was never before seen at Cambridge. A few days of relaxation had been advised and then began, behind closed doors and with a strict press censorship, the terrible strain of a preparation to which the whole season had been, it seemed to Jarvis, but as a prelude. It was, however, only an increase of the former work, with the introduction of some tricks and the practising of starts by a pistol, but there was a decided "sump" noted by the coaches; their men had beyond a doubt grown stale in body and in spirit — were steadily losing in flesh and fire — and terror began to gnaw their hearts.

Not so Jarvis. He was serenely confident now, both that he would have a chance to play at New Haven and that the team that had so worsted Pennsylvania would never be vanquished at all. It was true that all the while Yale had been playing hard games. On the seventeenth of October she had more

than doubled Harvard's score against Bowdoin; on the twentieth she had run up thirty-eight points against Wesleyan; on the tenth of November she had beaten the Indians thirty-five to nothing and finally, a week later, had vanquished Princeton's gallant little band of mere boys by twenty-nine to five. Then a crowd of cheering Undergraduates had seen the Harvard team off for Meriden, there to spend the last few days in hard practice on the dry turf of League Park. Thus it was that at last Dick, in the dining-room of the Lynnthrope Hotel, found himself joining in the chorus of "I fit for Gen'r'l Grant" on the very last night before the Yale game.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN ATHLETIC TRAGEDY.

EXCITEMENT over a coming football game had rarely before reached such a height as on the eve of that year's contest with Yale. In the recent seasons two tie games and one defeat had done much to lower the prestige of the New Haven college over Harvard and the brilliant work of the latter eleven for this year had so proven to the satisfaction of the Cambridge enthusiasts the superiority of their representatives that the anxiety to be "in at the death" had reached a pitch wholly incomprehensible to the Philistine. For many years of old the Crimson had been driven to annual slaughter; for another period there had been an athletic divorcement, when animosity found vent even in the wording of printed letter-heads, and then had followed the one victory sandwiched between the two tie games.

The tickets were now sold by lot and the old method which involved standing on line for twenty-four hours had been done away with. But the "rush" was none the less for that. Two days before the Saturday of the game a Harvard army of eight thou-

sand began to move upon New Haven. They came from San Francisco, from St. Augustine, from Europe even, for that one afternoon. Special trains crowded one another all the way from New York to Boston and Harvard clubs with a set of Pullmans to themselves were moved bodily to the side-tracks in the New Haven yards.

In outsiders the splendid record of both teams, the extremes of play and system to be employed, and the fact that the game was to decide beyond shadow of doubt the championship of the season, awakened an excitement almost equal to that of the student-bodies. Yale was a five to four favourite on the New York Stock Exchange, but takers were legion and, every good ticket and many counterfeits having been disposed of, the New Haven management had been for days busy putting up hundreds of extra seats and wondering how twenty-seven thousand people were to be accommodated on a field meant for twenty-two thousand. Such a fight for tickets was unprecedented even in the old Springfield days, and many a speculator got fifty dollars for a single one.

The town awoke that Saturday morning to find itself in the grip of such a crowd as it had never before seen. The flood had begun at midnight and continued until the moment of the game. The day broke wet and chill with a northeast wind that soon brought on a heavy rain. As from the very earth

there sprang up a corps of fakirs laden with gaudy umbrellas and parti-coloured oilskins, who offered also for sale every sort of ware that might conceivably tempt the mobs of spectators. Through all the streets from the largest hotel to Yale Field there stretched a continuous line of men crying to passersby to purchase flags, streamers, badges, feathers, brooms, of crimson and of blue; cigarettes, cigars, coffee, flasks of whiskey; sandwiches and frankfurters; megaphones and seat-cushions. There were enough to patronise them. The whole field would be packed and, most enthusiastic of all, there too was the real football girl wearing violets or American beauties, she to whom victory meant nearly as much as to the swarms of men who were placing their money with the "bookies" in the bar-rooms, enlarged for the occasion.

The spectators started for the arena afoot, in carriages or in the swarming cars, as early as twelve-thirty, there to sit and sing and shiver and cheer until the teams appeared. First on the field was Yale's mascot, a white bulldog clad in blue. But John the Orangeman followed shortly, without his cart, yet splendid in the possession of a beribboned plug hat and a heavy cane.

The Harvard team had risen betimes that morning. Dick Jarvis, indeed, felt as if he had not slept a wink. There was a short run before breakfast, a cold bath

and a "rub down." On the train somebody handed out copies of the "Crimson" with its portraits of the two teams and its non-committal editorial. Dick saw his own name in the list of the players: —

"R. Jarvis, '03, r. e., 21, 6.00, 155."

He read what the paper had to say of the game — he had seen no other journal for a month — and was surprised at its tone. He knew that some of his companions had lately fallen off in weight and strength, but he was himself still certain of their victory and could afford to smile.

When the special had pulled into New Haven they were driven to the hotel. There the police fought a way for them, through the crowd and they had a light lunch which most of them, despite the urging of the coaches, would hardly touch. Then they were put into open coaches and made for the field.

"I'm glad it's cleared," said Jarvis as he looked out upon the dreary gray and purple hills dotted with cold houses strangely yellow and white.

"Hope the field'll be all right," replied the man at his elbow.

"Oh," said a third man laughing nervously, "it is; they've had it under straw and Tom says it's as dry as tinder."

Jarvis leaned back in his corner and waited, trembling. He was sure, yet terribly, as the phrase goes, "on edge." The truth is, he was "stale," though he

little thought it, and so fell into a kind of waking dream, from which he emerged only when, with thirty others, he trotted out from the Harvard tent, under the stands, and into the howling amphitheatre of Yale Field.

On all sides of the greensward rose the black stands, restlessly tossing and relieved by the fluttering flags of the rival armies. To Jarvis it seemed as if they were the parted waves of the Eastern sea and he the Pharaoh upon whom they were waiting to sweep down. He felt as if those thousands upon thousands of eyes were fixed upon his nakedness. Then he realised that the West Stand, where flew the Harvard colours, had risen *en masse* and that "Three long Harvards and three times three!" were again thundering over the field and echoing back.

A little scurrying about the gridiron, and then he took his seat on the side-lines while the regular team "limbered up" by punting, "snapping," and passing.

As a rubber wrapped him in a great gray blanket, the East Stand, where the main body of Yale "rooters," were seated, burst into a shout, and he saw the New Haven men run out as he had done. They were splendid fellows, every one a giant in weight and height, and their ruddy cheeks brought out significantly the peaked, pale faces of nearly all the Harvard men. Few of them wore any armour save the usual pads and shin-guards, whereas nearly all the

Cambridge eleven had black leather head-pieces and ear-protectors.

All this while the spectators were keeping up a constant pandemonium of cheering and singing, led by men who waved their hats in time along the side lines.

“Boola, boola, boola, boola!”

sang the Yale legions.

“Brek-ek-kek-kex, koax, koax!” they shouted their version of the old Greek chorus, and then,

“O-o-o-h!

More work for the undertaker,

A good little job for the casket-maker!

In the local cemetery they’ve

Been very, very busy on a new-made grave,—

No hope for Harvard!”

The lungs of the whole Blue force would toss the notes across the arena, and they were hardly silent before the Harvard stand at Jarvis’ back would shout in answer the old song to the tune of John Brown’s Body.

“Glory, glory to the Crimson,

Glory, glory to the Crimson,

Glory, glory to the Crimson,

For this is Harvard’s day!”

In front of Dick, across the field, he saw silhouetted against the gray sky on the top of the East Stand the telegraph poles over which were to pass to New York, to half the country, and, above all, to the expectant crowds left behind in Cambridge, the bulletins of the game. At the other end of the oblong a band was

playing, in pantomime, an air not one note of which could be heard twenty yards away. Into the boxes at the foot of the tiers of seats New York and Boston society had swept at an early hour. Dick dared not turn his head, and yet he knew — and it steeled his nerve and raised his courage to know it — that somewhere there Peggy had found a place. Never had knight at tourney a better reason to fight well than had he. And he would fight well. The chance would come; he would do his best and then, after the game, he would somehow seek her out and tell her all, and she would forgive him, and the realisation of the dream would have begun.

In the midst of the teams now going through their signals at opposite ends of the gridiron there appeared two men, one a little fellow in gray business clothes and cap, the other in a golf suit. The coaches came hurrying back among the substitutes and then the umpire and referee, each bringing with him the captain of one of the teams, met in the centre of the field.

A coin gleamed in the air.

"Heads!" Jarvis heard his commander shout.

And then Harvard had won the toss, had chosen, because of a slight wind, to defend the north goal and had given Yale the ball.

Vail was preparing to kick. The teams scattered over the field to catch and advance, or to rush forward and check.

"Are you ready, Yale? Are you ready, Harvard?"

Jarvis clenched his hands and half rose to his feet. There is a terrible catching of the breath before that kick-off. So much may depend upon the result and anything may directly follow. For twenty-seven thousand excited men and women the sun was standing still upon Gibeon.

"P-z-z-z!" went the whistle.

Up flashed Vail's leg. There was a loud thud; the whole Yale team dashed down the field; the whole Harvard eleven ran forward to meet them, and the bit of inflated pig-skin careened down toward the Harvard goal, and fell straight into Haley's waiting arms.

The little captain ran lightly forward a few steps and then, with the Yale forwards nearly upon him, paused and returned the punt.

Dick gasped. He saw the Blue team wheel about as one man; he saw Kniff of Yale catch the ball; he saw him fumble it and at once he saw Howell fall upon the New Haven man and down him crashing where he had stood. Then the referee's whistle sounded. Kay had been off-side, and the Yale team, forced to retreat to its thirty-five yard line, kicked again.

Dick heard another cheer behind him, but, from that instant until the end of the first half, was lost to all save the sight immediately before his eyes.

The next attempt at a kick was an improvement; the ball sailed slowly, and seemed to hang for a moment suspended in mid-air before it descended at Harvard's ten-yard line. Gaswin caught it and kicked back to Kean, who was about to run forward when Howell came upon him like a flash and threw him hard, forty-five yards from the Blue's posts. The teams lined up on the instant, and the game had fairly begun.

In a moment Yale had started its new method of play, the "tackles-back." Broelom, the left tackle, plunged through the opposite side of the Harvard line. In the twinkling of an eye, Gaswin had thrown him violently upon his back, but Yale had gained four yards. In a second the play was repeated, and Yale's right half-back went through almost the same place for two yards more.

The New Haven men were playing with terrible force and lightning-like rapidity. Their left-half shot around the end behind splendid interference for twenty-five yards before Gaswin had broken through and downed him on Harvard's thirty-yard line. He had hardly called "Down!" and the Crimson men were not yet all in the line before Broelom had been shot into their centre. Then a Yale man passed Cleblamp at Harvard's left, and Chawdick and Kean plunged their way through to the six yard mark.

Even to the sanguine Dick it was already evident

that this was to be no repetition of the Pennsylvania game. He had hoped that they might "get the jump on Yale," but the tables had been turned. Nevertheless, the contest was still young and though the New Haven team, with its marvellous speed and the wonderful nature of its "team-work" — the whole eleven acting as one man — seemed terrible with the irresistible "tackles-back" formation, yet Harvard was thus far lasting with a fine endurance and doing its best, by brilliant and sensational tackles to force an "open game."

For Jarvis and his companions the struggle was one thing; to the spectators at their backs it was quite another. To the former every play was clear and reasonable, but the latter saw only a double line of men suddenly resolved, like the figures in a kaleidoscope, into a great pile of twisted squirming humanity from which, now and again, one desperate, dishevelled figure would shoot forth, hugging the ball close to its breast.

To neither sort of spectator, however, was there any uncertainty about the immediate tide of battle. That swept straight toward Harvard's goal. With the highest perfection of manœuvre Yale had fought its way down the field. The "tackles-back" was working to perfection and had hammered ahead for rarely less than five yards at a time. Now another crash through the centre and a touchdown appeared

inevitable. The Harvard eleven was lined up two yards directly in front of its goal-posts. Haley was at the back imploring his men to hold. And just then Kean fumbled and Cleblamp fell on the ball.

A more intense reaction it is impossible to imagine. Dick sprang to his feet, hugged tight by the substitute at his elbow, and neither of them heard the great shout that was led off by Leverett Kendall, once Harvard's famous runner, just behind them.

The Crimson naturally tried to punt out of danger, but the kick fell short and the ball went out of bounds at the twenty-five yard line. Jarvis could see that his team was "rattled." Yale gathered herself together and, although a mob of Harvard tackles were on every Blue man who carried the ball, it was hammer and smash down the field again until the New Haven eleven was but five yards from Harvard's final line.

"Oh, you dare n't let 'em! You dare n't let 'em!" screamed Haley, white as a ghost and wet from head to foot.

Was the former drama to be repeated? If anything on earth could have stopped the Yale backs, the Crimson line would have done so, but every Harvard effort seemed predestined to futility. The hearts of the Cambridge supporters stood still. Again, but foot by foot now, the enemy was pushing

its way toward victory. Vail banged through right guard and brought the ball to within ten inches of the line. The Crimson men almost gripped the goal posts. The Yale stand was yelling like mad. Down an aisle, late in arriving, the Harvard band marched playing "Up the Street." "Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" screamed the Harvard crowd. "Touchdown!" demanded the men of Yale. Jarvis bit his lips until they bled. The coaches were acting like maniacs. Willis, the old centre, who had scarcely missed a day on Soldiers' Field, was walking nervously down the lines with quick, short strides, his head thrust forward, intent not to lose one movement of the play. Macy, the former guard, was kneeling with Worthington at the extreme corner of the field.

Then Broelom was thrown into the Crimson line and when the heap was separated he was found safely beyond the posts. An easy goal was kicked and Yale had scored her first six points.

"Well, it's early yet," gasped Jarvis, as he sank back upon the bench. "They've only played ten minutes and we haven't had a chance to show them what we can do with the ball."

That chance, such as it was, came soon enough. Stendhal, the Harvard right half-back, kicked and the Yale team raced down the field, bowling over the Crimson players as if with no effort whatever. The runner had made twenty yards when Bardnar, the

heavy Harvard guard, threw him so cleanly over his head that Jarvis thought he would never rise again. He did, but a double pass failed and there was a "throw for loss." Then Harvard "braced;" held like a breakwater. Yale punted and Haley caught only to be downed in his tracks as he stood on the Blue's fifty-three yard line.

Here was the chance. The Crimson's interference formed and was off like a rocket around the end. But Gaswin was crowded and forced to run to the side so that when he was downed he had gained only two yards. Jarvis, who could plainly hear the signals and thus knew the play before it was in operation, listened spellbound. Again Gaswin was tried and this time made three yards. Then the order was given — Dick could not guess why — for an attempt at the centre. The best "line buckler" made the charge, but it was against a stone wall. The Harvard backs were pushing, the guards were all tugging, yet in vain.

"Fourth down; three yards to gain!"

There was a kick, of course. Kean almost muffed the ball on the catch, but he got it fast just as Howell plunged for it on the six yard line.

Harvard expected a return punt and the backs ran out, but Yale went right at the line as before. There was a series of slight gains. Then again it appeared to Jarvis that his comrades were "bracing," but finally

the story already old was once more begun and the tackles' play with a delayed pass or two worked the ball back beyond the centre of the field.

A Harvard crowd never cheered as on that day — not even when on this very field they had seen their eleven beat the Blue seventeen to nothing and had chanted the score from the Yale Fence. It was a splendid exhibition of loyalty. They began before the game and kept it up until the last train left. But just now, though they were at it as heartily as ever, they were plainly desperate.

Down the field went Yale, a few yards at a time. They had to fight for every inch, but the Harvard line was like a fort that crumbles before a withering cannonade. Jarvis was wild to help. He knew the superiority of the men on the field, yet he could not but feel that he must be with them.

Finally Harvard got the ball for holding, after their rivals had carried it continuously for seventy-two yards. There was an immediate kick—a puzzle. The Harvard ends were down upon Chawdick, who should have caught it. The leather swept untouched between his arms and before anybody knew what had happened Kniff, the Yale quarter, scooped it in and was off like a fox for cover.

He had scarcely any interference, but he dashed and ducked and dodged and plunged, now this way and now that, yet ever ahead, in one of the most re-

markable exhibitions of individual playing ever seen on a football field. One Harvard man after another clutched or dived wildly at him, missed and fell. Only Haley came near to him, but the handicap was far too great and, after a brilliant run of sixty yards, Yale had scored once more.

All the regular leaders of Harvard's cheering were crying that this was a "fluke" and that the yells should keep on. They did keep on. They would have done so on that day even without the urging of Key and Doyen who had each saved a day at Springfield, or of Dr. Ruisseaux who had captained his 'Varsity eleven in the long ago.

But their shouting did small good. After the goal and kick-off Yale gained a little and then Harvard held and got the ball on downs for the first and only time. Gell was taken out and Beetnurt took his place at guard. There was an exchange of punts and then Harvard was again stopped and the half ended with Yale's ball on her thirty-five yard line.

Blankets were thrown about the players and the whole Crimson squad hurried to its tent. There not a voice was raised for a time, and only the laboured breathing of the men mingled with the cries of the crowds outside.

The rubbers were hard at their work when one bleeding giant asked hoarsely for a knife and solemnly ripped the big H from his sweater.

"What are you doing there?" shouted an irate coach, and the player burst into tears.

To those who do not understand this class of men the importance it attaches to a symbol actually so trivial is impossible of explanation; to those who do understand it explanation is unnecessary. Suffice it that in this case the incident was one of those *coups de théâtre* which never fail of their effect and in the reaction the men were readier to listen to the hopeful instructions of their directors.

The truth is that had Harvard been in the pink of condition and got the "jump" that had been hoped for, Yale would still have been victorious for the simple reason that it had one of the best teams that ever played football. As things were, defeat was bound to be almost extermination. By being perfectly trained and by using a new formation, though very like one much in vogue at Cambridge a few years before, Yale completely outwitted and outplayed the Harvard team. But between halves it is the whole duty of coaches to cheer their worsted men and the Crimson ones did this so well that many of the substitutes at least resolved, with Jarvis, not to count the game lost until Yale scored again.

That did not take long. The teams lined up as they had been before. Harvard kicked beyond Yale's goal and Yale punted out. Little Haley made a pretty run, but it was clear that he was, physically,

fast going to pieces. Harvard was quick but weak. The ball was lost and again the "tackles-back" began its dreadful work.

For Jarvis that formation had all the fascination that a snake has for the bird it is about to devour. He looked for a while spellbound. Then there was an open play and break for Harvard's goal. He put his head in his hands and hid his eyes. He heard the increased Yale yell as the touchdown was made; he heard the thump of the punting that followed. Another series of rapid plays and again Yale neared the Harvard line. Then came a little pause.

Somebody was hurt. A small knot gathered around the fallen man. Dr. Sewell, of the "Hospital Brigade," ran out with his satchel; some one else brought a bucket, and one of the exhausted players took the head of the wounded man into his lap, while others, apparently regardless of their fallen comrade and certainly careless of themselves, dropped panting on the chilly turf.

Jarvis looked again. It was a Harvard man, sure enough. A glad, selfish hope burst up in him. The next moment his name was called and, slipping off his sweater as he ran, he made for the centre of the field to take the disabled Howell's place.

He heard the nine "Raahs" ending with his name and glowed with pride. He heard the whistle blow and stooped low in his place. Then he was knocked

down, his head striking the frozen ground. There was a hideous roar of passing feet, one of which kicked him in the face as it passed over him.

He picked himself up, dazed and bewildered. The air was slowly rocking to and fro with the shouts of the onlookers. He saw his comrades in arms struggling toward the goal-posts. Yale had scored and around his end.

The lesson had been well learned. A great rage boiled in him, but left his head clear and his sight keen, while it banished all fear and redoubled his strength. For a few minutes after the line-up and the desultory punting that followed it, he missed the signals when Harvard had the ball and once failed to assist in opening a way at tackle so that Haley could not get through with the ball and his direct opponent gave him an ugly elbow-blow that nearly closed his eye. After that, however, he had himself completely in hand and when the signal came for Haley to try again, this time around Jarvis' end, Dick easily tumbled his man upon the ground with a force calculated to leave him there for a while and, rushing ahead, helped to gain Harvard a hard three yards.

But that was the last of Haley. He had literally to be dragged from the field, weeping and protesting that he was fit to play, but palpably in a state verging upon nervous collapse. "Now is the end," thought Jarvis. Yet Enckiff, who took Haley's place,

put, for a few moments, a new life into the team. Still the men were rapidly giving out. Indeed, the Crimson casualties were appalling, and in a few minutes there were only three men on the eleven who had been there at the start of the game, while three changes had been made in one position.

None the less, Harvard was taking her final "brace." There was a return of punts which left the Crimson with the ball near their fifty-yard line. Then came a signal that gladdened Jarvis' heart. He flung his opponent toward the centre. The Harvard interference rushed to the left, attracting thither all the Yale forwards. Enckiff, one of the fleetest runners of the Harvard eleven, skirted Jarvis' end at the opposite extremity and was off like a frightened deer.

It was an old piece of strategy and one that the Blue had itself often used with more or less effect against other teams, but so far as the forwards were concerned, it had worked beautifully. Yet the runner was now quite without assistance, three Yale backs were close at his heels, and just ahead of him Vail, the surest tackle on the opposing team, had somehow appeared and was crouching for a spring.

Jarvis followed fiercely in the rear. He pushed one pursuer violently aside; he tripped another in full course. He saw Enckiff dodge Kay, Nalsit, Broelom, and Captain Smith. He saw him distancing

the rest. He saw Vail leap. He saw the runner dodge nimbly to the side. Then there was a flash from the right and a Yale back had saved the goal.

But it was a clear gain of sixteen yards and far away somewhere the Harvard stand was going mad again.

Enckiff was hurt, but Tom McCuen, the trainer, had him on his feet in a few seconds and to such good purpose that Yale, when it finally got the ball, was forced to kick.

That, however, was indeed the end. Again the Blue got the pigskin and again the "tackles-back" was mercilessly hurled against the Crimson line. Time after time the Harvard ranks gave way before it. Resistance seemed impossible. Nothing could stop that cannonade of humanity that was poured against the centre time after time with the unvarying shock and irresistible force of round-shot.

Jarvis, in a white rage, was playing with all the brilliance of desperation and the crowds were signifying their approval of him. On top or underneath he was in every play. His quick eye caught the direction of every attack and his body obeyed on the instant. He was doing half the tackling and tossing down his victims with a fierceness that was warranted only by the utter abrogation of his reason.

It was all in vain. He was driven nearly wild by the sense that, if he could strain his strength just one

hair's breadth more, something might still be done. But the line was driven slowly back; the tense, drawn faces, some purple, some white, with staring eyes half blinded by blood and sweat, gradually assumed the look that must have shone from those of the five hundred Persians in the last stand at the citadel of Petra.

Yet to Jarvis fate was not altogether unkind, for in the midst of all this he made a dive at the heels of a runner and, though he stopped his man, paid for his success by a few minutes of unconsciousness produced by a blow from a leather clamped heel that left him in a semi-dazed condition in which he was at last led from the field, fighting to remain.

Twenty-eight to nothing. Five minutes later the game was over. The Harvard crowd was still cheering; the Yale players were being carried away on the shoulders of their friends; the New Haven men were dancing over the field behind their band;—the greatest tragedy in College athletics was at an end. Yale men marched all the way to town, hundreds of them. They counted the score; they yelled; they sang; they tore the scaffolding from Fayerweather Hall and around the bonfire they recited their ancient liturgy:

“Who lit that fire?”

“Whichkiss, he lit that fire!”

“Who is Whichkiss?”

"Whichkiss, he is the King of Glory!"

But what of the plucky men who had gone down so bravely to defeat? They felt now all that their Pennsylvania rivals had felt but a couple of weeks before. Philosophy can harden us to the death of those we love; it may even, in certain contingencies, assist us to bear the loss of fortune, but there is no moral courage that can stiffen a man's backbone under the most certainly anticipated defeat at football, especially if that defeat comes at the end of a season. As the final whistle had blown, Jarvis for a moment stood upon the side-lines perfectly still. He was himself again, but unable to grasp what had happened. The howling of the black mass that was surging from the stands like a receding tide on a stormy night seemed far away and dreamy. He could not understand that the last chance was forever gone. He only knew that he wanted to get away; to hide, and above all not to face Peggy for days and days. The sod slowly rose and fell before him, like the deck of a ship in a heavy ground-swell. Then some one, in consolation, put an arm over his shoulder, and he broke into convulsive, childish sobs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRICE OF DEFEAT.

JARVIS was to have a few days in which to recover from the effects of the game, and he had elected to spend this time with his family in Philadelphia. So sure had he been of his eleven's success and the consequent result upon himself, that he had no fear of the city in which Mary Braddock lived. When the farce was over, when the hazard was lost, he hurried to his train in a state of mental collapse that put voluntary action out of the question. He remained in the same condition all the way home, and spent the first day lounging about the house, sore in body and broken in spirit.

It is impossible to make clear, save to those who have so suffered, just how keen a football defeat may prove. The game is only a game and its loss or gain a thing that will be forgotten within the year. But to the average Undergraduate, and to every player, it is the one thing of momentary and paramount importance. The latter has been taught to look forward to it as such, and he has been carefully trained to reach the height of physical condition on just that final day.

Then comes the unexpected, and the sudden revolution in all manners and forms of life. The player is generally himself again in a week or less, but for that period he is a broken creature, as weak as he was formerly strong.

Jarvis came from a dinner at which he had eaten nothing, and sat moodily at the library fire. So much, it seemed had gone from him. In a way that he could not summon his faculties to explain or refute he felt that he would have to begin his whole course of life. He was thanking his stars that he had at least nothing to take him away from the morbid contemplation of this prospect, and was commencing to lay down new plans, when the man brought in a message which had just been left at the door.

Some informal invitation, of course. But he would not accept it. He tore open the envelope, signed the paper with a stump of pencil in a hand that he would never have recognized for his own, and, absently, tore open the missive and read:

“18 — WALNUT STREET.

“DEAR, DEAR DICK, — What did you think of me after our last meeting? You must forgive me and be kind, as you have always been. And you must come to me now, for, Dick, I am very ill. Just how ill I don't know, but I was never sick in my life before and I suppose I think I'm worse now than I really am. I thought I was dying. The doctor says I'm not. But I love you and I want to see you. You

will believe me now. I did n't want to be a weight about your neck, but that last time I did n't want anybody else to be one, either. Do you blame me, then, when I thought I saw my sacrifice gone for nothing? Don't be hard on me, Dick. I feel so badly. Come to me for just one moment, to hold the hand and kiss the lips, for old love's sake, of her who will, perhaps, soon be unable to work you any more harm.

M. B.

November 30, 1900."

Not until he had quite finished reading the note did Jarvis fully grasp its purport. There was no time for debate. The dictates of common humanity permitted of only one course of action. Slow as he was when propelled by some outside force in arriving at a determination, he was yet quick enough to obey the commands of anybody whom he considered to have a claim upon him.

And Mary Braddock had the claim. He had loved this woman, had loved her before any other, and that only a short year ago. Moreover, however disastrous had been the results of that primal passion to him, he now realised for the first time since he broke with her that they were possibly, if not indeed actually, even more disastrous to her. She loved him! The vision of Saul of Tarsus at Damascus could scarcely have been more tremendous to the eyes of the embryo apostle to the Gentiles than was this hasty confused letter to the self-righteous reprobate.

It was a walk of only a couple of blocks, but the night had already fallen when he set out. His mind was almost a blank at the start, but in the sharp evening air it soon began to act with that lightning speed that characterises it in moments of intense excitement. She was dying. She was no hysterical fool to deceive herself, and there was a calm chord in her note that, in spite of her words, seemed to speak of a medical assurance of the fact. It would be a terrible thing to go through with, but he must do it, he must obey the wish that was to be her last.

Without any loss of sympathy for her he could hardly help but give some thought to the effect of her death upon himself. He was young and had life before him. He had already — up to the time of the game — carried out successfully, as he thought, the preliminary and most difficult portion of his plans for rehabilitation. He had leaped at once into the furnace of action. He had even — he assuredly recalled — thought of electing mathematics after the “Mid-Years.” That was a sufficient proof of his honesty of purpose. He had told himself, that with fresh blood in his veins, with hard muscles, rigid training, and constant physical exertion, moral weakness would be impossible.

He had found this true. He was no longer, he said, that Richard Jarvis who had first listened to the “Träume” twelve months before. Nevertheless —

he had to admit it now — he had, since their last meeting, feared the woman. He had not allowed himself to think of it; he had perfect reliance upon himself; and yet the very terror of that ridiculous doctrine she had then broached lent to it something of a tangible nature. He did think how terrible it was to wish her dead. It was like murder, and yet he could not help wishing it. With that hope consummated he would be absolutely free, he thought, with his life in his own hands to make or mar again. The past must die with her. But if she lived, what then?

What we are is generally the antithesis of what we imagine ourselves to be. The god who, in the nether realms, can show us ourselves as others see us, or as, psychically, we are, remains yet to be found. The world sees one man; the man himself another; and the devils of the air, who see all things, know him to be in reality a third. As a matter of fact, Jarvis, hurrying along Rittenhouse Square, was weaker than he had ever been before. He was still suffering from the results of the game. Like all hard-trained athletes, he was good only until the climax and, that climax once passed, and the game lost, he was very close to positive hysteria.

By overestimating the effect of the body on the mind, he had confused, well-nigh hopelessly, the idea of a spiritual and mental with that of a physical re-

formation. Completely unstrung, he needed but little to make him carry his confused sophistry to its logical conclusion, and confound the defeat at football with a defeat of that higher endeavour for which its preparation had been but a means. Although he did not guess it, he was very close to feeling that everything was lost. It required only a slight shock to convince him of the uselessness of effort. He was in a bad condition. His training had been far too long and too severe. In the language of the game, he was "stale." Already, unknown to him, the pent-up desires that he had for so long permitted to master him, were filing at their chains. The period of abstinence had served only to sharpen the appetite and weaken the power to resist. It had not yet been long enough supreme to establish itself as a habit. The dam was ready to burst.

His father and mother had gone out, — heaven knows where, for it was Sunday and his first night at home, — and he had oddly begun to wish them with him. Had it been so this story need probably never have been written. One chance caress from his mother; one trace of the real though awkward affection that his father certainly felt for him; some little reminiscence of his childhood, — a boyish trait recalled or a baby phrase repeated, — might have changed the whole course of his life. But Fate had not so decreed. The thing which we are is too powerful for us, and

weakness ruling has a strength herculean. The nameless forces that make for our destruction were at work against Jarvis. Already the current had set in strong for the rocks, and no ship of rescue, even no warning though useless buoy, was at hand.

In a few minutes he stood before the house. Would there be any sign of death? he had almost breathlessly wondered. The place appeared so very still and solemn.

His hand shook as he rang the bell, and it seemed an hour before the man came to the door. To his excited imagination, the servant was speaking in those low tones that the presence of the Great White King demands.

"Can I see Miss Braddock?"

He never thought of sending up a card. But the man knew him.

"I'll see, Mr. Jarvis. Walk into the reception room."

"I'll wait in the library," said Dick, in an awed tone, that made the servant stare at him strangely.

A queer, half morbid impulse drove him into that room, already indelibly imprinted on his memory for all time. He knew every corner of it, every picture on the wall, every figure of the rugs. But the dim lighted actuality called up even more strongly souvenirs that were in no wise pleasant.

As on that other night, only the syren piano lamp

was lighted, and, as then, a soft twilight, now full of strange memories, enveloped everything. The heavy curtains in the doorway, the golden sconces bearing their extinguished tapers, the black blotches that were paintings in cumbersome gilt frames, all receded into the general gloom, or had their elaborate outlines softened by the pervading shade. Instead of seeing, one was rather merely conscious of the hybrid furniture of the room, — the misshapen *tête-à-têtes*; the deformed ottomans; the frail, misbegotten gilded chairs, the pale silk coverings which pictured libellous reproductions of Kneller; and the square, comfortable fauteuils formed after the fashion of the First Empire. Dark shadows stretched long arms to embrace the rugs of tiger and bear skin with their snarling muzzles and vitreous, artificial eyes, that seemed to spring out from the shades of their native forests, while the carpets of old Persian weaving lay colourless, their glowing patterns lost in the enfolding darkness.

He waited, he thought, a long time, but the man did not return. He became painfully aware of every sound in the street, but on the house itself there seemed to rest the even more painful silence of death. Then there was a slight rustle and swish on the stairs, followed by a light footfall he knew only too well.

His heart dashed against his ribs. He could not draw his breath.

The portières were drawn back. Mary Braddock stood in the red light at the doorway.

He sprang to his feet.

"You!" he cried.

He fixed his startled, angry gaze upon her, but she was unmoved. For seconds they stood there, he gripping the back of his chair; she a motionless figure in the dim light, one arm holding back the curtain.

Finally she laughed a little contritely.

"Yes, it is I. Did n't you ask for me?"

And she came forward with extended hands.

"Don't be afraid, I'm no ghost," she said, smiling.

He kept his hand by his side; then his glance met hers and slowly, irresistibly he raised his own to meet her hand.

The next moment he cursed his weakness and rallied a little.

"You've recovered rapidly," he said, blightingly.

"Thank you, yes. — Sit down."

He could not but obey her. He sank into a low chair. She sat negligently by him on a heavily upholstered divan, which placed her a little higher than he was. At his other hand — his right, he remembered afterwards — was a small table, curiously inlaid with mother-of-pearl, so small indeed that the top was half hidden by an open magazine, the leaves of which were held in place by a paper-cutter, a keen miniature dagger, gleaming in the red lamplight.

His amazement was giving place to fear. He was beset by his old alarm. He could look at her only from beneath his lowered lids, fringed with their long curling lashes.

She was beautiful. He had never seen a gown so wonderfully as this black one, enhance the statuesque, almost heavy shoulders, or the symmetrical white neck that, rising so straight from the low-cut bodice, appeared quite too slight to hold the great knot of black hair that fell along and upon it. Her arms were covered, but not concealed, by a filmy, transparent sleeve, crimped and puckered in a thousand alluring dimples. Her figure he had never seen to better advantage, and the red lips and big dark eyes shone in brilliant contrast to a complexion of the purest white rose and pink.

Upon her story of her solitude in the house, he cut in with a rudeness whereby alone he was able to mask his weakness.

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"Don't you know?" she asked, bending forward until he felt her breath upon his face. "I love you —"

"So you said in your note."

"I had to see you when you were so near, and I knew you wouldn't come unless I gave some extraordinary reason. Dick —"

"Then the whole thing was, of course, a lie?"

He dared not meet her gaze, but he looked at her again. She was indeed splendid.

"If you want to call it that," she admitted.

"The whole thing?"

"If you want to call it that. But, Dick, I surely don't ask too much." She put her hand upon his.

"Dick —"

He drew back hastily.

"Go 'way from me!" he cried.

She understood his anger. She had been prepared for that. But his extreme fear maddened her, and she did not withdraw the fingers that had caught his sleeve.

"Have n't you any blood in your veins?" she asked. "Don't you know what it is to love as I love you?"

"I had imagined your affections were only as intense as they were permanent."

"Chivalry, evidently, does n't attract me, anyhow. Put yourself in my place. But no, you can't do that. Yet I should think you'd know that if it had been true — what I said in that note — I'd have behaved exactly as I said I did."

To her mind this was ample justification.

Jarvis, however, could not see it that way.

"If I've no blood in my veins, you've no reason in your head!" he cried. "No woman has much, I suppose, but you have less than any woman I ever

knew. You've got me here by a lie, and now you attempt such a defense as that!"

She had completely regained her composure.

"No, I'm not different from other women. On the contrary, I'm typical — almost commonplace, indeed. It's depressing. I wish I was n't, but I am."

"That's encouraging for a young man just forming his views of life."

Just as in their last interview, he was trying desperately to be sarcastic, but he felt his terror growing momentarily.

"Is n't it?" she replied. "But at any rate, I'm not a pervert. You are. Not in the vulgar sense, but in the opposite extreme of sentimentality you're just as absolutely so. I'm natural at all events."

"As the rest of the lower animals — yes."

She laughed again, a low, wise laugh.

"Thank you. However, you are wrong, as usual. I'm natural only as a selfish woman who loves you. Yes, I do. All love is selfish, but mine is not so much so as your cousin's is, or would be —"

"Don't name her! How dare you?"

"How dare *you*? Oh, throw away your chances, bury your talent, damn opportunities, if you like! After all, I've nothing to say to that. But I have one claim upon you; I do own a little of you, as I explained the last time we met, and what is mine I mean to have — no more."

She was looking at him as Semiramis must have looked on a comely, new-bought slave.

He shivered.

"Throw away my talents!" he said. "You'd have me throw away my soul!"

"That's a matter of opinion, and I know your opinion is mine — unless you've changed yours very radically of late. You don't believe you have a soul any more than you believe I have."

"I hope you have."

"And that all the traditions of hell are correct? I comprehend. Unfortunately, we are still in the body and likely to remain so for some time. Meanwhile, we have to consult it."

"Well?"

"You know you're not the one to marry."

"You mean I'm inconstant?"

"Yes."

"That comes well from you! How do you describe yourself?"

"On the contrary, I speak as one having authority and not as the scribes, — from experience, perhaps, but with authority anyhow. You can't bear restraint. The moment any restraint is put upon you, you begin to rebel. So do I. You're doing it now. You can't help it any more than you can help the colour of your hair, or, by thought, add a cubit to your stature."

He had to admit to himself the real truth of what she said, and he began to tremble more and more at the way this woman read him.

"You 'd get tired of your wife if she were an angel or a Venus," she continued. "You might keep on being kind to her — although I can't say *that* from experience — but you would cease to love her, and the woman who is not loved by her husband is sure to be loved by some one else. And I need n't repeat what would become of your ambitions if you were to marry before you left College."

"Ambition is insatiable," he answered, avoiding the first of her objections and taking refuge in grandiloquent commonplace. "It drives us to the garnering and then tells us that what we get is only Dead Sea fruit."

"Now you 're merely talking platitudes."

"The term is a synonym for truth."

He felt he could not maintain this front much longer. He knew that she saw through it and, moreover, conviction was slowly stealing over him. The woman's doctrine was something very much nearer the truth than his own.

"Nonsense," she said. "Besides, I am what I am, and, as I said, we can no more help being what we are than we can help being at all."

A short silence followed her words, interrupted by the hum of life, the clang and rattle of passing cars,

even the shouts and cries of distant Chestnut Street. He recalled how in New Haven all the riff-raff of the town must even still be celebrating and making capital out of his defeat. He had, with eyes of innocence, seen the like often enough to know what it was. A good-natured crowd sweeping up and down, hurried yet aimless; the extra policemen charging an unusually obstreperous gang of roughs who, without authority, wore the blue; hawkers selling fish-horns and flags of the winning colours; women of the town; store-clerks; all the young life of the city, except probably the student life, was there. The screaming whistles, the cries of the paper megaphones, the shouts and yells and songs — they seemed to be in this very city, as he had known them of old, and at this very moment to steal into the quiet room in attenuated echoes, there to flutter about for a while, as out of place as bats.

Jarvis laughed unpleasantly.

“What is it amuses you?” she asked, almost sharply, for she did not like his mirth.

“I’m thinking that, whipped though we were, to many people I am still a sort of hero; that some of them envy me.”

“As a football-player? Or otherwise? Why not? Your face is not your misfortune.”

Simonides has said that God made ten kinds of women, one kind of which the Greek proceeds to

find fairly good. Mary Braddock was not of that exceptional class. But she was, after all, little worse than selfish. She was perfectly logical — and that, at any rate, is exceptional — and was therefore resolved to take herself as she found herself. She believed every one of her pernicious precepts and could do no less than stand by them. But, knowing him as she did, she did not attempt to jeer at him.

“After all,” she added, “they’re right. I don’t care for your ability. Properly cultivated and with several years of hard labour, you might be able to get a living out of it if you had to; but I doubt it. What I’m in love with is that peculiar combination of protoplasm which, instead of making a fungus or an anthropoid ape, produced Richard Jarvis.”

But he was in no mood to bear it. He was, in fact, at bay. He felt that there was pursuing him a fate more inexorable than the traditional woman scorned. There was no running away. He could not run far enough to escape it. He was bound to her by the strongest tie which can bind a man to a woman — that of common sin. He had become a portion of her, a part more integral than her very body. He was married to her not only in the flesh but in the spirit. He could not blame her. To the immutable power of an ever present fact she was as much a slave as he. She might in like manner be another’s, but he was forever hers. He felt that she did not cross his

path of her own volition, but that theirs was a common road laid out by an unwavering hand. They were insignificant pawns played by the unswerving monster for whose being they were responsible.

Yet there was one escape. He looked at her and saw in her only the gorgeous Nemesis of his life. He had come there expecting to be free and quit of her and had succeeded only in discovering that ruin was inherent in him through her; that all was lost; that destruction was unavoidable and complete, unless —

His roving eye was arrested by a glint of light from the table at his right hand. It was the little paper-cutter, keen and deadly and fascinating. His brain was in a turmoil, seething to the boiling point.

He could not have told what were his thoughts after his eye caught the gleam of that slim tongue of steel. But stealthily, silently, he reached out his hand toward it.

His fingers closed about the jewelled hilt and he glanced furtively up at her.

She was looking at him.

"Don't be silly," she said, in a strange voice. "This is real life. We're not children 'making believe,' Dickie."

She rose to her feet, but remained perfectly calm.

Among the most creditable of his numerous antipathies was that for all names — except one — ending

in *y* or *ie*. It is strange how such small things will serve to put the finishing touch to our wrath and how what, in all other circumstances, has been but a poor farce, will suffice to turn the balance in a great tragedy. Jarvis thought she was jeering at him again and that in so doing she was flaunting her power for evil in his face. A mad mist half blinded him, but through the mist he seized her arm below the elbow; brandished the knife above his head.

He felt the black gauze tear in his hands. His fingers sank into the soft flesh. He marked on the heaving white breast the very spot for the blow. Then he looked into her face, and saw — not fear, not hate, not rage — nothing but beauty passionate.

Her hands stole about his neck. They touched his face.

The next instant the knife fell clanging into the grate and with one wild inarticulate cry he took her in his arms.

Outside, the happy crowds were pouring from the churches; mothers were leading little children to their beds; white love and painted lust were waging their old battle; crime and virtue, pride and shame, purity and vice, were jostling each other in the intricate intermingling of the currents of life. Inside, behind rich walls and heavy curtains, amid soft lights and sounds, two persons of the same clay with the best and worst elsewhere were taking their involuntary

and indispensable little parts in the terrible great game, moved by the same Hand that governs the other pieces and, sooner or later, sweeps them all from the board. And from above the silent stars were shining and the kindly night enfolding every one.

CHAPTER XIX.

RETROGRESSION.

"THAT'S a gorgeous sunset," said Hardy as, a few weeks after the Yale game, he was walking down Cambridge Street with Stannard and Lippincott.

The picture merited, indeed, a less conventional laudation. The whole western horizon was aglow, blending from the palest pink nearly in the zenith, down to an angry royal crimson behind the silhouetted firs and gaunt bare elms of Cambridge Common. The entire sky was like an inverted shell, and against it even the roof of Memorial assumed an unwonted dignity.

"Yes, it is gorgeous," assented Lippincott. "Looks like the pictures in public school physiologies of a drunkard's stomach."

"Oh," said Stannard, "if he sleeps on the other side of the Square, you won't recognise even the Sun God."

"That's where Dick would have been, I suppose, if he had kept on in the way of righteousness," said Lippincott.

"I'm glad he apostatised then," remarked Stannard. "Besides, it's such a relief; although he was right."

"He was like too many of them," said Lippincott. "He disappears for a week after the game and then shows up worn, cynical and preternaturally boisterous."

"Not most of them. Besides, it might have been all right, if we'd beaten Yale," mused Hardy.

"Oh, lots of things would have been different then," said Lippincott.

"If he'd only been on the debating team against 'em," suggested Stannard. "He'd have had an easy victory to encourage him."

"Now somebody please say something new about Harvard brains and Yale brawn," growled Lippincott. "That game was enough to drive any man mad. I have n't talked of it till now."

"Well, we won't try to condone Jarvis' former offenses," Stannard objected. "It suffices that we should be more joyous here on earth over one repentant who sinneth again, than over ninety-and-nine bad men who never did go right."

"He was getting quite impossible."

"Well, I suppose there is room and work even for the impossibles. Now, I like you, Lippincott, because you are trying, in a lowly way, to imitate me, and so serve as a kind of imperfect mirror or a physic, making me disgusted with myself. Otherwise I could n't hope to pass my 'Mid-Years.'"

"I suppose Dick was really in love after all," said Hardy.

"And was thrown down," added Lippincott.

"Not at all — was accepted," Stannard corrected. "He is now suffering from the discovery that a bird in the hand is not worth two in the bush."

"And that all is not gold that catches the early bird," suggested Lippincott.

But Hardy would hear no more.

"Rot!" he cried. "What's the use of your talking this way when you don't mean a word of it? You're as bad as the Major, and he's the cheapest boy-cynic I know. We're all sorry for Jarvis, so why don't we say so?"

"Oh, well," grumbled Lippincott, "we could n't do anything."

"Why not?" asked Hardy. "It's too absurd to pretend we're just the same lot. We were, and cut loose, so why can't he?"

"He did for a while."

"Well he's back again now, all right," said Stannard.

"I don't think I'd laugh about it," said Hardy, "You know as well as I do that the College won't stand it forever. We've all dropped it."

"Oh, yes," said Lippincott with a short guffaw, "we've all made the Institute, after having to play newsboys in Harvard Square — if that's what you mean — but then Dick got in too."

"Oh, that's not all. Jarvis has some good stuff in him. He's got some good things into the 'Advocate,'

and the 'Monthly,' too, and he might have got on the board of one of them if he'd only tried. Even you, Stannard, slowed up and you know it."

"Yes," suggested Lippincott, "you stand in well with the 'Advocate' crowd; why don't you try to get him on?"

"He won't do anything to get on."

"I found some tiptop verses on his desk the other day," said Lippincott.

"But he would n't give up, you know."

"Then swipe them," urged Hardy. "You can do it, and once he was on it might work wonders. He just has n't anything decent to think about, that's all. Then there'd be the Signet ahead, and all that sort of thing."

They turned into the yard through the new gate and there they met the subject of their conversation.

"Hello, Jarvis," cried Stannard, "we were just talking about you."

"I've often noticed," said Dick easily, "that my coming in puts others out!"

"We can't take that either literally or metaphorically here."

"Then let it alone," growled Jarvis suddenly.

He was, indeed, not without some external evidence of deserving the fears that were being so liberally expressed for him. He was changed physically as well as mentally. He was hurried and nervous in his

movements. He was even beginning to be careless in his dress.

It was the principle of reversion to a type morally applied to an individual. He had retrograded into all his former licence. He had cut loose and his soul was drifting whither it would. He did not object; he did not struggle; he simply allowed the tide to bear him wherever it listed, and he asked that it bring him to one thing only — forgetfulness. He had fallen lower than before. Then his æsthetic tastes had been something of a safeguard; more so, in truth, than any moral code could have been. He had not been able to bear any sordidness, any too apparent vulgarity, any too mercenary glimpse behind the scenes. But his artistic nature had suffered sorely at the start of his Freshman year, and, now that he had returned to his former mode of existence, he found the edge completely worn off. He was willing to accept life exactly as it was, and without any gloss of reservation.

On this particular night two new acquaintances — whom in better circumstances he would scarcely have known, but who were proud to be seen spending the money of one who had been something of a figure in the athletic world — took him into town to nothing new or startling. From the theatre they went to the Smoking Parlours where, in a setting of tawdry Oriental hangings, Moorish arches and grille-work, amid a cloud of smoke and a clatter of laughter, the Egyptian

waiters were serving chocolate to the few men and many women seated on the hard divans that ran along the walls. The "men" were usually callow youths. Some of the women were pretty, but most of them were not. The more popular had two or three cavaliers and the others sat quite alone. They were mostly quietly dressed, frail-looking creatures on the face of one or two of whom the finger of death had already set its unmistakable mark. One and all wore big Leghorn hats that were generally shabby, but cast a grateful shade over their faces, although unable to hide the bright, tired eyes, ringed with the royal purple of suffering.

In spite of his commanding figure and handsome face, Jarvis was not a favourite with the frequenters of the place, many of whom were women of the town, but most of whom came there nightly after working for ten hours over the typewriter in some Milk Street office. Dick's cynicism had not served to open his eyes completely, and he had acquired an unfortunate habit of complimenting these women on the one point of their beauty that happened to be notoriously unreal. In perfect innocence and sincerity he would be sure to admire Ida's hair or Ada's teeth, or he would remark upon the delicacy of Madge Powell's complexion, all to the unconcealed amusement of his male companions and the scarcely better hidden chagrin of the lady in question.

From the Smoking Parlours Jarvis and his friends would generally go with some of these companions to Jay's or the Kolombienne, where, as a rule, they preferred to drink in the public room amid boisterous tables appropriated to the use of parties like their own. At other times they would go down to "Little Italy" or, closer by, to a hotel commonly known as the "Damn-if-I-know," because its proper name was supposed to resemble that statement, and because the quality of the wine served there was calculated to depress the bump of locality.

Again they would loiter about the Omega or walk as far as the Windsor Square Hotel which combined a respectable theatre with a lodging-house, and a *café* where a Hungarian band played for five minutes in every hour and from which Jarvis was once forcibly ejected because he refused to allow his casual sweetheart to smother her raw oysters in catsup and flirt with a commercial traveller across the way. Wherever they went, however, the night usually ended in the same way—a drive back to Cambridge for breakfast with the windows of the cab to pay for on arriving.

Some of the men made themselves distasteful because they had one girl or another in love with them and because they usually boasted of that fact. Jarvis was often silent and the burden of the talk fell upon the younger ones, — cheap pessimists at whose

sayings the women laughed because, bright chaffers as they were, they did not understand them.

When Jarvis was alone, as was sometimes the case, he would walk up and down Tremont and Washington Streets talking a little to first one and then the other of the girls he chanced to meet. These women were of another class from that of those who frequented the Smoking Parlours. Some of them were lower, but the majority had only started on the down-hill path and he was interested to know their stories. The tales they told were generally similar and palpably false. They were all of good families and would not for anything have it known what their life was, especially those who had a husband in New York. Poor little outcasts! There was not much of the Delilah about them! Once, in fact, he would certainly have pitied them. But not now. Now he was past pitying himself, whose plight appeared quite as desperate as theirs.

He would go back to Cambridge, if at all, by night, just in time to catch the last cup of coffee from the "owl" lunch-cart in Harvard Square. The proctors—who exist only after nine in the evening—knew him now no more than did the back streets that he for a while had walked to the Polo Club and, indeed most of the friends of his Freshman year saw almost as little of him. The Major was still sometimes his companion and Stannard he liked because the fellow

was yet, in spite of a general quieting, so splendidly a boy. But the others he now scarcely ever met, except occasionally at a club.

Thus their deep plans nearly all fell short. The verses were published and attracted considerable attention. The "Crimson" condescended to call them "an interesting bit" and Jarvis' acquaintances all applauded. But Jarvis himself was rooted in his way. He would have no editorship and if they bothered him any more they might all go the devil.

This attitude brought Hardy to speech.

"Look here," he said, holding up Jarvis one midnight at a club. "If there ever was a damned fool you're it."

"Thank you," said Jarvis, quietly.

"Oh, I mean it. They tell me you've declined an election to the 'Advocate.'"

"You ought to know."

"Don't you call it uncivil?"

"I did n't seek it. I did n't send them that verse. You did — or one of your gang. I wrote it, but you ragged it like a Freshman stealing a doctor's sign."

"Come now, Dick, you know what we did it for. You're a known man and everybody's watching you. You've got an example to set. And besides, think of yourself. You're a figure in the Yard, or in lectures — whenever you go — or even at Leavitt's. What do you want to kill yourself for — or be dropped?"

You've been through it all in your Freshman year — we most of us have — and no harm done. But you're not a Freshman now. You've made one kind of a 'rep' on the team, now you've only got to brace up and do the same thing on the 'Advocate.'"

Jarvis stood by, hands in pockets, swaying a trifle and letting the young chap run on.

"You know we don't generally talk this way to any fellow here. If he wants to be an ass, we let him get himself fired. But you're different. The 'Advocate' means a lot. Why, you've everything ahead of you — no man in College has more. You'll be taken into the Signet with the first seven on Strawberry Night and" — he was trying to laugh it off — "and having Booth Ledweln and all the English Department drop in to read Catulle Mendès to you."

"Is that all you've got to say?"

Hardy grew desperate. He used his last card as a Harvard Undergraduate. "No, I've just got this much more, — if you keep this up you'll never have a smell at the Dickie, and you know it."

Jarvis was softened a bit by the fellow's evident desire to help, and he put an unsteady but kindly hand upon his shoulder.

"*Affreux, affreux*," he said. "The Med. Facs. would be more in my style, I imagine and they wouldn't have me. I'm much obliged, old boy, but it's — it's no use."

So the days sped on, very much alike in that they were hard indeed on one of those over whom they passed. At last even the Major began to remonstrate, mildly it is true, but still to remonstrate. Yet he fared no better than Hardy had done.

"You're going the pace faster than any of us ever did," he said one day. "You ought to slow up just a bit, you know. You are getting to be one of those who live not wisely but too well."

He had had a real feeling of friendship for the morose Sophomore — although he would not own it — and knew that he had liked the lad from the moment Jarvis had first knocked him down that "Bloody Monday" night. Friendship was a sentiment which the Major refused to believe indigenous to the human heart, but he did not want to see the fellow utterly wrecked, and he knew the channel so well that he would willingly have acted as pilot.

Dick, however, continued to refuse all advice. He knew what he was doing, he said. He was no babe in arms. He would please himself.

And he did.

About this time he began to frequent only the cheaper theatres, because he did not have to change his clothes before going there. At one of these performances he met a woman who engrossed the larger part of his leisure — Vinnie Dooner, once the chief figure in a *cause célèbre* that grew from an attempt to

give an imperial Roman banquet in republican New York. This girl was, upon the whole, good for him, and served to restore in a measure his confidence in human nature. She was pretty, cheerful, liberal, good-hearted, Bohemian. She had no ends to serve but to amuse herself, and when his money ran out, her own full purse was always ready. When he was cynical she laughed at him; when he was morose she sang negro songs until he was merry again. Above all, she was careful of his money and, in a subtle way, served to prepare his heart for what was even then waiting to enter it.

"She's such a relief," Jarvis one day explained her to the Major. "There's nothing mercenary about her. I quite admire her, don't you?"

"Admire her?" replied his friend, "I should say I did, even more than I do Lola Varnard. Why, I've known her for years and she's the only woman I have never loved."

She left town and Jarvis' life after a short stay, and the latter, though not, it is true, morally improved, was at least inclined to take a more cheerful view of the world.

Yet if he was no longer febrile, he was lethargic and rather content with his mode of life. Everything was very much the same to him. Goodness and vice came to be looked at as of a common piece. Both were delicately relative. Some persons were

what was called good because they preferred the sensations consequent upon that state. For the same excellent reason others, and himself among them, were bad. He thus came to have for many of the generally accepted facts of life no more eyes than the protei of the Madalena Grotto. He no longer argued, no longer reasoned with himself. He had found his reason in an unexpected way and he rather enjoyed it.

The Major was explaining to him just what he did feel when one day Hardy came into the room.

"What's the matter with you?" he was asked.

"Nothing. Just been to 'U-4,' and they have been telling me how to study."

"Here, have a pipe. There's nothing like a pipe to teach the Christian virtue of forgiveness. *I've* just been telling Jarvis what he thinks."

"Um, have you? Well, what does he think?"

"What I do."

"Naturally, and what's that?"

"That you won't be the only man to flunk his 'Mid-Years.'"

"That's just what I've been telling Mr. Shamm over at the Office. Oh, by the way Dick, I just got a letter from Miss Bartol."

"Miss Bartol?" asked Jarvis, unable for the instant to recognise his relative under that appellation.

"Yes. Your cousin, you know."

"Oh, you did? I did n't know you wrote to her."

"I don't. Only sent her a Harvard pin the other day. Bet her on the Yale fiasco, and forgot it till last week."

"Well, did she surprise you by having anything interesting to say?" asked the Major.

"She always surprises one. You can count on her for that."

"She does, does she?" grumbled Jarvis. "Well, what was it this time?"

"I believe she is going to favour the Hub with another visit. She sent her regards to you."

"Thank her, when you write again."

Jarvis was displeased and when he was so he could not help showing it. In this case he was ridiculous, of course, look at it how he would. But no amount of ridicule would alter matters. He had never had more than a chance for Peggy, and he had lost that chance, resigning himself to the fact with considerable ease. To expect that no one else should win her was absurd. To be angry with a friend for merely writing to her was ludicrous. He tried to think that this man, leading the seemingly insipid life he did, was not suited to her. But he remembered that he had been no better and was now much worse. Nevertheless, he was as much disturbed as it was possible for one in his condition to be.

When, however, his cousin finally made her tri-

umphant entry into the city, Christmas had come and gone, and Jarvis, having failed in his "Mid-Years," was again on probation. Forced then to pay his respects to Peggy and her mother, he found, as he expected, that matters were only made worse by her proximity. Landor says that "the really beautiful, rarely love at all," and certain it is that even pretty women have no pity for the terror that they inspire in their less favoured admirers. After the manner of lovers, who are proverbially exacting, Jarvis had taken it for granted that Peggy, by some instinct that he did not stop to name, would understand his feelings and adopt a bearing in accordance with them. Either from choice or ignorance, she did nothing of the sort. She seemed very naturally to regard him less as a possible suitor and more as a necessary relative than ever before. Added to this, he was surprised to find Hardy there and with him Mallard.

His cousin complimented him on his playing in the Yale game; condoled with him on his defeat; asked him a few conventional questions about the health of his parents, and, without waiting for reply, proceeded to occupy herself with his friends. As a result, his self-conceit received a healthy blow that drove him from the hotel, before either of the other callers had left, with a sense of how fatuous any attempt at winning this woman had ever been.

He pursued thereafter the uneven tenour of his

ways, but it was more extreme and broken than before. His dissipations were lower and more riotous and were followed by intense days of bitter repentance and remorse. At times the blood, of which Mary Braddock had spoken so skeptically, was fire in his veins, and again it was cold as lead. He did go to see Peggy occasionally, but these brief visits resulted only in the feeling that he must be a sort of Jekyll-Hyde, harmful to himself alone; a man like Heine's Prince Israel, for six days of the week "a dog with the desires of a dog" who "wallows all day long in the filth and refuse of life, amidst the jeers of the boys in the street," but who, at least one day in seven, is "a man with the feelings of a man, with head and heart raised aloft, in festal garb, in almost clean garb," entering the halls of his inheritance and meeting the Princess Sabbath, "the tranquil Princess" whom he loved.

For he did love her. Beaten and broken, debauched and sacrificed, he could not tear all remnants of that hopeless passion from his heart. His æsthetic side was irritated but not roused. Nothing, it appeared, could restore it to its old vigorous life. He could no longer bear to be alone. Most of his time he slept in the Major's quarters with the proprietor, to whom he became closer and closer allied. There was no more wandering about the streets, or looking, without any other companion, into the bright

eyes of Jessie, dying of consumption ; no more laughing with Lola and, for the time, forgetting all else while he laughed. Apart in his own room, he could not stay. There the Voltaire grinned at him in demoniacal triumph and the Christ, a picture of Jarvis' own mind, writhed and twisted upon its cross. Finally he had broken them both. Slow-working nervous degeneration had made him sensitive to an unbearable degree. But he could nowhere hide himself. Always there were in his ears the words of his Cassandra :

“ Whenever she crosses your path, this woman, sooner or later, will cast you down deeper than ever you were before. ‘Your own iniquities shall take you, and you shall be holden by the cords of your sins.’ ”

His religious sentiments, if he had any, could not be appealed to by those phases of existence that for him, at this time, made up the whole round of life. To admit a logical explanation of the universe did away, to his mind, with the necessity of revelation. He had no use for the old anthropomorphic idea of God and was unable to substitute for it anything but a mere metaphysical abstraction.

He came to take an altogether morbid view of things. Was he at the theatre? He looked around him. Each one of these laughing men, women, and children there represented a mother's birth-agony ;

every one was under sentence of death. Was he at some low dance? Each of those flesh-clothed, silk-clothed skeletons prancing about the room and keeping time to certain sounds produced by scraping catgut, every one, he smiled to think of it, was made in the image, or one of the images of God. So was it everywhere. The petty merchant cheating his customer; the broker cheating his friend; the thief; the liar; the prostitute; the perpetrators of all the unnamed, unspeakable, unimaginable crimes that defile the soul of man—were themselves the owners of souls immortal; were his brothers and his sisters; were moulded by the same hand, of the same clay, that made and moulded him.

So the sense of evil was slowly vanishing, the last trace of sentiment was gradually wearing away, when the final reaction came from an unexpected quarter.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAW OF COINCIDENCE.

A SPARROW left in a bell-glass will live, breathing the same air over and over again, about three hours, although a second bird, introduced at the end of the second hour, would die almost at once. On some such principle, no doubt, Jarvis was bearing what no healthy man could have borne. But he was nearing the end of his string when the Easter vacation approached. He never went near a doctor until there was no alternative left him, but then his few visits ended first with ominous prophecies, and later with positive declarations. He had not gone home for the brief Christmas or Mid-Year holidays. The company of respectable people was becoming unendurable to him. Accustomed to the vitiated and feculent air of his bell-glass, he was unfit to breathe anything more healthy and vigorous. So he had visited New York, and spent the time carousing there.

His diseased views had slowly extended themselves from the general to the particular, so that it was not long before he had begun to consider everybody as little better than himself. His cousin alone escaped.

She was the one saint whose shrine remained undesecrated and inviolable. Yet he began to persuade himself that even his dream of her could never have been realised. Mary was right. In the end he would have been unhappy and, what was even now more to him, he would have made his cousin so. Thus, while confessing that he loved her, and still at times bitterly regretting that he had so irretrievably lost her, he yet comforted himself with the base solace that he was better off as he was.

He could not have been happy with her, he thought. The loosest man in his own conduct is the severest in regard to that of his future wife. Dick was no exception. Not that he thought ill of her. Low as he had fallen, he could not have come to that. It was the immaculate sacredness, the inapproachable deification of her purity that made his despair of her unbearable. But for the puzzle of her ingenuousness, he had found only one answer: she was hopelessly indiscreet. Unspeakably holy as she was in fact and to him, he yet argued, and with some show of reason, that this one trait, small as it superficially appeared, would have proved shortly fatal to all content and peace of mind.

He reflected that their manner of meeting in the Public Gardens had been far from conventional; and that Peggy played a little too gracefully with a style of repartee of which he should have preferred that she

stand in complete ignorance. She said that she had recognised him from the first. But had she? The recognition would have been better received had it been announced at the outset. And, anyhow, was her conduct quite wise? Was she, even at her own estimate, altogether unreprehensible?

Of course, taken at its very worst, it could all have been but a silly piece of innocent girlishness. Still — though as her lover he did not hesitate to explain all this by the correct supposition that they were speaking at cross-purposes and that he had misunderstood or unwittingly misinterpreted her — yet, as her husband, with their world necessarily made up of men less kindly in the constructions they would put upon such passages, he would sooner or later have had to submit to the truth that though modesty too easily offended is a very doubtful virtue, there is still an obvious converse to the proposition. He would, supposing he had won her, inevitably have recoiled from the sting of common tongues, and have attempted to enslave her and to rob her of her chief charm. It was a poor comfort, but it was the only one at hand.

Meanwhile, letting himself drift, he did little to regain his academic position. He was in an exaggerated form of the condition that had marked the period following his desertion from the Freshman class team the year before. Fortunately, none of his studies

were affected by the new 7.45 recitation rule, but he slept through his "Nine O'Clocks," and, as two of his courses were given in "Lower Mass," to which he had taken a particular dislike, he was not overburdened with College work. Moreover, he had long since ceased to take notes in any course.

Yet, under the Harvard system, even if one does no more, so long as one attends some lectures and does not pay small boys to sit in one's place, a certain modicum of necessary knowledge is bound to percolate into one's head; and so, by the aid of that Providence which cares for the careless, or by force of the real ability that, though stunted and untended, was yet in him, he managed, though he remained on probation, to graze through "Sprung Exams" in the studies he detested, and to keep up with considerable *éclat* in those which he had liked.

Hardy, who had worked more or less systematically from the first of his Sophomore year, and who had studied hard during the second term, was coming out of the trial with a fair average. Mallard was always able to escape by dint of certain methods known to himself alone, methods reinforced by weighty arguments and vehement pleadings with his instructors. Of the four, however, Jarvis and the Major, who cared the least, came out, as is usually the case, well in the lead about Easter time. After one examination that had been suddenly spread before him, Jarvis, knowing

he had done wonders, and since he had really not worried at all about it, was naturally the most delighted, and started in to celebrate accordingly.

Mirth, however, is essentially a short-lived sensation. It requires a great deal of fuel to keep the dying spark aglow; and though Jarvis fed and fanned it with praiseworthy diligence it soon went out, leaving him only ashes for a souvenir. Thus the season of Lent wore to its close. He was quite degenerated and disgusted. There were times when he even thought of leaving College and volunteering, as one or two men he knew, for service in the Philippines.

He had begun by spending a good deal of his time at his club, but he soon found its membership too healthy for his taste. It was a pleasant place and required no intellectual effort, but its soft leather and hard wood, its dark walls and deep chairs, its magazines and the convenient lights to read them by, soon got on his nerves. The games of cards, the sight of the comic papers, and the young fellows dozing on the divans, all annoyed him, and he preferred that little set of men who were unknown within those walls, but who, glad to spend his money and to be seen in his company, were always ready to applaud his performances in town.

Even Stannard appeared to Jarvis to have become one of the general type. He was a member of three clubs and the B. A. A. and, beside that, appeared

merely the sort of fellow one meets everywhere in the places where everybody one likes always goes. He ate regularly at the club just as, for example, Innez, the former Freshman captain, ate at Memorial, though declaring that if he were elected a director of that last named institution he would do dire things in the revision of the food. But Jarvis picked up his meals wherever he happened to be, — at the “Holly Tree,” even at the lunch wagon in the Square.

With the considerably quieted Major he meanwhile managed; however, to get on very well. This friend played the piano with consummate skill and brilliance and the rarer element of real poetic feeling. Jarvis’ quietest hours were spent listening to him. Yet he was not happy anywhere and awaited gloomily the approach of final academic catastrophe.

“You ought to draw the line somewhere,” the Major once again remarked. “You’re beginning to make a spectacle of yourself in public on the rare occasions that you appear there.”

“How so?”

“Well you were certainly the centre of attraction in the indoor games at Mechanics’ Hall the other night, just as we beat Penn, in the quarter. Besides, here’s this affair of the old pump. Some ass blows it up with dynamite. Well, as soon as the faculty gets tired of the old Med. Fac. myth, they’ll look among just such men as you for the culprit.”

"You don't mean to intimate that I'd do such a rotten trick?"

"Not at all. I know that nobody in College would, and that it was the work of muckers. I am certain you would n't do it, because I know you. But there are those at the head of things who don't know you. Remember that."

This was one night in March. Some weeks later, one Tuesday morning about eight o'clock he was driving back to Cambridge from a ball at which most of the women had preferred to dance alone. He had been intensely bored and, since he was fast losing his taste for good reading, was wondering what he could turn to next, what thing was left for him, when he noticed that his herdic was passing the old Tower Lyceum. Impelled by he knew not what, he stopped, dragged himself out and, without ever looking at the bills of the play, bought a ticket for that night's performance.

He went home and slept until six o'clock when he woke asking himself how, after dinner, he should put in the evening. While he was dressing his eye was caught by the yellow piece of cardboard that he had purchased nine hours before and thrown upon his dressing-table when he went to bed. He did not want to go to the place now, but, after all, as there was nothing else offering, he decided to drop in.

When he entered the box of which he found him-

self the sole occupant, the "first part" was already well on. The company was new to him, but as he ran a cursory eye over the chorus he thought he noticed something familiar about one of the girls. She was standing near the middle of the line, and was conspicuous for the absence of artificial aids to a figure short and slim, but trim and shapely. She wore a white silk jacket edged with black braid, and her legs were encased in a pair of delicate pink tights.

"'Too narrow in the hips,' O Cæsar!" he quoted.

The next moment he remembered her as the girl who had attracted his eye the first night he had been in the house; the girl he had failed to meet, and whom, after falling in with Maggie Du Mar, he had forgotten a month later. A flood of memories rushed back upon him and he shrank a little behind the curtain of the box, instinctively hiding his face from the rest of the house.

That first visit to the Tower; that first glimpse of what he thought was "the world," the romantic thrill that had shot through him when their eyes first met,—this woman's and his,—how long ago it all seemed! And how old and withered he felt now! For now the glamour had fled; romance had slowly crumbled away and left him to see that then, when he considered himself disillusioned, he was still utterly and pleasantly deceived. Was the game to go on like this forever? At the end of every year was he to find

himself more skeptical, sadder, and wiser than at its beginning? Was every month to strip another rag from the tattered cloak of life? At the end of each succeeding retrospect was he to say that he had been a virgin then compared to what he had since become? The thought that there had been a chance then, when he imagined himself lost, suggested for a while that in a few months he might be saying the same thing of this moment; but he banished the idea with the reflection that though it might be possible to grow worse, it was out of the question now or ever to grow better. Nay, he could not even stand still, he could not remain as he was. He was ridden by his Master, and the rowels were sharp in his side. The hot tears sprang up into his eyes and blinded him. Sin had been so young and so beautiful; it had become so hideous and tyrannical.

For a few days after he had seen her that first time at the Tower, Jarvis had elevated this girl on a little stage in his own heart. He had never disassociated her from the kindly, deceiving glare of the footlights until Memory had rung down the curtain and the scene had permanently changed. How much had happened since then! How different he was and yet how much the same! The illusion had gone forever from the picture; the tinsel to his tired eyes was only tinsel now. He saw beneath the powder and the paint, and thought merely of the unpleasant realities there. And

yet this was the work of but one year. What the others would do he dared not farther guess. He had risen and fought and failed and fallen again since then, and here he was once more, the same but changed, pursuing pleasures which had ceased to please, grasping at phantoms which he knew would vanish in his hand. What a terrible thing was life, even at its best, and how ordinary and commonplace his life had been! It was simply a tiresome iteration of the old story of sin and repentance and sin again, — the old tale of shame and grief.

He was recalled from these disturbing introspections by the ending of the first part and got up and went out until he thought it time for the chorus to "come on" again. For a while he was tempted not to return at all, but the sensation, though unpleasant to a degree, had nevertheless the charm of novelty and, like Francis Saltus, he would have roasted his hand for the sake of that. When he did get back it was to find the girl again on the stage and to make a signal to meet her at the close of the performance. Shortly after, he got up and went out once more without waiting to see the end of the burlesque or more of her, except to nod an assurance that he would be at the stage door when the time came.

He put in the remaining half-hour by a walk down Tremont Street, returning by way of an old hotel off the Square from the management of which a woman

rose to be the dictator of what New York is pleased to admire as its "Society." When he returned to the theatre the crowd was already coming out and he had not long to wait.

The girl came upon the street alone, among the first to pass the stage door. She was defended from the damp east winds by only a small shoulder cape of thin material and was dressed in almost shabby black. But her face was not much changed by the total banishment of what little rouge there had been on it and she stood the test of the lamp-light very well.

"Of course you don't remember me," said Jarvis, as they walked down toward the Omega.

"Yes, I do," she replied, laughing. "It's funny, but I do. You were here in September or October last year when I was with Ribbie's company. You were Maggie Du Mar's friend."

"Because you would n't let me be yours — yes."

"Oh, you were too slow! I wanted you bad enough, but I could n't stand there on the curb and yell across to you."

This being manifestly true, he had to make the best of it, and so rejoined,

"Well, I'm not so slow now."

"You bet you're not!"

"Which way do you like better?"

"I don't know but I like the other way. — It's scarce."

"Thank you. Then you'd prefer to be without me?"

"Oh, I don't mean that, you know. Only somehow I did kind of like it. I guess that's why I remembered you. I don't generally remember fellows I see at the show."

They went into one of the booths of the *café*. Shortly after, for some reason which he did not analyse — perhaps because of what she had said on meeting him — he left her, making a similar engagement for the next night.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GOOD FAIRY.

PEGGY BARTOL had not made her second visit to Boston a long one. Her mother had determined to take her to Philadelphia, presumably because she considered a course of the Extempore Club and the Wellview teas a fitter penance for the close of the Lenten season than the company of Harvard Undergraduates and the not altogether surreptitious trips to the Boston theatres. Accordingly, the day after his meeting with the concert girl, Dick received a demure and fragrant little note announcing that his cousin was to depart on the following afternoon. It said that, since she had heard almost nothing of him during her stay in New England, he might wish to tell her whether or no he was still extant, in case his parents inquired after the fact. "As you evidently were not glad to have me come," it concluded, "I naturally suppose that you will be glad to see me go. If you are, be at the Terminal to-morrow at five."

He did not go. Up to the last moment he vacillated. Then his courage quite failed. He put the note in his inside pocket and stayed in Cambridge.

It would hardly have comforted his soul to know that his cousin did not, to all appearances, miss him. Hardy was there and Mallard, and they performed the requisite duties by carrying wraps and bags quite as well as he could have done. Peggy did ask where he was, but received in reply little that was definite.

"Dick's been curing himself of a bad case of love at first sight for the past few months," said Hardy, continuing with commendable mendacity, "He's not been fit for some time. Stays in his room, you know, and that sort of thing all the time."

"Really?" said Peggy, with a scarcely perceptible toss of her head and settling back in the Pullman chair wherein they had seen her safely ensconced.

"Oh yes," broke in the loquacious Mallard, "when he came back from that trip to your uncle's country-place last fall, he made a terrible guy of himself. Went in for reformation and other similar ideas, but he's got over it famously."

Mrs. Bartol began to show signs of nascent interest, but her daughter, upon noting this, was apparently not so much concerned.

"I'm sure the train's going to start," she said. "You had better get off right away, or you'll have to go along with us." And the two men, exceedingly loath, obeyed.

Jarvis was not, however, exactly where Mallard had pictured him. Indeed, had they been but a little

slower in their return, the two men would have passed him on the street on his way to meet Lily Forrest. He did not go into the theatre, however. On the contrary, he was at a loss how to kill time until the play was over. He found the solitude hard to bear. Even when with most women he felt the need of the Major's company, and perhaps it was because she proved an exception to this rule that he took pleasure in his new acquaintance. It added to the piquancy of a situation otherwise novel enough. At all events, on this second night he merely repeated the scenes of the one preceding.

So was it continuously during her two weeks' stay. She made charmingly awkward little attempts to accommodate herself and her language to it all, as if used to nothing else: indeed, as if that poor effort which it was her business nightly to make, that farcical imitation of ladyhood which was her trade, was also her natural self. He said to himself that he kept up his show of courtesy only because it amused him to treat this waif as if he were talking to a lady, — to some woman of his own set at home. Or, perhaps, he simply liked to watch the effect upon her of the exaggerated style of Chesterfieldian courtesy he saw fit to adopt. Perhaps it was only that. He did not know. But more likely it was educible from a finer feeling than he would ever have attributed to any one else, much less to himself. She was so slight and

prettily frail. He was never consciously ungallant to any woman before whom he saw fit to drop the royal kerchief, and it is possible that in this case there was a real pity in his heart for her, — some trace of better sentiment otherwise lost in the maelstrom of his other and more tumultuous sensations, some bit of subconscious recognition of a good woman that was hidden in her, almost washed out, it might be, in her troublous little existence. Certain it was that he could not change his bearing and that she unquestioningly accepted it as the ordinary manner of a gentleman to his equals in that gilded world which she knew nothing of.

The outward woman it did not take him long to learn. His bearing soon brought from her, in spite of her assumed manner, an account of herself, the sordidness of which did not permit a doubt of its veracity; and when he had heard it and taken into consideration the mode of life it suggested, his feeling toward her whole class was considerably softened.

In the language of a child of the New York streets Lily Forrest told, a bit at a time, the brief history of her life. She was really little more than twenty, though hard work, rough life, late hours, and dissipation had made her look ten years older. She had been brought up in a tenement house and married at sixteen to money in the shape of a half share in a Bowery "oyster bay." Her husband was fifty and

drunken. He beat her, but she put up with that as a natural portion of the marital contract. At last he knocked her senseless with an oyster knife and, before she could plead in his behalf, was arrested by a passing policeman. As a witness in the case she was afraid to swear falsely in his favour, and because she would not do so he was sent to the Island. Her father refused to take her back with him. The business went to ruin and, to put in the time until her husband returned, she had joined her first burlesque troupe. Hard as the life was, she had found it preferable to that she had formerly known, and she never again bothered about affairs domestic. She got but ten dollars a week and had to pay her own hotel bills and clothe herself on the stage as well as off.

In his half satirical, half good-humoured way, Jarvis enjoyed and felt for her in these confidences, was amused by them, in fact, almost as much as he was by the posing which elicited them. It was something new, too, and valuable as that, if as nothing else. Besides, his money, once much more than abundant, was low at last. He was in debt and the amusement was cheap and first class of its kind.

He would take off her miserable cape as if it had been some gorgeous ermine opera cloak; he would offer her beer and fill her glass with it as if it were at least Norman champagne, if not indeed delicate Château Margaux or exquisite St. Emilion. A thou-

sand little attentions he paid her with all the chivalry of a trained carpet-knight. His manners—in the New England sense of the word—had grown rusty, and it entertained him to exercise them where their shortcomings would pass unnoticed. In all this time, as the nights sped on, he never approached anything that could have offended the delicacy of a saint or been disrespectful to the holiness of a vestal virgin.

But while he was thus amusing himself, he did not notice the change that was taking place in her. He did not see that the tired eyes were growing strangely big and wistful, or that a new strain had come into her clear voice.

He was not cruel by nature, and would never have dreamed of playing with a human heart for the pleasure of the sport; only he had seen so much baseness that all higher feeling was blurred and out of focus for him. The wide eyes that followed his every motion, the open mouth with pouting, miniature lips that drank in his every word, the face that always wondered and admired, all were hidden from him or noticed only to be misconstrued.

At last the night before the Easter holiday arrived. She was to go to Worcester the next day. For him there had been an uncomfortable interview with his physician, who had first pronounced him to be in a serious condition and then ordered him abroad.

“If you would behave yourself, you’d be all right,”

the man of medicine had grimly concluded. "But I suppose that's too much to ask."

The words had been unpalatable, but were hardly unexpected, yet he had not formed any plans for the future beyond that, feeling he could not face Philadelphia again, he had, contrary to medical advice, bought his ticket for New York.

His parting scene with Lily began, in all essentials, strongly like another crucial one in the drama of the past months. Neither spoke much as they sat in the narrow booth smoking their cigarettes over beer and a Welsh rabbit. Jarvis was thinking that it was about time this foolish make-believe was brought to an end, and the thoughts of the girl, though unintelligible to him, were written plainly upon her face.

"My vacation begins to-morrow," he said, breaking a silence which was fast becoming unendurable.

"I suppose you'll go to Philadelphia?" she inquired, looking first away from him and then quickly up into his face.

But he did not catch her glance.

"No," he replied. "I shall go to New York and enjoy myself."

"Don't do that."

"Why not?"

"You've just said the doctor told you you must n't."

"Doctors are generally liars."

By a sudden movement she flung herself forward and caught his hand in both of hers.

"Take me with you!" she cried.

"Great Heavens, what do you mean?"

"Oh, you know! You know!" she sobbed.

There were tears in her voice, yet in her eyes, as she looked up at him, there was but love and pleading.

"I've never had anybody treat me like you have," she went on hurriedly, holding fast to his cold hand.

"I never knew a real gentleman before, an' I love you so! Oh, I love you so! I can't go back to this hell again. I can't do it an' I won't! You don't know what it is! Just let me live with you, please, or get me a place where I can see you once in a while!"

Jarvis turned away his face. He had not guessed at this. He was touched and, for the moment, tempted too. Then he laid his other hand on hers and said kindly enough,—

"It can't be done, dear, it really can't."

She leaned over toward him, her pink face flushed to rose red, and her violet eyes gleaming at last with the diamonds of the unshed tears between the tumbled black locks that were falling over them.

"Don't say that," she pleaded, "why can't you?"

"Well in the first place, I have n't got the money. I'm head over ears in debt as it is."

"But it won't cost nothing. Just get me a job

som'eres please, please. You can do that. An' then I'll keep myself. I'd want to. I'll work so hard! An' you need n't ever be afraid o' my ever tellin' on you. I just want to be near you always an' see you sometimes — nothing more 'n that."

He shifted uneasily in his seat.

"But I shall not be here for long myself," he said at last. "I'm only at College here, you know, and I hardly think I shall come back next year. The doctor says I ought to go abroad. And then when I come back to this country I should probably go into business in Philadelphia with my father."

The plan shaped itself only as he spoke, but for the moment it seemed the natural solution of his problem.

"And I could n't very well,—we could n't very well arrange it there," he added gently.

"You're struck on some swell there. That's it, is n't it?"

Her tone was half fierce and she had sprung to her feet glaring across at him with both clenched little fists resting in the beer suds on the table. It was useless to temporise further, and yet if he told the plain truth she would hardly be likely to understand it. However, there appeared to be no other way out of the difficulty so — though if he had to be killed, Jarvis did not care to be killed in such a place — he yet determined to try it. Though he feared for his

moral courage in so doing, he looked up at her, waiting his answer. She was, he thought, more beautiful in her wrath than in her sorrow.

Then he began placidly making rings on the table with the base of his wet tumbler. Half the truth he would at least confess. His heart was strangely full as he began.

"Yes," he said, slowly and not at all certainly, "I am in love with a Philadelphia girl."

He need not have feared. She sank back into her chair and for a minute covered her face with her hands.

He had grown very white of late and there were heavy lines about his handsome eyes. He was too broken to stand this. His conscience, which he had so long flattered himself was quite dead, rose up and smote him. He could not bear to witness pain in any form, much less to inflict it. Yet the thing was impossible. He simply could not, in any sense afford it. There was still one means of consolation and he decided to try that.

He came round the table and sat beside her.

"Lily," he said, trying to take her fingers from before her face.

She resisted a moment and then flung back her head and shook the curls out of her eyes. She was laughing.

"Did I fool you?" she asked. "You're easy!"

You must take me for a soft thing. Ring for some more drinks. You're still slow, after all."

He was not altogether pleased to find that in just this manner he had not broken her heart. He hated to be tricked and dreaded being laughed at. But he rang the bell and when she asked for a whiskey and soda, he instead ordered a flask, and joined her in the drink.

"I see your finish," she said as she tossed off the first glass.

He was silent, and, watching her, he soon realised that her bravado was assumed. By the time the supply of liquor had begun to diminish, he noticed that she, poor girl, was not yet actress enough to carry out her part.

He went across to her cheap hotel and up to her room with her.

It was a miserable little place under the roof. There was one bed, a shabby trunk, and a bureau the drawers of which stood open and nearly empty except for a few soiled collars and a broken box of powder that had strewn its contents in little white mounds all over the pine boards.

A few months before all this would have disgusted Jarvis; now he expected nothing different and was no more surprised than he was to find that through the window the stars were shining in the purple sky.

For a few moments he looked out at that small patch of heaven vouchsafed him through the filthy maze of city roofs, and tried hard to fathom the message of the pale radiance that dimly struggled toward him there. He was sober enough now. In his heart a great pity was slowly rising; a new sense was born in him, the great sixth sense for sacrifice that alone completes the human organism.

What, after all, was he, to scorn this poor soiled daisy struggling up between the rough cobbles of a busy street? Was it not far better than he? By what right then did he now withhold from it its one small gleam of sunshine? By what right did he deny it the one inalienable right of every life — the right to love? He could give her, it was true, at best but poor sunlight and but little. Yet it was his chance as much as hers. What light there was in him was meant to be given, — and to whom else could he give it now? Here was one who at least loved him and whom he could always cherish. Spoiled flower and spoiled sunlight, — it was meet.

"Lily," he said with sudden resolution, moving toward the door, "I must be getting back to Cambridge. But look here, here's a ticket to New York. You take it and meet me at the station and — we'll try to make things go the way you want them."

She took the ticket slowly; looked at it an instant uncertainly; took a cigarette from the bureau — and,

thrusting the ticket into the flaring gas, proceeded to use it as a spill.

"Good Lord, girl! What are you doing that for?" he cried.

"So you can get through passage to Philadelphia and go home where you belong. Good night."

She was blowing, leisurely, smoke from between her lips and smiling at him as she spoke.

But as their glances met, the smile gradually died away from the small, round face; the corners of the puckered mouth drooped lower; the big eyes winked and filled and twitched, and her slight frame was shaken with convulsive sobs.

Dick tried to quiet her, but in vain.

"No, no!" she sobbed. "Go away! Go home! Don't stay here, or I can't stand it. Only go home!"

"And why should I do that?"

She lifted her tear-stained face and looked straight into his as she put his hand gently to her lips.

"Why?" she cried, in sudden violence. "Because you've got to make something of yourself. Go home an' fix it all up and then come back to College and finish like a man. What're you wastin' yourself for? Cut those smart kids that are runnin' round with you. Do you think they care anything about you? They're not the gang you were with last year. I know that. You're just a bigger man than they are an' they want to be called your friends, that's all. You don't think

they'd care a snap of their fingers for you if you weren't anybody, or had no money, do you? My God, you'd be better off with me than with them!"

An actress? As she lay there, risen now upon one arm, her face flushed, her voice choked, her whole body on fire, she was something far more subtle than that. She was superbly her real self; she was perfectly a woman.

"Go back," she continued, with a sweeping gesture. "Go back to Philadelphia. Try for the girl, anyhow. No man can tell what he can do till he's got the girl he wants. Remember that. Try! Don't give up till you've tried. No woman on God's earth would want a man till he did, and no man would be worth her. If you get her, College 'll be easy. It'll all be easy then. It's right an' — an' — try just once more — for me!"

He stood there, arrested in the flood of action and the whole truth burst upon him and shook him like a sapling in a storm. But he was still willing to pursue that course that had come to him as he looked from her window.

"Are — you — sure?" he asked at last. "Do — you — advise — this?"

"Yes," she said, calmly now. "Because — because you belong to a better woman than I am."

For a moment more he hesitated. Then he smoothed back from the white forehead those tangled,

troublesome black curls and gravely kissed the place that they had covered.

“A better woman than you?” he repeated, as he opened the door to close it upon her forever, “in all the world I know of only one.”

CHAPTER XXII.

HALF GODS GO.

IN Philadelphia Peggy had been undergoing her penance with commendable endurance. Some of its forms she seemed even to enjoy. Few places can be duller than is this particular city at this particular season — its Midwinter Ball is not so bad as its Lent — yet Mistress Bartol was one of those happy, one would say almost typical, American girls, who could find amusement even in Kansas City.

Taking luncheon at the Wellview, when it was suddenly announced that a visiting heir-apparent was drinking beer in the next room, she preferred watching two well-known society women leave their tables to look at him, even to looking at him herself. She went, always with her mother and generally with Mrs. Jarvis, to a sale of hats and bonnets in a Walnut Street drawing room. She even attended that threatened meeting of the Extempore Club, where her mother assisted in fixing, once and for all time, the sun in his proper place in the solar system. She had formerly been vaguely impressed that this assignment to his station of the eye of day had been accomplished some

few æons before. But under the sway of much eloquence her erroneous ideas were softly dispersed and she found solace in a tranquil nap.

Indeed, Mrs. Bartol was one of the good souls who are secure in the thought that their daughters Jill will not break their crowns except in the company of a Jack predestined. Yet it is unfortunately a fact that every Jill is most apt to have two or even more casual Jacks in attendance and that, at any rate, was Peggy's case. Among her admirers Bert Hardy, who had got away from Cambridge a trifle in advance of his friends, took a high place. Just at this time he was, in truth, seeing as much of her as, for instance, Jarvis should have seen. Not that he was at first very definite. Somehow his heart was too young for that. But, although on her side she did little that the most critical could call conscious encouragement, he found that he was entertaining for her that boy's love which is the most beautiful of all our transient passions.

Yet, as was characteristic of the lad, he would not tell her. Once or twice they drove together in the Park; they met and chatted at a quiet tea, and on the rare occasions when the season permitted of the theatre, he had always tried to get a chair close to hers. But that was all. He wanted to be near her and to hear her talk. In a strange, pure way he worshipped her as some new deity and to the fact that others should so worship her he attached no

more significance than that they should kneel in church.

Once only did he approach words. They were far out Broad Street in an automobile which Hardy was himself driving, and she had said, innocently enough, that she "could go on this way forever."

"You could?" he breathlessly took her up.

"I could indeed."

"Forever?"

"And a day," she laughed.

"Well," he hesitated, "do — you mean in the way of Browning's 'Last Ride Together?'"

It was an ingenious way of putting it. But unluckily for him, Peggy did not know Browning at all, except perhaps as a name to symbolise the unknowable, and so, as she had thus far imagined that he was, like so many men she had met, merely a "talker," she gave him a thoughtless "Yes."

The result to him was something of an emotional tragedy. At the moment he could speak no further, but his whole attitude was so far changed as to make him resolve to grasp the very next opportunity that offered.

Meanwhile Peggy had small chance of forgetting Dick. There was, of course, constant reference to him and when Mrs. Jarvis managed to ask about him, as she occasionally managed to do, Peggy succeeded in suppressing her mother's too truthful statements of

that young man's sins of omission, until she finally came to like the strategy which this manœuvring required.

It is, however, a question whether she would have continued her good offices had she known just what was the cause that made them necessary; but Jarvis, at all events, soon arrived on the scene of action, and proved quite able to take his defence into his own hands. Emotional both from instinct and training, few things could have so acted upon his temperament and so forced him into other paths as just that incident of Lily Forrest. Had the adventure occurred to any one else, he would have treated it very differently. Generally the affections of such unfortunates as the pretty chorus girl are, as he had said of Mary Braddock's, as notoriously transient as they are conspicuously violent. That the good will of such a person should serve as a gospel of redemption or that her admonition should enforce a change of conduct in any of his friends Jarvis would have been the last to grant. But the thing had not happened to anybody else. It had happened to Richard Jarvis, and that just at a time when, little as he dreamed it, this young man was most ready to receive and obey without question any promise of rescue or command to hope. Lily Forrest's life was not, then, lived in vain. She whom Jarvis did not love had triumphed where all that he had loved had failed. Why? Because she had loved

him. Because, through that power of loving which — since it can create love — can do more than anything else in all life, she had given him the will for sacrifice and, denying the offering to her desecrated altar, had bade him take his own burned desires to a shrine worthy of their death. For she, alas, knew how terrible a sacrifice it was — knew it as, to our sorrow, no pure woman can ever know — and she knew also that, once the goddess was revealed, there would be no other in all the heaven for Dick.

He had been sated and disgusted with his life, willing that it should end or change in any way, though hopeless that it should change for the better. He had become so thoroughly skeptical of everything human that, had there been leisure to reflect, it is probable he would even still have hesitated and doubted until both the courage and the desire to obey had been lost. But his trunks were packed and everything in readiness for departure. His money was short, too, and he settled the matter by securing a through ticket for home immediately upon leaving his good angel of the concert-hall.

By the time he had seated himself in the train next morning and was watching the racing telegraph posts, between half-hearted perusals of contradictory Chinese war news, this change had actually taken place; but it had taken place too late, and he congratulated himself on having escaped that otherwise inevitable

period of wavering which, much more than the comparative relief of action, is, above all things, torturing to the naturally indecisive. He did laugh at himself a little and reflect that he must be still very young, being still so very hopeful; yet he could not but admit that the new idea suggested to him on the night previous was far more tenable than that which had prompted his former attempt toward freedom. It must, patently, be easier to reform having won a pure woman, than to do so in the hope that, once the reformation was accomplished, the woman might be won. He forgot that on the former occasion he had been as absolutely certain of success as if the battle had been his from the outset. It sufficed now that there would be a change which, just because it was a change, would be more than acceptable.

That alteration had by no means come as yet. He had grown so nervously self-conscious, so preternaturally introspective, that it seemed as if his only reflex actions were those necessary merely for the continuance of existence. Noting the pulse of his temperament and waiting for that change to come, he failed to understand that the only way to make it possible was to cease looking for it. Instead, he sat there analysing his impressions, connotating, indorsing, and docketing them, balancing his mental ledgers to see how he stood. For instance, he was disturbed to find that the chief impression left by the coloured porter

was that the palms of his hands resembled the bellies of dead fish. He had, then, to grant that very little of his morbidness had vanished over night. But, on the credit side, he found himself taking pleasure in the field and sky, both fresh with the new life of spring, and he began to hope that something of that new life and strength and sweetness would sooner or later be imparted to him. It had not been imparted yet, it was true, but there was, as the Wolf observed to Red Riding Hood, plenty of time.

Gradually, however, he ceased to take note of the faces around or the country through which he sped. The stuffy air of the parlour-car, the women with disordered hair, asleep in every variety of uncomfortable positions; the men reading through their stacks of newspapers for the third time, or trying to interest themselves in the cheap story of the newsboy, and slowly and apathetically becoming resigned to the discovery that they were below even that grade of intellectual enjoyment, — these things were lost upon him. When the waiter came up and hesitatingly placed a bill of fare before him, Jarvis remained wrapped in his own thoughts for a moment or two and then awoke only to stare blankly first at the negro, then at the card. The rest of the time his eyes were fixed steadily on the chair-back before him as if he found the study of its pattern of unusual human interest and importance, and yet he received

absolutely no impression of the figure, colour, or texture.

They steamed past the endless streets of Providence and on to the coast. The crimson sunlight on the seas streamed in upon him and he turned to draw the curtain. The dancing waters were blue and green and gold, silver-ribbed and happy; white sails were scudding before the stiff noon breeze; and Long Island in dim purple outline was lying like a sleeping whale at rest upon the surface. The stone-fenced farms of Connecticut grew less and less barren as they made for the south and finally the dirty "yards" of Harlem filled the train with coal-dust.

All the while they were being jolted on to the boat and when the other passengers, with the exception of a pair of timid lovers, went on deck to watch the panorama of the city's water-front, Jarvis remained in the darkened car with the thumping of the engines for company. He caught a departing glimpse of dazzling white New York beside its sparkling river and then, at last, worn out by his reflections, he fell into a troubled, restless sleep as the green meadowlands and hopelessly commonplace towns of New Jersey gave place to the suburban monstrosities of Philadelphia. He awoke only as they came roaring into Broad Street Station.

In his prevailing state of mind he was not inclined to quarrel with the town on any grounds whatever.

Yet Peggy he discovered even less gracious than when last he saw her. She had been ready enough to condone his offenses before others, but appeared determined that he should pay the last penalty to her. His parents, however, were really rejoiced to see him. His father was proud of his football and his mother of his looks, so that both were glad to forgive shortcomings that, to say the truth, they had either overlooked at the time or long since forgotten. Accordingly, the fattened calf was slain and Dick began to find everything very bearable — except, of course, the person on whose account he had come.

She was entirely too severe and there was evident in her a certain new aloofness which he did not like. Formerly she had always been too militant, but now she appeared to avoid even battling with him, so that when a *rencontre* did occur, Dick adopted the policy of the Spaniards in the last Cuban rebellion and acted entirely on the defensive. The result was *nil* and, after one daring and equally unsatisfactory attempt at a change of tactics, Jarvis sought council of the Major, who was then spending a part of the brief vacation in Philadelphia.

The fellow, as Dick knew, was, in spite of his disgusting affectations, all right at bottom, and was willing enough to give practical advice. Not that Jarvis was his friend, as he was careful to explain. He was neither strong enough nor poor enough to be able to

afford the luxury of friends, but he considered Dick an amusing study, he said, and he would be willing to sacrifice a few of his precious thoughts upon this desert air.

"I don't care why you came, so you're here," said Jarvis as, after the play, they sat in the *café* of a South Broad Street hotel. "I want the advice of somebody who's disinterested and knows the world."

"Knowing the world," replied the Major, "always means knowing women. — I don't."

"Yes, you do. I might as well tell you the truth at once. I'm in love."

"That's no new thing. I know whom you mean, and I know you've been in love with her since the first time you met her a year ago last fall. Any idiot could see that."

"Perhaps it's because I'm not an idiot that I could n't."

"Not likely. Most probably you did n't take the trouble to look properly."

"Well, at any rate, I'm in love with her and she has turned me down so regularly that I don't know what to make of it."

"Make the best of it."

"Oh, don't laugh at me."

"I never laugh at any one. The object of it is too apt to notice it and cease to be amusing."

"Well, don't behave in this way, whatever you call

it. You wouldn't if you were in my place. All women are wonderful, but this woman is the most wonderful I have ever met."

"Cheer up. There still remain in the world a few million you have n't met. How did this one turn you down? That's the point."

"Oh, every way!"

"Let me hear one way."

"I'll let you hear the latest. But make no mistake. She is a good girl and I love her."

"I've neither doubt nor objection for I noticed that she did n't call the Yard a campus, did n't express the slightest curiosity to see Lowell's place or Longfellow's, and did n't once inquire after the Washington Elm. She did n't take to your cheap sports and has no use for boy cynics like myself—or at least what I used to be—the most nauseating form of youth imaginable. I've no doubt she'll allow you to continue smoking in bed and while you dress and let you kick your clothes about the floor as of old.—Go on."

"Well, it was in putting on her coat."

"What was?—Oh yes, I recollect. You probably did n't know the art. It is one. I thought of writing an exposition on it for 22. There was one on the English stroke the other day and that's a complicated thing, of course, but it does n't need explanation half as much."

"Well, I dare say you're a past master. However —"

"And no one else in the course is? I suppose that's why nobody else tried it. Or else everybody was afraid to show his shortcomings in that line before the handsome and experienced instructors."

Evidently the man was bound to have his way, so Jarvis resignedly asked, —

"Well, explain it."

"I'm going to. There are two leading methods; the right way and the safe way. By the right I mean the technically correct, not the more morally defensible method. I don't propose to enter into the morals of the question."

"No, please don't."

"Because I've found the devil'll generally claim his own. Only, I want you to discriminate between the right way as I have defined it and the safe way as I shall propound it. It's only necessary to bear in mind that the right way is not the safe way and that the safe way is not the right."

"Well, to speak of the right."

"Then, the girl will generally pick up her coat and hold it so, — dangling helpless."

"She did!"

"If she is an expert she can so arrange it that there will be a certain imploring expression in the very hang of the coat. At this stage don't offer to help.

So far as I have been able to discover, the highest authorities agree that it is better to be occupied with your own gloves and quite oblivious to the petition implied in the droop of the coat."

"My experience bears out your theory."

"There then follow a few moments of silence."

"There did."

"During which you feel the girl's eyes are fixed upon you. I say you feel it, because your own gaze is bent intently upon your glove which you are regarding with a steady, unwavering kind of admiration."

"That's all very well, but what if she —"

"Ask you to help? Of course she will not. She will begin to put the coat on for herself. You hereupon look up, exclaim, 'Oh, I beg your pardon!' — 'How foolish of me!' — 'Do let me help you!' — or some equally original and striking phrase, adding perhaps that those gloves are '*such* a bore.' The girl replies, 'Never mind, she can do it perfectly well herself.' If there is an element of sarcasm in her tone, it is perhaps well to let her struggle with the task for a while before you insist upon helping. If, however, the words show a proper humility, you may set to at once. Authorities differ as to whether you had better or not draw off your gloves before assisting. I think myself that the lover of art for art's sake generally handles art without gloves."

The Major was rapidly warming to the subject and Jarvis hopelessly allowed him to proceed.

"Now, step gracefully behind the girl; grip the collar firmly with both hands about two inches from the centre, holding the coat far enough back from the girl to necessitate her taking a step backward to get into it. How close to your own coat you may hold hers depends on the girl. As in the making of bread, judgment and experience are the only guides. Be sure that you hold the jacket tight. There is considerable struggling and the jacket will get away from you if you don't hold firmly.

"It is not necessary to warn against any attempt at conversation at this point. You will find it impossible to talk. The girl grasps the left sleeve of her waist by her left fingers and the right sleeve with the right fingers, having the respective thumbs projecting at right angles. She then makes two or three abortive attempts with her left to hit the opening to the coat-sleeve, succeeding the fourth or fifth time, the right arm meanwhile pointing directly ahead of her. The same process is then repeated with that arm, there is a 'general convulsion' of the shoulders and the thing is done. There remains only the tucking in of the sleeves which every man can do best for himself.

"After describing all this in my exposition, I shall then proceed to the safe method, which is the simpler

and the one I generally myself pursue. It is, to pick up the girl's coat; hand it graciously to her, and then retreat the length of the room. In most cases it is best to place a table between yourself and the girl. Within this tower of strength occupy yourself with your own coat and let the girl take care of hers. If you know any prayers, it might be well to recite them. If she asks you to help her, refuse calmly but firmly. It is the only way with some girls. That is the safe way of helping a girl on with her coat."

"Well," said Jarvis, breathlessly grasping his opportunity, "you can use my case for exemplification. The other evening I helped my cousin on with her coat, as I was telling you. By instinct I followed pretty much the rules of your first method —"

"I should have added that to occupy your mind you might have gone over the fifteenth and sixteenth stanzas of 'The Scholar Gipse' while you were doing it."

"Oh, I got along fairly well as it was, thank you, until the coat was really on. Then I turned to look 'round for my hat and she said, 'Well?' I wheeled about again and there she was standing as I had left her, the picture of discomfort."

"I know," said the Major, "Head thrust forward and arms extended from the sides at an angle of forty-five degrees."

"She said, 'Well' again, and I said 'I beg your

pardon?' and she asked me if I was n't going to tuck in the sleeves."

"There you were!"

"Of course I had to do it. I was behind her and a little to her right. As I was quite inexperienced, it did n't occur to me to step over to the other side, so I had to lean over the right shoulder to tuck in the left sleeve. She submitted. Then she said, 'You might have done that from the other side, don't you think?' Of course, I said, 'Very well,' and stepping accordingly to the left shoulder leaned over to tuck in the right sleeve. Just then Peggy lifted her face, I suppose to arraign my awkwardness—"

"Do you think you ought to tell me this?" cried the Major in well-feigned horror.

"I want to get your opinion. I want her to accept me as a husband. I know you're a stone wall and I'm in love."

"Well, you should n't have done it, you know."

"Oh, I know it, but it was all the fault of those sleeves that bag at the bottom. They catch so easily in the coat lining."

"Ahem!" said the Major.

"She has n't spoken to me since, until last night at the Sirron dinner—a very quiet and small affair—she was next me and had to. Then, apropos of nothing, she observed that rumor had it those big sleeves would n't last in fashion much longer. I said

fervently and truly that I was glad of it, and — what do you think? — she just turned up her nose, you know that nose — and said, ‘ You ’re not very complimentary to-night.’ Now, what the deuce does she mean by that sort of thing? ”

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

JARVIS' question was exactly the kind the Major most delighted in answering.

"What does her conduct mean?" he repeated. "It may mean any one of a thousand things — or it may mean precisely nothing at all. You must ask her to find out."

"It means something," persisted Jarvis. "I'd begun" — and there was this time no doubt in his tone, — "I'd begun to make the mistake of judging this girl by those we came across in Boston — not in a bad sense, you know, but concluding that I could n't have put up with the frivolousness as a regular thing, supposing she'd have had me. Well, though I'm still bothered by that criterion some times, I've — since I've seen her again, and hardly think I can ever get her, I just don't care about anything. I only know I love her whatever she may be."

"They say that's the best symptom. I don't know. I'm honestly no judge in these matters."

It had cost Jarvis something more than an ordinary effort to get himself thus far in his confession to the

Major, but for the first time in his life he was really sensible of his weakness in such affairs and felt that he must have some one to talk to and to help him, as on that other evening when he had turned to Hardy. That his companion should appear as reticent as the principal, was, at this stage, provoking, and he saw that he must be perfectly frank if he would expect in return the frankness which he required. The old sense that he must confide in somebody — in anybody, almost — had commanded him to seek the Major, who had of late been his closest intimate among his former friends. He could not now afford to let slip the chance of partial comfort, the aid to resolution thus held out to him. With a final effort, he therefore plunged headlong into a description full nearly to tediousness.

“You see,” he at last concluded, “I do hesitate to tell her that I love her, because — it seems queer for me to talk in this way, but it’s the only way I can talk — because I think I ought to tell her just what I am and all about myself if I’m going to marry her. There’s no excuse for the double moral standard.”

“You want me to speak plainly, don’t you, Dick?”

“Of course.”

“And to call things by their right names? Very well.” And the Major ran his thin nervous fingers through his red hair. “Very well, I will. In the first

place, then, to generalise a little. Taken alone and as individuals, there is, of course, no excuse for the double moral standard between husband and wife. But you can't in the wife's case look at the individual alone. You must judge the crime by the scope of the evil it effects. Now, I don't mean to say there is any danger of accident in the matter at hand — God forbid that I should even suggest it — but I'm just giving you one of the answers to your little theory of the single standard. And then it has this bearing on the present question: Your cousin's nothing — forgive me — if not strong-headed. So far as I can make out it's her chief charm. Well, by telling her about your little peccadillos, you're just giving her an excuse for future ones of her own. Harmless ones of course and not bad, but merely annoying."

"Stop!" cried Dick in agony. "You don't understand it at all. How can you talk so? It's monstrous, horrible!"

"I said not bad but merely annoying."

"Yes, yes, I know. But hang it, you've missed the whole point! How can you talk so, whatever you may mean, in connection with a good woman? Don't you know what one is? I can't have you go on this way, if it costs me your friendship. I really can't. The girl's an angel."

The Major smiled and carefully brushed some ashes from his coat.

"My dear chap," he calmly continued, "if I were a woman and a man called me an angel, I would never marry him. The other thing one could forgive, but an angel — ! Now, you've started me and must just sit still and let me finish. You can blacken my eye or commit any vulgarity you please — afterwards. Only, I must talk first.

"If you tell a woman all your sins, she may — if she cares for you she undoubtedly will — forgive you now and the confession might even lend you a sort of melancholy glory. But glory and forgiveness are transient things and marriages, unfortunately, stable. Sooner or later there'd come a day when the pardon would change into condemnation and the glory become a reproach. She could n't always feel edified at having saved you. She must some times feel regret for the necessity of such an act of salvation. And at that time the sins of your youth would become the excuse for those of her maturity — small ones and mere annoyances in this case as I observed before. I don't say hers would be real sins, you see, they'd probably be mere thorns among the roses, but, between real sins and annoyances, the former, for pure peace of mind, are, in another, infinitely to be preferred. You don't want to be continually reminded of former shortcomings. You don't at all want to be reminded of them. You want to forget them and, if ever you tell a woman, that's impossible. Even if

she never opens her lips about them, you'll find it impossible."

"Now, are you done?"

"Very nearly."

"But you've missed the point, I tell you!"

"I don't want to do anything but keep you from a foolish veracity. It is n't even that. These things are understood by every woman of the world."

"But, I'm glad to say, she is n't a woman of the world — not of your world, at least."

"No doubt, but I don't think she'd thank you for saying so. It's curious how the best of women always like it to be thought —"

"Oh, rot! As a mere matter of policy, I think I ought to let my cousin know everything. I don't want anybody to come back at me in four or five years with some disgraceful tale, some miserable, vulgar scandal."

"The best way to avoid that is passed. It was at hand only a year ago last summer. — Stuff! Who could do it, or would do it if they could? You've given me to understand that you've had a little affair of the heart with some presumably respectable girl here in Philadelphia — well, she's the only one you've ever written letters to, is n't she?"

Jarvis nodded.

"Very well, then, the others would n't have anything to show for it if they would come, if they even

knew who you were or got trace of you — which is most unlikely — would they?"

"No, they would n't."

"Exactly. Well, this one girl would n't try to expose you if she's sane, as I suppose she is. Why should she expose you? She'd have everything to lose and nothing to gain."

"Oh, I don't think she'd do anything silly. She's terribly level-headed. Besides, there's nothing compromising in what I wrote her, if I recollect rightly."

The Major laughed.

"You'd recollect all right if there was! — But for heaven's sake, then, what are you hesitating about?" he asked. "You've got the dearest past of any man I know. What do you want, anyhow? There's not one witness against you."

"Yes, there is one you have n't counted on."

"Your conscience?"

"Exactly. I can't altogether, I'm glad to say, get away from that."

"I thought that would be at the bottom of this. You men in love are all alike and all commonplace. — You're a fool. Do you suppose there's one man in the world who does not conceal some little thing at least — from his wife? Well, no matter how small that something originally was, it will assume tremendous proportions just because it is concealed. Yet,

do you think that prevents the man from being a good citizen, a good husband, or a good father? Quite the contrary. It makes him a better one, because he must be continually sacrificing to propitiate that skeleton in his closet. Every time his conscience pricks him he regards it as a fresh sin and he has to be even more patriotic, more constant, more tender, to overbalance it. And that state's much better than the alternative I told you of a few minutes ago."

Jarvis' whole nature revolted against the man's tone, but he was quiet enough in his answer, because he now readily discerned his friend's sincerity.

"I can't have it, Major," he said, "I really can't. Don't talk this way. You can go to the devil, if you like, but I don't want to."

"Why, Dick, I've nothing to say against your cousin and, if I were addicted to such things, I'd probably love you as a very dear friend. I think Miss Bartol's a splendid example of her class—strong-headed, as I said, and so full of life as to lean toward innocent indiscretion, nothing more. You've got so blamed morbid lately that you exaggerate everything—in the wrong way."

"No I don't and I won't. And she is n't indiscreet. I don't like indiscretion—in a girl."

"Because you yourself want to monopolise that quality of the firm. Exactly. But—do you know?

—I think it's that in her more than anything else that has caught your heart."

"Well, perhaps. Yes, I dare say you're right."

"And I think she'd suit you very well. Once I told you that one married a companion, not a woman. That's true, but I didn't mean that the companion must be like one. In fact, the reverse is often better. That's a commonplace, so I hurry away from it. As to your early marriage, I don't see why it should n't be a go, provided you first finish up your four years at Cambridge. You've got plenty of money and after a short engagement—the public one, I mean—you could settle down very comfortably. As for your talents, you need n't be afraid of burying them—that's been done long ago. Seriously, though, you could do good work yet. The important thing is to fix this up and then to go back to College and keep your head."

"Well, I'm glad you agree with me in that, anyway, and I think, of course, that I've got the right girl. The truth is, I'd love her anyhow."

"I'm glad to hear you adopting that unreasonable sentimental tone. It shows that your affection is real, anyway. I'm sure you're right. In spite of your philanderings, you've returned to this ideal and that goes far toward proving that ideal true and your worship of it sufficiently sincere. It's different with me. I never stop long in one place, never retrace

my steps and rarely look behind me. Anything that catches my eye will catch my fancy and hold it until my eye is caught by something else. The daring tilt of a hat, the challenge of a flower in careless hair, the way a skirt is held or the colour of a glove — anything suffices to do the business for me and nothing can do it for long."

"Major," said Jarvis, softening at last. "I—I wish it was n't so. There's no peace to that. It's 'a burning forehead and a parching tongue' as long as you live. Don't you mean to hit it off some day? It'd be the best thing for you. I really think it would."

"Probably. — But it's no use to suppose, is it? This is a chaotic world, and it amuses me to stand off and watch it spin. You're in the midst of it and I'm outside. We can't really touch each other any more. We can only call out as you whirl by. I can no more be a part of the world than we rich men can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. We're both happy, but on the whole I guess you're the happier of the two. Meanwhile, don't worry. You want my help. Well, such as it is, you shall have it. You've got the right stuff in you, anyhow, and even Fate can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. But you must take my advice."

"What's that, besides what you've given me?"

"Win this girl and proceed to deserve her. Good

heavens, I've toned down and I'm sure you could, then. Go back to College for the rest of your time and behave yourself. You'll get in everywhere if you do and if you don't, why you'll still get the main thing that Harvard has to give. The College lets you make your choice and always allows you to change your mind. Good Lord, I'm no preacher, but I mean this! You've only got to be decent and do a fair share of work and that thing about the old place that isn't to be had anywhere else in the world is yours and success and happiness through life along with it."

"And you think this affair would help instead of hinder? For my own part, of course, I am sure it would."

"And so am I. Naturally, you'll do as you please, anyhow, — I would n't give a damn for the chap that did n't — but this is n't as if you had a touch of that recent plague among us — the marriage of chorus-girls. And you can both wait. Meanwhile, I don't mean you'll have to go in for the Prospect Union and teach all you don't know to labourers who don't need it. But I do mean that you're one of the men as sure — though for no wordable reason — of making the Dickey, if you only behave, as we are of playing Penn again next year, recent difficulties to the contrary notwithstanding. There's the 'Advocate' dinner at Ramevail's just waiting for you, not to mention

the Pudding and the place of Class Day poet, — and good work of that sort after you're out of College, good just because, as I told you, you won't have to do it if you don't want to."

"That's a little too flattering," Jarvis protested, smiling none the less, "but I know what you mean, and I'd made up my mind anyway to stick it out. There's something about the old place, — we're always saying that aren't we? — but there is something about it that nobody quite understands who is n't in some way one of us; yet it's something more than what people call 'college life' or education, or," he obscurely concluded, "or anything of that kind. It's just Harvard, just the place its very self, I guess, the true inwardness of it, that's even more than beautiful and that makes it worth while if you starve through the whole four years of it, I suppose, or die, — or never know a soul."

"Yes, you're right," said the Major, somewhat shortly. "Only, you know, we don't mostly talk about it, even among ourselves. But it is true. There's Memorial, for instance. It seems easy enough to say what it stands for, yet ever since it was put up the smartest men in the country have been trying to and have failed, — mostly with miserable bathos."

"Perhaps," suggested Jarvis, "the commonplace buildings and class rooms stand for even more, but we fellows who know it best find it, I think too —

somehow too awful and fine and sacred, almost, to say."

"And because we sensibly keep our mouth respectably shut," replied the Major, "and because we don't vote on the handsomest man in the class and can't point to So-and-So as the most popular, silly persons talk of 'Harvard indifference.' No, we will leave Philistines to mouth about what they call 'Old Harvard.' They are disgusting. But, Dick, you must n't lose your chance there. You'll do as you've a mind to about this affair, of course. Only in the way you go about it, for heaven's sake take the advice I offered first!"

The Major's conclusions in that matter may not have been precisely exact, but he believed in them, and the result of his conversation, so far as he was concerned, was another, scarcely so satisfactory, with Miss Bartol. He would never have admitted to any one, — and to himself especially — that he had undertaken to plead Jarvis' cause for him; but the angel of the ledgers could scarcely enter the act under any other head.

This talk took place the very next afternoon on Walnut Street when Peggy, according to her new custom, insisted upon walking with her cousin's friend and leaving her mother to the care of Dick. The Major was clumsy in such a presence and found that he had at last met a Roland for his Oliver.

"Jarvis is a pretty good sort of a fellow, don't you think?" he asked with the customary irrelevance of the embarrassed.

"If you doubt your own judgment, how can I say?" replied Peggy, smiling serenely. "You know him well, you see, and I scarcely know him at all."

"We all think a great deal of him at Cambridge."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," and to the Major for a moment there seemed nothing else to be said.

But he was not to be bewildered by any of the blind alleys of conversation and so, after a pause, he continued: "We all so want to see him marry."

"Goodness, how ridiculous! Why, he's a mere boy!"

"No he is n't, neither in age nor experience. And he's so awfully in love with some one. Anybody can see that."

"Who'd have thought it! There's the Baroness De Gooseback. How funny she does look! They say she's been dressing like a girl of sixteen for the last forty years!"

"Yes. Of course we can't guess who it is, Miss Bartol,—who the girl is that Dick's in love with, I mean, you know. But she seems to have treated him pretty shabbily."

"Pretty shabbily?" echoed Miss Bartol. She was all attention now.

The Major thought he had struck a good lead at last, and resolved to follow it to the end.

"I should say so," he stoutly asserted. "Here's a young fellow with more ability than any one in the class; — a rich chap and a handsome one; half the girls in Boston are crazy over him, and he simply shuts himself up in his room and thinks about some little chit who's too stupid to appreciate him."

There came an added colour into Peggy's cheeks, but she said nothing.

"It's too bad," the Major ran on, "too bad. However, we think he'll now change his mind soon."

"Why's that?"

Was it possible that there was a sharp note in that flute-like voice?

"Well, we've simply conspired to end it. We're not going to see him ruined and we have a scheme to put a stop to it. I think it'll work. There are others as I said before."

She was silent for a while. Then she said, —

"Here we are at home."

They had still half a block to walk, but that was enough for the Major, and he concluded the journey in silence.

When, however, they had reached the entrance of the Netherlands, Peggy turned about and got in one last laughing aside to the Major.

"I have always understood," she said sweetly, "that

you were, first of all, epigrammatical. I haven't found you so this afternoon. You've been so uninteresting that I'd really advise you to stick to your specialty and let your friends speak always for themselves."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT A DANCE MAY DO.

JARVIS' brief vacation was nearly at an end when the evening for the Easter Dance arrived.

This is a comparatively recent affair, a subscription exotic of Philadelphia's younger set, where most of the girls who are to come out next season are supposed to gather in order that they may learn from the *débutantes* present what it is all like. The men are of every age, but "the committee in charge" is, as a rule, composed of beardless youths who are for the first time feeling their importance in the universe and are beginning to see in themselves the dictators of future Assembly lists. They are, indeed, so busy and so important as to be in a continual bath of perspiration and officiousness the whole evening long.

The scheme is only a half dozen years old, which is new for Philadelphia, and is consequently regarded askance, as something of an innovation, by a few of the more correct families; but its years agree very nearly with those of its perpetrators and these cling to it with all the affection of a young lioness for a weakling cub. Moreover, it is old enough to have assumed a definite form quite as immutable as the laws of

Persia, and that is going far toward its accepted establishment.

Men may come and men may go, but a Philadelphia annual dance is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. As Dick and the Major — the latter it had taken a whole day to persuade — climbed the three toilsome flights of stairs in Natatorium Hall, the former could have described with perfect exactness what they would see when they reached the top. The frugality of Quaker City minds is never better exemplified than in their arrangement of these yearly affairs social. For each of six seasons before, the scene had been the same, and sixty years hence there will be, probably even as regards the patronesses, no material change. To his comrade the picture was doubtless pretty enough, but to Jarvis who had seen it so often, it had lost a considerable portion of its appeal.

The newspapers of the city keep their descriptions of these dances set up for use and marked, year after year, "Hold for orders." "An exuberance of youth and riot of beauty characterised," they say, "the assemblage of several hundred members of the younger element of Philadelphia society, at the annual Easter dance last evening. The Natatorium, on South Broad Street, where the dance was held, was adorned throughout with blossoms and blooms of variegated tints, relieving a background of deep green.

Huge banks of lilies, palms, bay trees, white, pink, and red azaleas and acacia were made at either end. Southern smilax was draped and festooned over the walls and a tasteful (*sic*) arrangement of red and blue bunting gave an exquisite touch of colour to the floral decorations. The polished dancing floor reflected in its surface four large chandeliers, which were daintily decked with sprays of orange begonia. Around the sides of the hall were columns, surmounted by palms, while at one corner of the room the orchestra was concealed in masses of plants."

All of which means that the orchestra was hid — supposititiously — behind some artificial palms in one corner; that along the walls at regular intervals stood a few sickly imitation bay trees with benches running beneath them, and that mirrors at the far end of the hall helped to make it appear as large as it should have been. Beneath a mantelpiece, near the musicians, was arrayed that equally necessary commodity, a group of patronesses. Over their heads were hung the eternal red and blue bunting, covered shields and flags, colours without which any Philadelphia dance is altogether incomplete.

"The first thing for a stranger to ask at a dance," said the Major after they had done their homage to the group of stout dowagers, "The first thing for a stranger to ask at a dance is who to avoid. Consider yourself asked, Dick."

"Avoid the strugglers," replied Jarvis. "This matron who picks our pockets by painting our miniatures from photographs and that one from whom 'youth the dream' has n't taken the fondness for the company of our sex, both have something to recommend them. They could n't be successfully disreputable unless they had some cleverness."

"But the strugglers?"

"They are so uncertain of their position, that, for fear of losing their social balance, they dare n't lean either to the right or left. They must always be smiling and suave. As a consequence, they are always good and boring."

He had hardly finished speaking when one of the extremes of this latter class bore down upon the two Harvard men. She introduced her daughter, a supple blonde in lavender and Nile green who had come out two years before, and Jarvis was forced to whirl away with her before he had a chance to look for Peggy among the huddling groups of rustling dresses.

The Major had been caught up by one of the younger girls in high necked white gowns and had refused to dance. That is, he had opened the conversation by saying that it was entirely too warm for such violent exercise and had then proceeded to watch the couples that shot in kaleidoscopic flashes before him.

There was very little for the two to talk about, so

he had small difficulty in persuading her that he wanted to have certain of the dancers pointed out to him. What he really wanted was only to hear her voice as a foreigner unacquainted with the language might hear it. He did not want to be bothered with having to attend to her words, which were, by comparison, utterly unimportant. His companion, however, took him literally and entered upon a catalogue that, had he really listened, would have scarcely proved so entertaining as the mere sound of the deftly inflected phrases appeared to indicate. The women were mostly poorly dressed. But they were certainly the prettiest of their sex in all the world, and as the Major's companion was one of them, and as she added to the beauty that is only as deep as the cuticle that quality of voice which is, after all, the best thing in the best woman, he found the situation tolerably pleasant. Indeed, as the music was, of its kind, very fair, he became so enamoured of his scheme that by the time the evening was over he had had half the girls in the place pointing out the other half to him, silent, or at best only monosyllabic, at their side.

On his part, Jarvis was delighted to find himself enjoying the dancing for its own sake. He had recovered the love of movement in perfect rhythm with a delicately timed accompaniment. He was happy in the simple sense of having turned back the page

of time, of having snatched his heart from the devouring maw of the years.

When they met again, however, the Major, if only to sustain his reputation, felt bound to enter some form of protest.

"See here, Dick," he complained. "I submitted to come to a dance, but I did n't say anything about a kindergarten."

But Jarvis' attention was elsewhere. Down at the other end of the room, a trim little figure in blue was bowing before the patronesses. He had been watching for it since his own entrance.

"There she is!" he cried and made off toward his approaching cousin.

Peggy had evaded the deepest schemes to get her to the dance in the Jarvis carriage. The best laid plans had all failed and Dick had feared the worst. But now she carried the American Beauties he had sent her and was accompanied only by his harmless uncle, Harry Freeze. The relief was a little too extreme.

"Is n't this my dance?" he asked with the assurance of his years.

"Don't you count your uncle at all?" she answered. "Age first, you know."

"That's a trifle hard on me," said Freeze, who was slight and florid and had really done wonders in the way of making a small brain serve for a large head.

"Not half so hard as it is on me," Dick objected.

"But you'll have the anticipation of the next dance to help you out, while the realisation is all I'll come in for."

"I ask nothing more than the realisation," replied Jarvis, glancing at Peggy.

But his cousin's eyes were fixed on the whirling forms about her. She had obviously come there to dance and considered that the paramount object of the moment.

Dick made the best of it and watched her slip into the stream of dancers so easily that she seemed at once to become an irresponsible part of it. But she was by no means a lost factor. On the contrary, he could not have lost sight of her had he wished to. For the first few times she passed him, he watched the blue dress float by in the hope that he would get a passing glance, but he might as well have spared himself the pains. She was looking up at Freeze and talking faster than ordinary waltz-time.

Jarvis did not like it. He did not like it at all. He had looked forward to this ball with a good deal of pleasure, because here he would dance with Peggy, but he had failed to calculate upon her dancing with other men as well. The discovery, in fact, startled him. It appeared somehow to make her commoner, to lower her, and to make her in a measure and for the moment the property of whatever arm happened

to be about her waist. The Methodists were not, then, so far wrong after all. The sensation was scarcely a pleasant one and he was, therefore, not in the gayest of humours when he again crossed the hall to meet his cousin.

"Now comes the realisation, Dick," said Freeze.

"I envy you after all," replied Jarvis. "Yours is the sorrow's crown of sorrow."

His hurt was severe, but it could not long be proof against the balm of the situation that now presented itself. In a few moments he was gliding away he knew not whither, without effort, without thought. The happy present extended itself to an ecstatic infinity that swallowed up both past and future. The low, slow waltz throbbed in his ears with long delicious minor notes, and his whole body, his complete being, was resolved into a unison with it. His very muscle was a part of a perfect poem, every tissue of his body responding to the minutest chord of the flood of melody, while resting upon him, looking up at him, with her breath upon his face and her whole figure swaying like a part of his own, was the one woman who comprised all life for him.

Only twice did his eyes wander from hers; once when, for no sufficient cause, it suddenly occurred to him that Mary Braddock might, by some ill and unusual chance, be in the room, and again when the Major — for once, by unimaginable wiles, inveigled into the

waltz — bumped heavily against his shoulder. He rapidly assured himself that his fear was ungrounded. His brush with his collegiate friend permitted of neither explanation nor apology, for the good reason that the Major's efforts at gracefulness occupied that gentleman's whole attention. He was dancing as if it hurt him.

The waltz proved as short as all such things invariably do. Its immeasurable present came to a sudden end and entered into the irrevocable past. The music stopped and Dick and his partner brought up under the bay trees just as Hardy dashed down upon them to claim the next dance.

Jarvis kept his seat. He did not care to dance with anybody but Peggy, and he felt hurt that Peggy should care to dance with anybody but him.

Meanwhile, in another corner of the room, his cousin was telling Hardy how much she was enjoying herself. It was a mere conventionality, but he answered it with,—

“And do you feel toward this dance just as you did, you remember, toward the automobiling?”

“Oh,” she laughed, “I could dance even longer.”

That Hardy was as happy as Jarvis had been was evident to the latter from the manner in which the envied swain had taken the girl away, his head thrown back and his eyes turned up as if drawing inspiration from on high.

The Major sauntered up on a mission of consolation.

"So the 'beamish boy' got her, did he?" he asked. "Well, she might be in worse company, and you can't expect to have her all the time just yet."

"Ridiculous!" Jarvis replied, angry as we all are at being detected in our secret faults. "Of course, I don't mind. Don't be a fool. Why should I mind, even if I had any right to?"

"Because you're human and in love. That's why you should mind. If you were n't offended, I'd take it as the worst possible sign."

Jarvis laughed good naturedly again.

"Perhaps you're right," he assented. "Anyhow, the next one's mine."

"And the next, if you can get it. That's right. It's a thing that can't be overdone; don't be afraid."

Jarvis was not. When he was again drifting upon that swaying stream he and she one and a part of it, he could find no words to say but those that asked for still another dance.

"Can't you spare me one more — just one more?" he asked.

"After supper, perhaps."

"Oh! Then of course I can have one, or two. But may n't I have the next but one now? The Major wants the very next."

"Does he indeed? He has n't taken the trouble

to ask for it. Do men always ask favours for each other?"

"I don't know—I don't care. Just tell me if I may have it. May n't I, please?"

His words were asking for a trifle; his tone, low and trembling, was begging all that she had to give. Their eyes met again and then hers slowly fell.

"Perhaps," she said in a tone as tremulous as his. "Come to me when it's time and I'll see."

"There he goes," the Major was saying to Hardy, —he thought it just as well to warn him; "she has feathers on her head and nothing in it. Just the girl for him. He'll find himself an intellectual giant by comparison, and the discovery 'll keep him in a good humour all his days."

Jarvis got the dance he asked for—he had felt sure he would, though when he came for it Peggy vowed she was cutting one promised to another man.

"But then," she added, "you dance much better than any one else here, so it's no great compliment."

Dick was satisfied to take it without asking questions and, on her part, his cousin must have felt something of the witchery in the scene, for when he asked her to sit out the succeeding dance she seemed willing enough to be with him and loath only to miss the dancing.

"When I go to one of these things," she explained, "I like to dance every dance. I never get tired till next day and then I'm asleep and don't mind it.

And then at a dance 'to-morrow' sounds farther away than ever."

"But you don't really object to sitting out this one dance in the other room?"

"No-o." — She had a way of saying it slowly, through pursed lips. — "Not just this one. But it's honestly the last one you may have — before supper."

He had thought it was too early for the "other room" to be filled and when they pushed back the curtain to enter it he found that his conjecture was correct. The place was empty. There were one or two lamps burning dimly, but their radiance was scarcely illuminative. Here and there were scattered *tête-à-têtes* and a few odd chairs with wide, vain arms petitioning occupancy.

Jarvis was ill at ease. He had determined nothing relative to the Major's advice. He had fixed upon one thing only. The rest could be adjusted as the occasion arose.

Peggy sank upon a rude sort of half lounge and rested her head on its high back. Dick took up a position close by her, looking out of a window on to Broad Street. But he did not let the thoroughfare engage his attention for any length of time. He had far too much to say and might at any moment be interrupted.

She was looking up at him, half smiling half serious, yet wholly saucy. The blue light from an electric

lamp in the street played over her face as if with a caress and lost itself in the folds of her lighter blue dress. A supple arm, that the rumpled glove seemed loath to hide, was stretched out along the dark back of the seat; her hair, a little disarranged, had let loose one frolicking lock that trembled on her forehead; her breast still heaved with the glad exertion of the dance. From without the notes of a low, minor waltz, pathetically sweet, stole softly into the room and seemed to play in mystic waves of melody about her. Yet happiness shone in the tell-tale eyes ambushed by the arch little nose, and in the pink, shell-like ears, the tumbled hair, the mocking chin. She was so full of life, so much the incarnation of some wild primrose!

"And this is absolutely the last dance?" asked Jarvis, almost whispering the words, lest he should break the charm and see the dryad flee.

"Absolutely — until after supper," she laughed.

"Well, you've been very kind. I'm surprised that you should have given me any."

"Why? — Be careful or you'll make me sorry that I did."

"Because, then, I was so rude the last time you were in Boston."

"I suppose I should n't have let on that I even noticed that, but I did," she said, trying to laugh again, yet with a slight catch in her voice.

"You'd never guess why I did n't see more of you."

"Don't let's try to guess. Suppose we forgive — and forget."

She was busy now turning up the collar of her ermine cape — and then turning it down again.

Jarvis moved behind her and leaned over on the back of the seat. He was trembling painfully.

"No," he said "Let us talk of it. I want to apologise."

"But you have."

"I was n't always rude."

"No — unless it was the other night when — when you were putting on my coat, you know — and perhaps — but no, I guess you were n't then."

"Perhaps when?"

"Never mind."

"Oh, please tell me," he pleaded.

"Is this what they call Harvard indifference?" she asked laughing.

"It's downright anxiety," he assured her.

"Well, then, I meant that night we were driving and were lost in the dark."

"We're all of us lost in the dark most of the time — except you, may be. — But surely, I was n't rude then? Why, do you know, Peggy, at that time I imagined I was in love with you?"

He could not see her face now, but the collar was turned up violently.

"You were very foolish," she replied, in a changed voice.

He took her nervous hands in his and held them fast above her head.

"Was I, Peggy? Was I, Peggy, dear? I won't let you go till you say that I was n't."

"Why not? Oh! Don't be foolish again, Dick! — There! The music's stopped and the next dance belongs to —"

"To me, Peggy. I love you. You must know it — you must have known it long ago. I don't amount to much.. I know that —" It was at the tip of his tongue to say more, but he only added — "Yet I love you, with my whole heart I do. Tell me that you do care a little for me."

She ceased struggling. Then, —

"One moment," she laughed. "Did what-d' you-call 'em — the Major? — tell you to do this?"

"Why no," he gasped in amazement. "What on earth —?"

"Then — yes, I do — Oh! Dick! Not here!"

But Dick was disobedient.

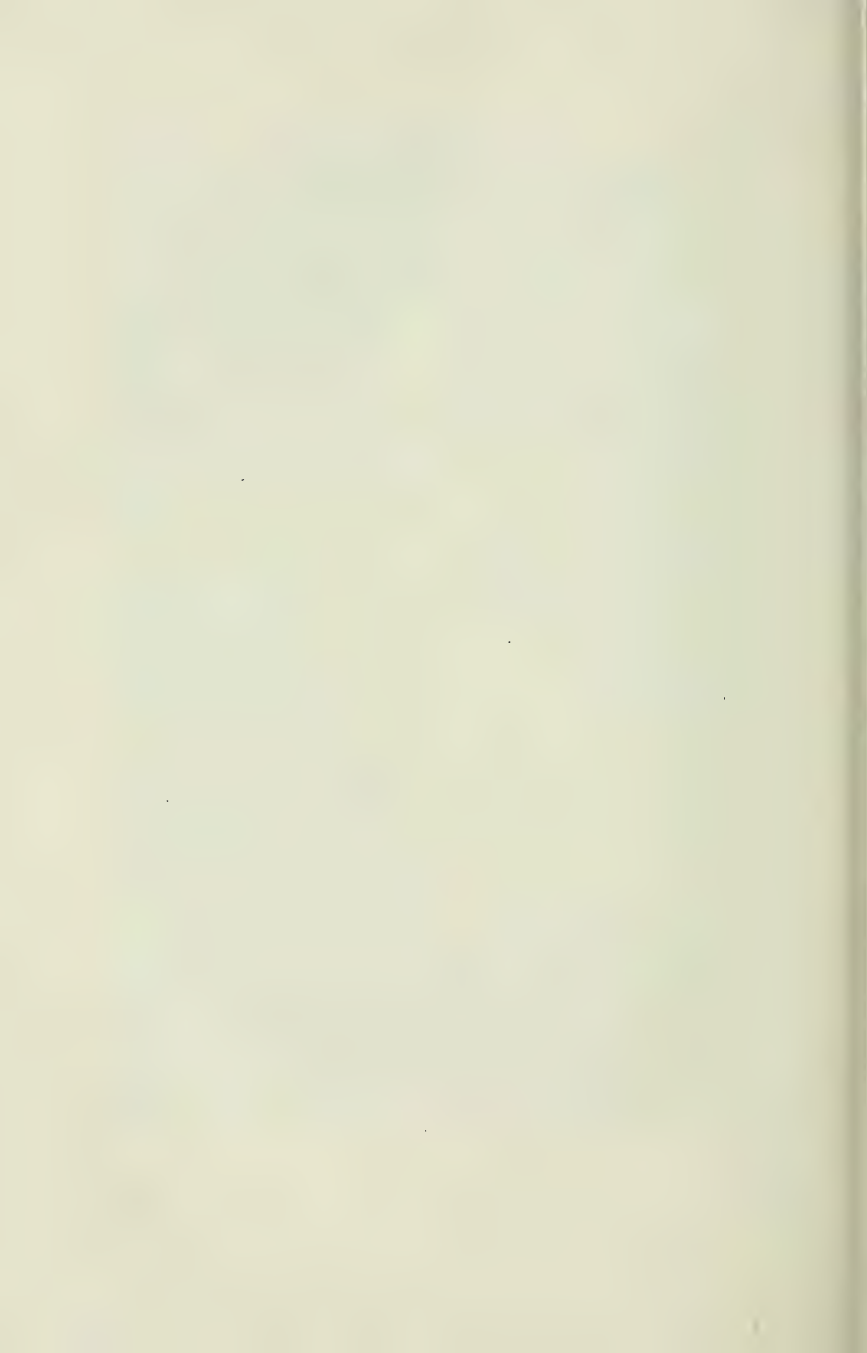
"Sweetheart!" he cried, "And I never guessed it!"

By a sudden movement she wrenched herself free and darted toward the doorway.

"It did take you rather long to find out," she said. And the dryad had disappeared.



““WAS I, PEGGY? WAS I, PEGGY, DEAR?””



CHAPTER XXV.

GOKURAKF.

THEY planned with all the sanguine certainty of youth. "Ricardum Jarvis, alumnum ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus admisimus, atque dedimus et concessimus omnia insignia et jura ad hunc honorem spectantia: —" Dick was to finish out his course at Harvard; he was to arrange for going into business with his father, for spending his final summer abroad, and, upon his return after graduation, he was to inform Mrs. Bartol and his own parents of what had come about at that Easter dance. Jarvis chafed at the delay, but Peggy put it, "It is so that we may have a chance to know our minds."

"I know mine quite too well for my own comfort," he answered her, "but if you still doubt yours —"

She stopped him in the one effective way, and had her will; conceding, however, a generous two or three days addition to his vacation before his return to Cambridge.

The Major was to go north at once. He had graduated *cum laude* from his study of Jarvis and felt that he had nothing more to do with an affair so foreign to his traditions.

"It's all very pretty, Dick," he said; "it's as beautiful as transubstantiation and the immaculate conception; but poetic myths have nothing for me."

Jarvis went with him, of course, to Broad Street Station to see him off, too happy to feel much pity for those who could not share his happiness.

"I've only one more piece of advice to give," said the Major as he shook Dick's hand: "Keep the thing a secret from everybody—we must hide our shame—except from Hardy. Tell him at once."

As the train pulled away Dick noticed a man leaning far out of a window and looking toward the gate. He was big and strong, and was crying. He waved his handkerchief and threw kisses again and again with great, labour-stained hands to some one behind Jarvis who had passed the barrier and was standing well within the car shed. Dick turned. Some twenty paces back stood a thin, delicate-looking woman, coarsely and rather shabbily dressed, and by no means pretty. She had dropped the hand of a sobbing girl of five or six, held a baby with arms outstretched toward the retreating train, whilst her whole body shook with unrestrained emotion, and the tears ran unheeded down her face.

The sight dampened his spirits and, momentarily, saddened him. He was angry that any one should know sorrow when he was so happy. He had imagined the whole world glad as he. Buoyantly he

repelled the omen. He slipped a bill into the woman's hand and hurried away, giving no chance for refusal. Yet the Major's parting words seemed to conspire with this tearful family separation to presage ill. He did not understand them, and liked them none the better for that.

On the steps he met Hardy.

"Hullo!" he cried, "aren't you going back to-day?"

"Are n't you?"

"No, the fact is, I've something important which will detain me for a day or two."

"So have I. I meant to see you fellows off—I understood you were to leave by this train—and as usual I am too late."

"Not too late to see me. Come over and we will drink *bon voyage* to the Major."

They crossed the street and sat down in the rear room of a saloon.

"So you've something to keep you here?" asked Jarvis, filled with his own momentous secret.

"Yes—a little thing—a—a—"

"Come, Hardy! You are taken at last? I know the symptoms."

"Well,—yes,—I suppose you may say so," admitted Hardy, blushing intensely.

"Bert Hardy! A stricken deer! Break it gently. Of the knowable universe, the last man! This is too

much. My poor boy, what a dance she'll lead you!"

"I dare say she won't get the chance."

"Uh?"

"I mean I'm not worthy of her and sha'n't ever propose to a girl till I am. Besides," he added smiling, "you know Stannard's opinions on the duties of Sophomores. I have three or four years before me yet."

"Take my advice and don't wait. Women don't keep well. As for being worthy, that's a worn-out fad. You're worthy enough if you love them."

"That's a matter of opinion. At any rate, I've been foolish to tell you. I just had to tell somebody, though. I suppose you'll guy me now. It's your turn."

"Stuff! Why, you haven't told me anything and I'm in the same box. Hardy — I did n't mean to tell you, only the Major says I'd better. I suppose he thinks I ought to tell the crowd, so you can all help keep me straight, — as if there'd be any need of trying, — but I'm engaged."

"To be married?" gasped the other man.

"Certainly, did you think I was going on the boards? Yes, we've fixed it all up. I'm going to keep it a dead secret until I come back from Europe after my finish at Cambridge. Then we're to announce it, you know, and the governor's going to let

me into a corner of his business, anyhow, and we'll settle down in this place."

The confidant of these assurances was silent for a while, carefully breaking a pretzel into small bits, regardless of the crumbs that showered on his lap. Then he said —

"What's — who's the girl?"

"Good Lord!" cried Dick. "There's only one possible!"

That was exactly what Hardy had thought. Nevertheless, he managed to reply, —

"Yes? And who's that?"

"Peggy Bartol, my cousin, of course. You idiot! Who would you imagine? Now tell me about your girl."

Hardy smiled, and gathering together the bits of pretzel, let them fall slowly through his fingers to the floor.

"No, not now," he said. "It's four-thirty and I should have been at the club by four. Some other time, perhaps. Good-bye."

And he stood up, brushing his clothes.

"Well, here, are n't you going to congratulate me?" asked Dick.

"Oh, I beg pardon! I thought I had. You know I do congratulate you with all my heart. I'm sure she's the nicest girl in all the world — except mine, of course."

He was smiling again as he went toward the door.

"You're civil, I must say!" Dick called after him. "Well, I shall expect to hear all about your case when we meet again."

Poor Hardy! He did not care to have that meeting take place very soon. He had worshipped Peggy in silent awe and from a distance far below her, as the devotees of the Fire God bow low in the shadowy valley before the sun that rises over far-off white mountain peaks. It could scarcely have been called love, after all. In those early days of his affection he would no more have touched her with earthy hand than would the kneeling Catholic pour in praise of Dionysus the last drops from the eucharistic chalice. And now the sanctuary where he had not dared to pry was to be violated; the veil of the temple rent from top to bottom, and the holy of holies ravished by his friend. He would go around and say good-bye to her that evening and then take a night train back to Cambridge where he belonged.

Left behind, the unconscious Jarvis finished his beer at his leisure, supremely content. Heaven had indeed been opened to him at last. He did not deserve it — he well knew that he did not — but what man could have refused it then? What man having, however unsuccessfully, laboured to gain it, could throw it aside once it had become unexpectedly his?

Certainly that man was not Richard Jarvis. It was

his and he would be content in that fact to enjoy it. He had forgotten the soiled angel who was the directress of his happiness; he had forgotten even Mary Braddock. His conscience never troubled him for a moment now. When he last sought advice he had in a manner shifted conscience off on to the shoulders of another and, moreover, he now really believed that the Major was right. Few of us could be happy if we knew the pain that our joy is giving others, but Fate, not wholly unkind, has hidden from most of us the law that for every thrill of joy there must be, either in ourselves or in others, a corresponding twinge of anguish, and Dick could not see into Hardy's heart.

He sat there for some time alone, sipping from his glass and puffing slowly at a cigar. The place was hot and close; the ceiling was low and the floor covered with beer-stains. But these things were not for Dick. For him the damp walls receded indefinitely, the blackened ceiling disappeared; the real picture vanished and the dream-picture took its place.

Who dares to say what that dream-picture was? Banal perhaps, but sacred certainly. Painted it was by love and time, by sorrow and the years. The glass glowed in his hand, delicate to fragility; the beer became the rarest Falernian; the cigar was a cool Manila.

Ah, sweet, impossible, impalpable dreams — cloud-cities that people our narrow horizon, catching stray

gleams as from some higher plane! Are you indeed but hopeful figments of the mind, mere chimeras of the air-devils who would lead us through expectancy to disaster and despair? Or are you, as with Jarvis, like the mirage that tempts the thirsty desert traveller, the ideal reflections of some real haven that some day, blindly, we know not how nor when, but some day, we may still attain?

Dick awoke with a start. The evening had set in and the waiter had opened a window behind him preparatory to sweeping out the place. Jarvis looked at the clock through the gathering gloom. It was after six and he must still dress and dine and be with Peggy by half-past eight.

When he passed the outer door of the saloon a drop of rain struck him in the face. Another and another followed and the early twilight was explained. He sought refuge in a nearby hotel, resolved to have his dinner there and thus put in the time until the rain had ceased. He did not want to go home at any rate; in his present frame of mind he much preferred dining alone.

In the crowded room there was an orchestra that was playing as he came in. It annoyed him and disturbed the current of his thoughts at first, but it soon stopped and he forgot it in the continuation of his day-dream. He forgot his consommé too, and the waiter took it away untouched. He nibbled at his

saddle of mutton ; toyed with a chartreuse punch, and was fast becoming oblivious to everything over his coffee when the music began again. He did not notice it at once. Then gradually the familiar air stole in upon his consciousness and he dropped his spoon with a sharp clatter. It was the "Träume."

The tremendous tidal wave of memory swept down upon him and engulfed him. It was vain to struggle, vain to battle against it. Blind chaos had come again in that remembered form and while the notes continued, pleading, sobbing, imploring, resumed its old empire. And in the throbbing of the violins there came to him these words, —

"Whenever she crosses your path, this woman, sooner or later, will cast you down deeper than you ever were before. 'Your own iniquities shall take you, and you shall be holden by the cords of your sins.'"

So this was "the deadest past" the Major had ever heard of!

When at last the orchestra was silent, and when the tide of melody that had so tossed him about, swept back sobbing into silence, he was left broken, exhausted, half-drowned, but safe upon the shore. He must tell her all, must tell her at once. It was impossible for him to enter upon a new life of deception. After all, if there was a sensible woman in the world, that woman was his fiancée. This was the twentieth

century. Men and women were no longer the victims of distorted theories, of mad ideals; they were the victims of themselves only, and mankind had learned to be indulgent and to forgive. At any rate, he must take his chances. Lying he would have no more of, come what might. He would tell her that very evening. He remembered the once unmeaning text that he had learned as a boy and this he went out repeating as he started home to change his clothes, —

“When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MAN.

SICK at heart and heavy at head, Hardy was yet unable to deny himself one more word with his goddess before he left the shrine forevermore. He was rebellious at first and inclined to take his fate bitterly. To give her up would not have been so hard had the suitor been the ideal man for his ideal woman. But to have her go to Dick Jarvis, with whose dissipations he was so familiar and for whose mental miseries he could make no allowance, that was difficult indeed. The man was his friend and as his friend he loved him; but the woman was an idol to whom even he, purer at heart than any of his companions, had not dared to approach, and he instinctively revolted from the slightest suggestion of her desecration.

At one moment he felt impelled to rush to her and expose this *roué* to whom she was about to plight herself for life. At the next, the horrid doubt suggested itself that perhaps Jarvis had made no secret of the shortcomings and that she, a mere woman after all, had taken him at his own frank valuation. But the first of these ideas he soon repudiated as visionary

and the second he banished as impious. The one was impracticable, the other hurt only himself. What right had he to dictate the gift of her affection? What would she say to him if he attempted it? He was convinced that, for whatever reason she had come to do so, she must love her fiancé. This being so, she would refuse to believe the most overwhelming proofs, while he had only his bare word and the strongest possible motive for slander. Yet, to believe the other proposition was to destroy his own idol, to deprive himself of the poor solace of a dream. No, he must take the middle course. She could not know the real Dick Jarvis and he must see to it, as best he might, that she should never know him. It would be the most inhuman cruelty to dispel her illusion either then or now. Yet the waves seemed to be meeting above his head. He could only see her once more and say good-bye.

Peggy received him easily and graciously enough, though she expected Dick and was eager for his arrival. For some time she talked only conventionalities, but at last the subject that was uppermost in Hardy's heart came bluntly to his lips.

"It's very rude of me, Miss Bartol," he said, "but I came here to congratulate you, and I have n't done so yet."

"Congratulate me?" she asked. "Upon what?"

For a moment Hardy half hoped that Jarvis, per-

ceiving his devotion, had been chaffing him. Of all delicate situations, the most exquisite is probably that of wishing a girl joy upon an engagement of which she is guiltless. Hardy got out of it a little better than might have been expected of him.

"Dick hinted at a very good piece of news this afternoon."

Peggy was decidedly nettled. She had kept her part of the bargain of secrecy, and she was very angry that Dick had so flagrantly broken his. An affianced man is by no means a social impossibility, but a woman in the same position is avoided by the sterner sex with a consistency that proves the honour that is among thieves. For the time that was to follow Dick would be able to enjoy himself, whatever happened; but she would be alone and, liking the company of men, she did not propose to throw it aside too rashly. If Dick saw fit to lie for his pleasure, she saw no reason why she was not privileged to do the same for her own convenience. Perhaps it was this mere pique that urged her to begin a harmless flirtation with the man readiest to hand so long as that man was another than her accepted suitor.

"Oh, Mr. Hardy, Dick's been joking," she said with a genuine gasp. "Don't you know it's very terrible to congratulate the woman anyhow? But there's no need of any congratulations in this case."

"What?" cried Hardy open mouthed and hopeful.

"We've both been made game of, that's all."

"Is — is that all?"

She knew what he meant, and hesitated a minute before replying, but she was chagrined that Dick should have done this thing and so she answered, —

"Yes."

He looked suddenly into her eyes, his own full of hope. And then he paused. What it was he had seen he could not tell. He could not even then have dreamed her capable of the most venial deception. And yet a certain subtle something in her face told him plainly that his ideal had vanished. He remained but a little while longer, talking of nothings, and then went his way, saddened he scarcely knew why.

Jarvis, delayed in hurrying toward Peggy's hotel, almost met him on the steps. He was a trifle disturbed, of course, but decidedly hopeful. He thought he knew womenkind pretty well and had come to the conclusion that unless a woman hates you there will be some mercy in her soul. Unfortunately, this young philosopher failed to recognise the fallacy of his premise. When a man says he knows women he generally means that his relations have been chiefly with one woman and he has found out that he did not know her.

Peggy, moreover, was not in a favourable mood. She was still angry at Dick's loquacity and bewildered at the sudden departure of the man with whom she

had been trying to amuse herself. When Jarvis came in she was seated alone in the little reception-room of their suite, dressed in a virginal white that became her well and showed to advantage her heightened colour. She did not offer to kiss him as he advanced to her, but gave him a little push aside, drawing back the supple neck clasped by a single string of pearls.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, laughing.

"None," she replied. "Only I did n't know before that you were in the habit of boasting of your conquests at the sacrifice of your promises."

"I don't think I understand," he said, a little coldly.

"Don't you really? If you don't, I don't know who does. I mean that you've been telling our engagement all about town before you tell either my mother or your own parents, and when we'd agreed to tell nobody."

"Oh, come now. I've told nobody but Hardy, and I know he would n't tell anybody else."

His voice weakened a little as he spoke, for, upon reflection, he could not be quite sure of the latter statement.

"Nobody but Mr. Hardy?" she asked, ironically.

"Well, yes. You see, I thought I'd better tell the fellows at Cambridge. The fact is, they'll be easier on me that way. You can't understand it; but, unless a fellow has a good excuse for not going into all sorts

of things, he'll be turned right down for a ninny, as he ought to be."

"It would have been well if you had told me all this before and made that provision at the time of our agreement. As it is, it sounds more like an excuse than an explanation. And, besides, it's too late — I've told Mr. Hardy that we were not engaged."

"But you don't mean it?"

"Mean what? I think it was, to say the least, very inconsiderate of you. Can't you stand a few College set-backs for my sake? I told you, you know, that you were n't acquainted with your own mind."

Forgetting that he had come to beg for mercy, he was inconsequently angry. But he had grown to love her too much to risk an open rupture by giving vent to his displeasure. Manlike, he put himself at once in the wrong.

"No, no!" he cried, "I do love you and I'd give up anything for you. You know that, so forgive me just this once! I'll stop Hardy's tongue and the Major's and the matter shall end there just as you want it."

And finally she did forgive him with all the gentle mercy that a woman can display when she is herself the offender.

For a few minutes after this reconciliation he sat beside her ready yet fearful to begin his own con-

fession. Looking down at the head that rested on his shoulder, stroking tremulously the yellow locks that tossed upon his coat, every line and tint and feature was stamped, a perfect picture indelible, upon the tablets of his memory. It was one of those moments that, for no apparent reason, engrave themselves upon our hearts and, after they have assumed an unforeseen importance, accompany us to our grave. Through undreamed years of sunshine and shadow that picture will never quite vanish from Jarvis' memory, never quite die away. Before that night he never knew how much he loved her. A wild sorrow, a passionate tenderness, passed over him, so that his lips scarce dared to touch her cheek ever so lightly, and as he stroked again the gold-smitten hair it was with a vague dread now that he was doing so for the last time upon earth.

"Peggy," he said at last, true to his new resolve, whatever its consequences, "do you believe, dear, that when a woman loves a man she loves him whatever he may be or do?"

To his own ears his voice was the hateful Judas of his soul, but to hers it was nothing more than tender.

"You foolish boy!" she cried, laughing. "Have you a sin to confess? Out with it!"

"No, I've none — exactly. But do you think so, dear?"

"That depends on the woman."

"Well, suppose she was the best and grandest woman in the world?"

"Now I'm sure you have!"

He was smiling himself now.

"Would she?" he repeated.

"She could n't love anybody but the man she saw in him, but if you mean something he'd done before — why, yes, of course she would, that is, if it was before she came to love him, you know."

"Do you really mean it? Are you sure?"

She had raised her head and was gazing intently at him, the little white satin foot beating a troublous tattoo on the rug.

"Yes," she said again.

"Don't be scared," he continued. "It's only a story I'm writing. The one that's to get me a name before I marry you. It's a problem novel, you see, and I want you to solve the problem."

The face cleared and a smile, like the sun among storm clouds, lit it up.

"I'll not promise to do that. But I'll be a most attentive listener."

Yet his heart failed him.

"I don't know that I ought to tell; it's bad luck for one to tell one's plot," he said, repenting.

"Oh, I don't count!"

"Don't you, though? And do you really want to hear?"

"Of course I do. Don't be a tease, Dick."

He took a long breath and began. He would see the thing through.

"It's the story — the story of a chap with a rich father; a handy thing to have in real life even, who loved him, but only showed it in indulgence. He was tutored at home; they'd never let him go to boarding school; it was the one thing they denied him, and he grew up with no knowledge of the real world except what he'd got from books, — a false and twisted one, somehow. With that knowledge, with these ideas of things, he was suddenly turned loose upon real life. He — he imagined that he'd fallen in love with the first beautiful woman whom he met. She didn't love him. She was good-natured and bad. But she was beautiful, too, of his own position in life — or nearly so — and above all she was sophisticated. She took a passing fancy to him and ruined him."

As he proceeded, overcome with a great self-pity, he was living every scene over again, embellishing unconsciously with the instinct of the real artist, but at heart sincerely true. His breath came short and hot, his voice was hoarse and low and monotonous, but binding, intense, convincing.

"He had to go right to Harvard," he continued. — "I want to write about things I know and have seen, you understand — and up there, even as soon as he left her, indeed, he realised what he had done, what

he had lost. Of a sudden he had been brought from a world of lies face to face with the truth, and he could n't bear it. He went from bad to worse, from hell to hell, deeper and deeper, faster and faster, until he got as low in the gutter as a man can, and yet his eyes were fixed on heaven all the time, for all the time he was looking for what he could n't find. And then, all of a sudden again, he met a girl, — a pure, good girl, — and he — he loved her. He could n't save himself except through her, and she would not have touched him if he 'd told her what he was. So he did n't tell her until — until after he 'd made love to her. And her answer — that's the problem," Jarvis lamely concluded.

He drew a long breath of suspense.

Peggy had grown ashy pale again and now withdrew the hand he had thus far managed to retain. Her face was turned away. When she spoke at last it was in a tone the very reproduction of his.

"What do you mean?" she asked, scarcely above a whisper, yet enunciating every word as if it hurt her but must be spoken.

"Can't you guess? Have n't you guessed already?"

He was almost sobbing. He tried to take her hand again, but again she drew it away.

"I think I can," she said.

"And what's the woman's answer when he asks her if she loves him still? What's your answer, Peggy?"

"Was — was that all?"

"Yes — except the details."

"Spare me them!"

"Then you do forgive me?"

She answered very slowly, her face turned from him.

"If that was all — yes."

He must tell her all. A half lie would now be worse than the whole truth.

"Well," he went on, trying hard to appear at his ease. "Of course, I did n't. — You see, it's hard for you to understand these things. — But after I'd made up my mind to tell you that I loved you, after that drive last fall, and even after the football game, or until I came down here — I did n't break off right away."

"Dick!"

There was a long pause. The rain had come on again and he could distinctly hear the drops plashing dismally against the window-pane. Then all at once he flung himself upon her and folded her tight in his arms.

"Peggy! Peggy! What's the matter?" he cried, his whole soul pouring out at his lips. "Sweetheart! *Won't* you answer? Won't you speak to me? Oh, I can't lose you now! You said you'd forgive me. Forgive me! I'm bad, oh, I know I'm bad!"

She wrenched herself away and stood with blazing

eyes looking down at him cowering with tear-stained face and arms stretched out to her.

"And you — you dared offer yourself to a pure woman!" she said.

Light, happy, thoughtless often to extremes, she now suddenly found herself the subject of seemingly immutable principles she had never guessed extant before.

"Other men are the same," he basely protested. "I was only frank enough to confess. — I could n't live a lie with you. — That was all my crime."

"Other men may sin, but they can repent too," she answered, in a dry, hard voice, giving easy vent to truths she found ready within her, truths to which she had never formerly given a thought. "You don't know what repentance is. You tell me you loved me and in the same breath confess that you were —. Oh! Why, you would go back to it all to-night if it offered!"

His excuse was the old one, the last resource of a weak man.

"You don't understand. Women never can. — They are so different from men."

"Then I thank God for it that they are."

In vain he tried to plead, to argue. There can be nothing so adamant, nothing so cruel as a pure woman. For one moment she appeared broken; but she never really wavered, and soon regained her self-

command. She spoke in a voice at times low and calm, and again high and tremulous, supercharged with emotion, but quite without expression.

"You are frank," she said. "I suppose I must thank you for that, — yes, I must thank you for that, — but do you suppose I can love you? do you think I could ever trust you after — this?"

"But I did n't know you loved me then!"

"You knew *you* loved *me* — as well as you ever can love, I suppose. It's not that you were wrong. It's that you can't love; you're spiritually, mentally, incapable of it."

"But I was a mere boy then, an irresponsible child, a madman!"

"You were ready enough to disclaim your youth a day or two ago."

The most truthful of men will unconsciously try to appear what he wishes himself to be. It is easier than being it. So Jarvis had perfect faith in his own words when he replied.

"Oh, can't you see how it was?" he cried. "You were my ideal from the start — I did n't know what I wanted, but you were. It was you I was hunting for through the whole mad dream, blindly perhaps, but still hunting for you through it all. That's why I grew tired of them all so soon. It was a constant pursuit upon false scents and the capture always proved my disillusioning. Through it all — the worst

and the blackest part of it— my heart was true to you all the time!”

“I can’t see it that way. I may be doing you a wrong— oh, I wish I knew!— but I can’t see it that way. I hope for your sake that you believe it so.”

“Then what shall I do? What *shall* I do?”

“You have only one duty. Go back to this first woman— you belong to her. It is she you mean, of course, when you talk about not ‘breaking off.’ Go back to her. Give her the best that’s in you. Give her your whole life, your whole work. Only by saving her can you ever hope to save yourself.”

“It’s impossible to go back to her in the way you mean. I may belong to her, in a sense, but she does n’t belong to me. She was bad when I met her. I left her as I found her, no worse, no better. If I return to her, it only means to go back to hell—to amuse her for a day and then be turned away into the old rut. She’d no more dream of marrying me than of marrying the moon.”

“Then I see nothing for you to do. Don’t ask me, anyhow. You’ve been cruel enough and I’m not fit to give advice.”

“I might go to the Philippines and die of the fever, of course,” he said bitterly.

“It would be the best thing for your parents—and for me.”

“Then you do love me still—a little, oh, ever

so little?" Hope blazed in his face once more — for the last time. In a voice that was high and piping he rallied all the shattered forces of his passion and reason for a last assault. It was a brave charge. He called upon her love, her pity; with all the eloquence of despair he entreated her; his gesticulating hands making fearful attempts to caress her, his face distorted almost beyond human semblance.

But the attempt was futile. She listened, her brow contracted in pain, the furrows deepening at every fresh endearing epithet and weird new shadows of age stealing into her fresh young face. When, panting wildly, he had stopped from pure exhaustion,

"Is that all?" she asked again.

He stretched out his arms to her once more.

"Don't touch me, I say!" she cried, gathering back her skirt.

"Then have you nothing to say?" he asked, absently twisting a ring upon his finger.

"Nothing," she replied.

"Then I suppose that's all. Good-night."

And without raising his eyes he crossed the room and went out.

She waited until the door had closed upon him and then in that place, with its tawdry gilt and white furniture making so incongruous a setting for a tragedy, she threw herself at length upon a lounge.

She buried her head in the cushions. She dug her

small white fingers with their angrily gleaming jewels into the satin coverings. Her whole body was torn and rent with convulsive sobs.

“ Oh, Dick, Dick ! Come back ! ” she cried. “ My God, is *nothing* pure ? ”

CHAPTER XXVII.

MAN AND WOMAN.

OUTSIDE Jarvis stood for a moment in the rain, asking himself where he was and whither he was going. He turned up Walnut Street, the wet drops in his face gradually restoring him to consciousness. His whole life swam before him: babyhood, boyhood, manhood — but there was no youth; he had never known what that was. He remembered it all as the drowning man is said to remember. Even Lily Forrest was there. Poor Lily, he thought; how quickly he had forgotten her! He was being punished for that now — for everything.

Endowed with whatever a man might desire, with nothing to do but sit still and let joy come to him, he had missed it all. He had plunged into the weary search for happiness, going no farther astray after corpse-lights than most other men were doing, and now, like Moses, he must die on the Mountain of Nebo, in sight of the Promised Land. “All Naphthali and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea and the south to

the plain of the valley of Jericho, and the city of palm trees unto Zoar: " he had gained for his pains but a sight of these.

He had but tasted a little honey and lo, he must die. The awful monotony of life, the terrible sordidness of death, were clear to him at this moment as they had never been before. Yet he had tried! If there were gods above they knew that he had tried! And what had it all proven? Out through the years he must send his soul alone, alone, to sin again and swear to sin no more, to hope and yet to fall again. After the multitude of his bitter struggles, his crime and his repentance, his laughter and his tears, he was to-day just where he had been eighteen months — eighteen centuries! — before it all began.

The inconclusiveness of the human tragedy, that was it! Nothing substantial to be obtained; nothing actual to be won. Along the weary pilgrimage of life we seek the incomplete; we live for threescore years and ten and prove nothing, find nothing, die empty-handed. Was this all that we were made for, to do life-long battle with mighty forces in unequal war? The tremendous progress of mankind works on through slow, unending æons to its consummation; the progress of the individual is swallowed up and lost in its process.

And he had been so near the goal at last! He had had the glimpse of heaven that showed him the one

certainty of his life, that made clear, beyond doubt or peradventure how glad he could have been — how easily he would have been — true and strong forever had he but been allowed to pass the sacred portals. How bravely he should then have returned to College and learned there the real lesson of Harvard, a lesson he should have carried thence throughout a happy life! —

He was interrupted by the sound of music, by the “*Träume*” of Wagner. He looked up and found himself before the house of Mary Braddock. Perhaps it was all an illusion and yet, through those cold stone walls, the subtle pianissimo stole out and a low voice — the voice of the syren — wooed and wrapped him warmly round and drew him forward.

He hesitated, but thought that he saw the finger of Fate. He loathed her, and somehow the insidious, sobbing strains, rising and falling in weird overtones, seemed to have a new meaning that he could not at once distinguish. Yet he felt that she was somewhere there thinking of him as she sang. Was it not the cords of his sins? Must he again return to the old wallowing in the mire?

He went up the steps and put his hand upon the bell-knob.

No!

There was yet something to be done — much to be done. He had balanced his moral ledgers and found

the grand total of his loss, but — there rushed upon him the abiding sense of it — there still was left one thing, one thing that he would never throw away. Whatever his faith or unfaith in God and man, he could at last believe in himself. He had, in the past few days won his own first skirmish and assured the end. Because that victory was uncrowned, was he to be coward enough to retreat at such a time? He would never now give up all that he had gained, never! In the great fight with Destiny the individual might be doomed to defeat, but it was the individual's glory to have and to wield a power that should turn defeat to triumph, — to be unperturbed in suffering and implacable in endurance; to do his work in spite of Fate; to fall in harness and to die with smiting sword in hand. Crowns! What a crown was there! Love was lost, hope was lost, joy was lost. But Richard Jarvis remained.

Resolutely he turned away, his shoulders squared for the long conflict, his young head high, never to bow again.

But before he had left the steps, while yet the music fell harmlessly upon his ears, there came another sound, — a sound that made him instantly all attention, the patter of light, unsteady footsteps running up behind him.

He wheeled about and, under the unregarded glare of the electric lights, the hatless, cloakless form of

Peggy Bartol flung itself, between hysterical laughter and joyful tears, straight into his waiting arms.

They said no word — what need was there of words? — but, as they stood a moment so, the singing voice within the house died away and the music of the piano continued alone — continued alone and rose once more to that true meaning of the “Träume,” that high love which, since it first held sway, has mocked at all laws of custom and systems of philosophy — and shall mock them to the end.

NEW FICTION

Captain Ravenshaw

By ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS

AUTHOR OF "PHILIP WINWOOD," "AN
ENEMY TO THE KING," ETC., ETC.

Beautifully illustrated

12mo, cloth, \$1.50



Not since the absorbing adventures of D'Artagnan have we had anything so good in the blended vein of romance and comedy. Mr. Stephens in his latest novel has given us a tale to gratify the taste of his most ardent admirers. The background of Elizabethan London, with its narrow streets and dark houses, gives excellent scope for deeds of enterprise and of worth. The beggar student, the rich goldsmith, the roisterer and the rake, the fop and the maid, are all here: foremost among them, Captain Ravenshaw himself, soldier of fortune and adventurer, who, after escapades of binding interest, finally wins a way to fame and to matrimony. The rescue of a maid from the designs of an unscrupulous father and rakish lord forms the principal and underlying theme, around which incidents group themselves with sufficient rapidity to hold one's attention spellbound. "Captain Ravenshaw" is sure to find favor with the public, for in incident, plot, and design the author has sustained, if he has not advanced, the excellence of workmanship which distinguishes his earlier romances.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

NEW FICTION

Antonia

A TALE OF COLONIAL NEW YORK

By JESSIE VAN ZILE BELDEN

Beautifully illustrated by Amy M. Sacker

Library 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.50



The Philadelphia North American says:

“A charming and graceful romance, ‘Antonia’ is in some respects an unusual story. Not that it is pretentious; rather because it is not so, but fresh and simple instead. Here is a story of colonial times which, instead of being filled with the mincing archaisms and strutting pomposities of the usual historical novel, has caught something of the spirit of wide-eyed wonder that held men spellbound at the tales of this new world when it was indeed new and marvellous — of the longing for freedom that drove them beyond seas and into the savage West, there to carve out new realms from the shaggy wilderness. ‘The Frisians shall be free as long as the wind shall blow in the clouds and as long as the world shall endure’ is the keynote of the story; for its scene is New Amsterdam and its characters the sturdy Frisians of that colony. The hero is one of the errant adventurers from the Lowlands; and the account of his love for the wilful Antonia, as difficult and capricious as she is charming, and his slow winning of her through the tangle of misunderstandings and adventures that beset him, makes a story of vivid and unhackneyed interest. In short, ‘Antonia’ is romance of the kind that it is a delight to find.”

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

NEW FICTION

Back to the Soil

By BRADLEY GILMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE DRIFTING ISLAND," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Library 12mo, cloth decorative, \$1.25



In his interesting story, "Back to the Soil," Mr. Gilman suggests a practical solution of an angular problem in sociology by the application of the circular principles of association. One of the most acute angles in the problem of the city's inefficient poor is that defined by the old woman, who, when asked why she preferred to starve in the city rather than live at ease in the country, replied laconically, "Paples is more coompany than sthoomps." "Back to the Soil" is so presented as to be of great interest to the casual reader, and, at the same time, offers a carefully considered plan, deserving the attention of the social worker.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

NEW FICTION

She Stands Alone

BEING THE STORY OF PILATE'S WIFE

By MARK ASHTON

AUTHOR OF "THE NANA'S TALISMAN,"
"HAGGITH SHY," ETC.

12mo, cloth decorative, gilt top, with 12 full-page plates,
\$1.50



Few novels of the present day can stand comparison with this remarkable book, which must be ranked in modern literature dealing with the early Christian era as only second to "Ben Hur." Its power, its beauty, and above all its deep earnestness of purpose and wonderful life and vitality, mark it at once as a masterpiece. Mr. Ashton has succeeded in avoiding the faults which have been common in practically all the recent novels based on the religio-historical theme—vulgarity and sensationalism. "She Stands Alone," while rapid in movement and intensely dramatic in plot, is pure and noble in every incident. The reader will be charmed by its dignity and power, as well as by its dramatic incidents and vivid portrayals of those wonderful early Christians whose faith and self-sacrifice have been the theme of countless writers throughout the ages.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

Page's Commonwealth Series

Literary growth in America has been of late years as rapid as its material and economical progress. The vast size of the country, the climatic and moral conditions of its different parts, and the separate political and social elements, have all tended to create distinct methods of literary expression in various sections. In offering from time to time the books in the "COMMONWEALTH SERIES," we shall select a novel or story descriptive of the methods of thought and life of that particular section of the country which each author represents. We believe the series will be of permanent value as a record in a degree of American life.

The success attending "Her Boston Experiences," a story typical of a certain phase of Massachusetts life, and the first of this series, has made it evident that the venture is appreciated, and it is confidently expected that the additions to the series will meet with equal favor. The elegance of paper, presswork, and binding, and the lavish and artistic illustrations, as well as the convenient size, add not a little to the attractiveness of the volumes.

Each 1 vol., large 16mo, cloth, gilt top, profusely illustrated,
\$1.25.



Published in Nineteen Hundred

No. 1. (Massachusetts)

Her Boston Experiences

Seventh edition. By ANNA FARQUHAR (MARGARET ALLSTON).

"The first book for Bostonians to read on returning to their homes this fall is 'Her Boston Experiences.' It will do them good." — *The Literary World*.

"The book is really enormously clever." — *Boston Times*.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

Page's Commonwealth Series — Continued
New Volumes for Nineteen Hundred and One
No. 2. (Virginia)

A Sunny Southerner

By JULIA MAGRUDER, author of "A Magnificent Plebeian," "The Princess Sonia," etc.

A charming love story, the scene of which is laid in the Virginia of to-day. The plot revolves about two principal characters, a Southern heroine and a Northern hero; and the story is written in the author's usual clever style.

No. 3. (Maine)

Lias's Wife

By MARTHA BAKER DUNN, author of "Memory Street," etc.

There is the direct appeal of a story that has been really lived in this charming novel of Maine life. One essential merit of the book is its reproduction of the genuine New England atmosphere, with innumerable idioms quaintly delightful to encounter. The humor is pervasive and delicate, the pathetic touches equally effective. In short, one might search far for a more attractive tale than this romance of homely American life. The many admirers of "Memory Street" will read "The Queen of the Shifting Sands," with even greater delight.

No. 4. (District of Columbia)

Her Washington Experiences

By ANNA FARQUHAR, author of "The Devil's Plough," etc.

There will be no brighter book published this season than "Her Washington Experiences." The Cabinet member's wife, through whose eyes we are given a glimpse into Washington society, has a vision delightfully true and clear; her impressions of the city as a whole, compared in character with other places, are well worth reading for their epigrammatic brilliancy and apt contrasts.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

NEW FICTION

My Strangest Case

By GUY BOOTHBY

AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR NICCOLA," "THAT
BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL," ETC.

With a frontispiece by L. J. Bridgman

Cloth, \$1.50



This is in many ways the strongest and most interesting novel as yet written by this popular author. As the title indicates, "My Strangest Case" is a detective story, a new departure in the field of literature for Mr. Boothby. It has to do with buried treasures stolen from the ruined palaces of a forgotten city in China by three adventurers, one of whom tricks his partners and escapes with the hard-won spoils. From the East the scene shifts to London, Paris, and Italy, in the endeavor by the hero (the detective) to track the principal adventurer and restore to the latter's partners their portion of the stolen treasure. The hero proves himself to be a second Sherlock Holmes in acumen and sang-froid; and the story holds one's interest to the last.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

The Devil's Plough

By ANNA FARQUHAR

AUTHOR OF "HER BOSTON EXPERIENCES"

*With colored frontispiece by
Frank T. Merrill*

Decorative cloth, library 12mo. Price, \$1.50

✱
"A priest is but a man after all."

— *Father L' Artanges.*

"The tale is powerful. There is no lack of incident, and the style of the author is carefully adapted to the style of her characters." — *Portland Transcript.*

"The story is exceedingly interesting, the various scenes are drawn with great vigor."

— *Cambridge Tribune.*

"One of the strongest novels of the season. There is hardly anything in recent fiction more original than the tone and incident of this fascinating book, which deals so capably with the most powerful human emotions." — *Buffalo Courier.*

"The priest is a splendid character, blessed or cursed — as the tide might draw him — with a dual nature. There is a tremendous struggle, which the author works out with well-sustained skill." — *The Book Buyer.*

"Masterly in its dramatic power is the portrayal of the parting between Gaston and Heloise, when he has conquered the flesh and the devil and sets out on his journey to the wilderness." — *Nashville American.*

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

NEW FICTION

The Washingtonians

By

PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE

AUTHOR OF "YE LYTTLE SALEM MAIDE,"
"A GEORGIAN ACTRESS," ETC.

Illustrated

One vol., large 12mo, cloth decorative, \$1.50



Pauline Bradford Mackie's new novel deals with Washington official society in the early sixties. The plot is based upon the career (not long since ended) of a brilliant and well-known woman, who was at that time a power in court circles. The catastrophe which forms the turning-point is the wreck of the great lady's ambition, which was to make her father President. The book will be of interest in the insight it affords into history, which is, upon the personal side, as yet unwritten, and will please through the charm of its love-story between the niece of a member of Lincoln's Cabinet and his private secretary.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.

NEW FICTION

Manasseh

BY MAURUS JÓKAI

AUTHOR OF "BLACK DIAMONDS," "THE
BARON'S SONS," "PRETTY MICHAL,"
ETC., ETC.

*Translated into English by Percy F. Bicknell. Fully
illustrated*

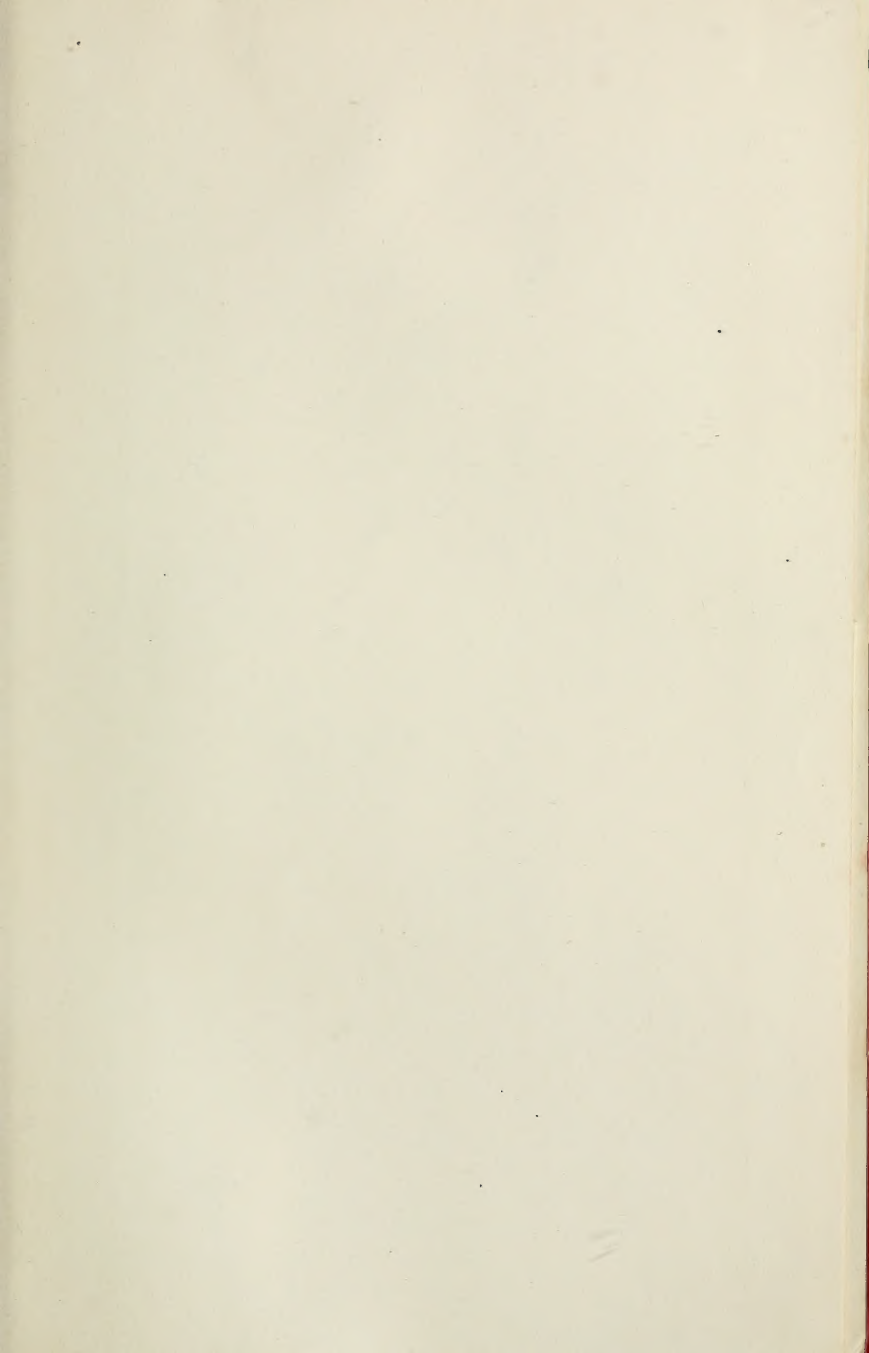
12mo, cloth, \$1.50



An absorbing story of life among a happy and primitive people hidden away in far Transylvania, whose peaceful life is never disturbed except by the inroads of their turbulent neighbors. The opening scenes are laid in Rome ; and the view of the corrupt, intriguing society there forms a picturesque contrast to the scenes of pastoral simplicity and savage border warfare that succeed. Mr. Bicknell has well performed the difficult task of losing *none* of the power of the original work in translating.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, CATALOGUES, ETC.





[illegible]

FORM 109



YORK
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

BOOK CARD

YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE LOSS OF THIS CARD

056302

01

31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58
59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78

COPY
NO.

056302

